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WOMAN IN FRANCE: MADAME DE SABLÉ.*

IN 1847, a certain Count Leopold Ferri died at Padua, leaving a library entirely composed of works written by women, in various languages, and this library amounted to nearly 32,000 volumes. We will not hazard any conjecture as to the proportion of these volumes which a severe judge, like the priest in *Don Quixote*, would deliver to the flames; but, for our own part, most of those we should care to rescue would be the works of French women. With a few remarkable exceptions, our own feminine literature is made up of books which could have been better written by men; books which have the same relation to literature in general, as academic prize poems have to poetry: when not a feeble imitation, they are usually an absurd exaggeration of the masculine style, like the swaggering gait of a bad actress in male attire. Few Englishwomen have written so much like a woman as Richardson's *Lady*

G. Now, we think it an immense mistake to maintain that there is no sex in literature. Science has no sex: the mere knowing and reasoning faculties, if they act correctly, must go through the same process, and arrive at the same result. But in art and literature, which imply the action of the entire being, in which every fibre of the nature is engaged, in which every peculiar modification of the individual makes itself felt, woman has something specific to contribute. Under every imaginable social condition, she will necessarily have a class of sensations and emotions—the maternal ones—which must remain unknown to man; and the fact of her comparative physical weakness, which, however it may have been exaggerated by a vicious civilization, can never be cancelled, introduces a distinctively feminine condition into the wondrous chemistry of the affections and sentiments, which inevitably gives rise to distinctive forms and combinations. A certain amount of psychological difference between man and woman necessarily arises out of the difference of sex, and, instead of being destined to vanish before a complete development of woman's intellectual and moral nature, will be a per-

* 1. *Madame de Sablé. Etudes sur les Femmes illustres et la Société du XVII^e siècle.* Par M. Victor Cousin. Paris: Didier.

2. *Portraits des Femmes.* Par C. A. Saint-Beuve. Paris: Didier.

3. *Les Femmes de la Révolution.* Par J. Michelet.

manent source of variety and beauty, as long as the tender light and dewy freshness of morning affect us differently from the strength and brilliancy of the midday sun. And those delightful women of France, who, from the beginning of the seventeenth to the close of the eighteenth century, formed some of the brightest threads in the web of political and literary history, wrote under circumstances which left the feminine character of their minds uncramped by timidity, and unstrained by mistaken effort. They were not trying to make a career for themselves; they thought little—in many cases not at all—of the public; they wrote letters to their lovers and friends, memoirs of their every-day lives, romances in which they gave portraits of their familiar acquaintances, and described the tragedy or comedy which was going on before their eyes. Always refined and graceful, often witty, sometimes judicious, they wrote what they saw, thought, and felt, in their habitual language, without proposing any model to themselves,—without any intention to prove that women could write as well as men,—without affecting manly views, or suppressing womanly ones. One may say—at least with regard to the women of the seventeenth century—that their writings were but a charming accident of their more charming lives, like the petals which the wind shakes from the rose in its bloom. And it is but a twin fact with this, that in France alone woman has had a vital influence on the development of literature; in France alone the mind of woman has passed like an electric current through the language, making crisp and definite what is elsewhere heavy and blurred; in France alone, if the writings of women were swept away, a serious gap would be made in the national history.

Patriotic gallantry may perhaps contend that Englishwomen could, if they had liked, have written as well as their neighbors; but we will leave the consideration of that question to the reviewers of the literature that might have been. In the literature that actually is, we must turn to France for the highest examples of womanly achievement in almost every department. We confess ourselves unacquainted with the productions of those awful women of Italy who held professional chairs, and were great in civil and canon law; we have made no researches into the catacombs of female literature, but we think we may safely conclude that they would yield no rivals to that which is still

unburied; and here, we suppose, the question of preëminence can only lie between England and France. And, to this day, Madame de Sévigné remains the single instance of a woman who is supreme in a class of literature which has engaged the ambition of men; Madame Dacier still reigns the queen of blue-stockings, though women have long studied Greek without shame;* Madame de Staël's name still rises first to the lips, when we are asked to mention a woman of great intellectual power; Madame Roland is still the unrivalled type of the sagacious and sternly heroic, yet lovable woman; George Sand is the unapproached artist, who, to Jean Jacques' eloquence and deep sense of external nature, unites the clear delineation of character and the tragic depth of passion. These great names, which mark different epochs, soar like tall pines amidst a forest of less conspicuous—but not less fascinating—female writers; and, beneath these again are spread, like a thicket of hawthorns, eglantines, and honeysuckles, the women who are known rather by what they stimulated men to write, than by what they wrote themselves—the women whose tact, wit, and personal radiance, created the atmosphere of the *Salon*, where literature, philosophy, and science, emancipated from the trammels of pedantry and technicality, entered on a brighter stage of existence.

What were the causes of this earlier development and more abundant manifestation of womanly intellect in France? The primary one, perhaps, lies in the physiological characteristics of the Gallic race:—the small brain and vivacious temperament, which permit the fragile system of woman to sustain the superlative activity requisite for intellectual creativeness; while, on the other hand, the larger brain and slower temperament of the English and Germans are, in the womanly organization, generally dreamy and passive. The type of humanity in the latter may be grander, but it requires a larger sum of conditions to produce a perfect specimen. Throughout the animal world, the higher the organization, the more frequent is the departure from the normal form; we do not often see imperfectly-developed or ill-made insects, but we rarely see a perfectly-developed, well-made man. And, thus, the *phy-*

* Queen Christina, when Mde. Dacier (then Mlle. Le Fevre) sent her a copy of her edition of "Callimachus," wrote in reply:—"Mais vous, de qui on m'assure que vous êtes une belle et agréable fille, n'avez vous pas honte d'être si savante!"

sique of a woman may suffice as the substratum for a superior Gallic mind, but is too thin a soil for a superior Teutonic one. Our theory is borne out by the fact, that among our own countrywomen, those who distinguish themselves by literary production, more frequently approach the Gallic than the Teutonic type; they are intense and rapid, rather than comprehensive. The woman of large capacity can seldom rise beyond the absorption of ideas; her physical conditions refuse to support the energy required for spontaneous activity; the voltaic pile is not strong enough to produce crystallizations; phantasms of great ideas float through her mind, but she has not the spell which will arrest them, and give them fixity. This, more than unfavorable external circumstances, is, we think, the reason why woman has not yet contributed any new form to art, any discovery in science, any deep-searching inquiry in philosophy. The necessary physiological conditions are not present in her. That, under more favorable circumstances in the future, these conditions may prove compatible with the feminine organization, it would be rash to deny. For the present, we are only concerned with our theory, so far as it presents a physiological basis for the intellectual effectiveness of French women.

A secondary cause was probably the laxity of opinion and practice with regard to the marriage-tie. Heaven forbid that we should enter on a defence of French morals, most of all in relation to marriage! But it is undeniable, that unions formed in the maturity of thought and feeling, and grounded only on inherent fitness and mutual attraction, tended to bring women into more intelligent sympathy with men, and to heighten and complicate their share in the political drama. The quiescence and security of the conjugal relation are doubtless favorable to the manifestation of the highest qualities by persons who have already attained a high standard of culture, but rarely foster a passion sufficient to rouse all the faculties to aid in winning or retaining its beloved object—to convert indolence into activity, indifference into ardent partisanship, dulness into perspicuity. Gallantry and intrigue are sorry enough things in themselves, but they certainly serve better to arouse the dormant faculties of woman than embroidery and domestic drudgery, especially when, as in the high society of France in the seventeenth century, they are refined by the influence of Spanish chivalry, and controlled by the spirit of Italian caustic-

city. The dreamy and fantastic girl was awakened to reality by the experience of wifehood and maternity, and became capable of loving, not a mere phantom of her own imagination, but a living man, struggling with the hatreds and rivalries of the political arena; she espoused his quarrels; she made herself, her fortune, and her influence, the stepping-stones of his ambition; and the languid beauty, who had formerly seemed ready to "die of a rose," was seen to become the heroine of an insurrection. The vivid interest in affairs which was thus excited in woman, must obviously have tended to quicken her intellect, and give it a practical application; and the very sorrows—the heart-pangs and regrets which are inseparable from a life of passion—deepened her nature by the questioning of self and destiny which they occasioned, and by the energy demanded to surmount them and live on. No wise person, we imagine, wishes to restore the social condition of France in the seventeenth century, or considers the ideal programme of woman's life to be a *mariage de convenance* at fifteen, a career of gallantry from twenty to eight-and-thirty, and penitence and piety for the rest of her days. Nevertheless, that social condition had its good results, as much as the madly-superstitious Crusades had theirs.

But the most indisputable source of feminine culture and development in France was the influence of the *salons*; which, as all the world knows, were *réunions* of both sexes, where conversation ran along the whole gamut of subjects, from the frothiest *vers de société* to the philosophy of Descartes. Richelieu had set the fashion of uniting a taste for letters with the habits of polite society and the pursuits of ambition; and in the first quarter of the seventeenth century, there were already several hotels in Paris, varying in social position from the closest proximity of the Court to the debatable ground of the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie, which served as a rendezvous for different circles of people, bent on entertaining themselves either by showing talent or admiring it. The most celebrated of these rendezvous was the Hôtel de Rambouillet, which was at the culmination of its glory in 1630, and did not become quite extinct until 1648, when, the troubles of the Fronde commencing, its *habitués* were dispersed or absorbed by political interests. The presiding genius of this *salon*, the Marquise de Rambouillet, was the very model of the woman who can act as an amalgam to the most incongruous elements; beautiful, but

not preoccupied by coquetry or passion; an enthusiastic admirer of talent, but with no pretensions to talent on her own part; exquisitely refined in language and manners, but warm and generous withal; not given to entertain her guests with her own compositions, or to paralyze them by her universal knowledge. She had once *meant* to learn Latin, but had been prevented by an illness; perhaps she was all the better acquainted with Italian and Spanish productions, which, in default of a national literature, were then the intellectual pabulum of all cultivated persons in France who were unable to read the classics. In her mild, agreeable presence was accomplished that blending of the high-toned chivalry of Spain with the caustic wit and refined irony of Italy, which issued in the creation of a new standard of taste—the combination of the utmost exaltation in sentiment with the utmost simplicity of language. Women are peculiarly fitted to further such a combination: first, from their greater tendency to mingle affection and imagination with passion, and thus subtilize it into sentiment; and next, from that dread of what over-taxes their intellectual energies, either by difficulty or monotony, which gives them an instinctive fondness for lightness of treatment and airiness of expression, thus making them cut short all prolixity and reject all heaviness. When these womanly characteristics were brought into conversational contact with the materials furnished by such minds as those of Richelieu, Corneille, the Great Condé, Balzac, and Bossuet, it is no wonder that the result was something piquant and charming. Those famous *habitués* of the Hôtel de Rambouillet did not apparently first lay themselves out to entertain the ladies with grimacing “small-talk,” and then take each other by the sword-knot to discuss matters of real interest in a corner; they rather sought to present their best ideas in the guise most acceptable to intelligent and accomplished women. And the conversation was not of literature only; war, politics, religion, the lightest details of daily news—every thing was admissible, if only it were treated with refinement and intelligence. The Hôtel de Rambouillet was no mere literary *réunion*; it included *hommes d'affaires* and soldiers as well as authors, and in such a circle women would not become *bas bleus* or dreamy moralizers, ignorant of the world and of human nature, but intelligent observers of character and events. It is easy to understand, however, that with the herd of imitators who, in Paris and the provinces, aped the style of

this famous *salon*, simplicity degenerated into affectation, and nobility of sentiment was replaced by an inflated effort to outstrip nature, so that the *genre précieux* drew down the satire, which reached its climax in the “*Précieuses Ridicules*” and “*Les Femmes Savantes*,” the former of which appeared in 1660, and the latter in 1673. But Madelon and Caltros are the lineal descendants of Mademoiselle Scudéry and her satellites, quite as much as of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. The society which assembled every Saturday in her *salon* was exclusively literary, and, although occasionally visited by a few persons of high birth, bourgeois in its tone, and enamored of madrigals, sonnets, stanzas, and *bouts rimés*. The affectation that decks trivial things in fine language, belongs essentially to a class which sees another above it, and is uneasy in the sense of its inferiority; and this affectation is precisely the opposite of the original *genre précieux*.

Another centre from which feminine influence radiated into the national literature, was the Palais du Luxembourg, where Mademoiselle d'Orleans, in disgrace at court on account of her share in the Fronde, held a little court of her own, and for want of any thing else to employ her active spirit, busied herself with literature. One fine morning, it occurred to this princess to ask all the persons who frequented her court, among whom were Madame de Sévigné, Madame de la Fayette, and La Rochefoucauld, to write their own portraits, and she at once set the example. It was understood that defects and virtues were to be spoken of with like candor. The idea was carried out; those who were not clever or bold enough to write for themselves employing the pen of a friend.

“Such,” says M. Cousin, “was the pastime of Mademoiselle and her friends during the years 1657 and 1658: from this pastime proceeded a complete literature. In 1659, Ségrais revised these portraits, added a considerable number in prose, and even in verse, and published the whole in a handsome quarto volume, admirably printed, and now become very rare, under the title, ‘*Divers Portraits*.’ Only thirty copies were printed, not for sale, but to be given as presents by Mademoiselle. The work had a prodigious success. That which had made the fortune of Mademoiselle de Scudéry’s romances—the pleasure of seeing one’s portrait a little flattered, curiosity to see that of others, the passion which the middle class always have had, and will have, for knowing what goes on in the aristocratic world, (at that time not very easy of access,) the names of the illustrious persons who were here for the first time described physically and morally with the utmost detail, great ladies transformed all at once

into writers, and unconsciously inventing a new manner of writing, of which no book gave the slightest idea, and which was the ordinary manner of speaking of the aristocracy; this undefinable mixture of the natural, the easy, and at the same time of the agreeable and supremely distinguished—all this charmed the court and the town, and very early in the year 1659, permission was asked of Mademoiselle to give a new edition of the privileged book for the use of the public in general."

The fashion thus set, portraits multiplied throughout France, until, in 1688, La Bruyère adopted the form in his "Characters," and ennobled it by divesting it of personality. We shall presently see that a still greater work than La Bruyère's also owed its suggestion to a woman; whose salon was hardly a less fascinating resort than the Hôtel de Rambouillet itself.

In proportion as the literature of a country is enriched and culture becomes more generally diffused, personal influence is less effective in the formation of taste and in the furtherance of social advancement. It is no longer the coterie which acts on literature, but literature which acts on the coterie; the circle represented by the word *public* is ever widening, and ambition, poisoning itself in order to hit a more distant mark, neglects the successes of the salon. What was once lavished prodigally in conversation, is reserved for the volume, or the "article;" and the effort is not to betray originality, rather than to communicate it. As the old coach-roads have sunk into disuse through the creation of railways, so journalism tends more and more to divert information from the channel of conversation into the channel of the Press; no one is satisfied with a more circumscribed audience than that very indeterminate abstraction "the public," and men find a vent for their opinions not in talk, but in "copy." We read the *Athenæum* askance at the tea-table, and take notes from the "Philosophical Journal" at a soirée; we invite our friends that we may thrust a book into their hands, and presuppose an exclusive desire in the "ladies" to discuss their own matters, "that we may crackle the *Times*" at our ease. In fact, the evident tendency of things to contract personal communication within the narrowest limits, makes us tremble lest some further development of the electric telegraph should reduce us to a society of mutes, or to a sort of insects, communicating by ingenious antennæ of our own invention. Things were far from having reached this pass in the last century; but even then, literature and society had outgrown the nursing of cote-

ries; and although many salons of that period were worthy successors of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, they were simply a recreation, not an influence. Enviably evenings, no doubt, were passed in them; and if we could be carried back to any of them at will, we should hardly know whether to choose the Wednesday dinner at Madame Geoffrin's, with d'Alembert, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, Grimm, and the rest, or the graver society which, thirty years later, gathered round Condorcet and his lovely young wife. The *salon* retained its attractions, but its power was gone: the stream of life had become too broad and deep for such small rills to affect it.

A fair comparison between the Frenchwomen of the seventeenth century and those of the eighteenth would, perhaps, have a balanced result, though it is common to be a partisan on this subject. The former have more exaltation, perhaps more nobility of sentiment, and less consciousness in their intellectual activity—less of the *femme auteur*, which was Rousseau's horror in Madame d'Épinay; but the latter have a richer fund of ideas—not more ingenuity, but the materials of an additional century for their ingenuity to work upon. The women of the seventeenth century, when love was on the wane, took to devotion, at first mildly and by halves, as Englishwomen take to caps, and finally without compromise; with the women of the eighteenth century, Bossuet and Massillon had given way to Voltaire and Rousseau; and when youth and beauty failed, they then were thrown on their own moral strength.

M. Cousin is especially enamored of the women of the seventeenth century, and relieves himself from his labors in philosophy by making researches into the original documents which throw light upon their lives. Last year he gave us some results of these researches, in a volume on the youth of the Duchess de Longueville; and he has just followed it up with a second volume, in which he further illustrates her career by tracing it in connection with that of her friend, Madame de Sablé. The materials to which he has had recourse for this purpose, are chiefly two celebrated collections of manuscripts; that of Conrart, the first secretary to the French Academy, one of those universally curious people who seem made for the annoyance of contemporaries and the benefit of posterity; and that of Valant, who was at once the physician, the secretary, and general steward of Madame de Sablé, and who, with or without her permission, possessed himself of the

letters addressed to her by her numerous correspondents during the latter part of her life, and of various papers having some personal or literary interest attached to them. From these stores M. Cousin has selected many documents previously unedited; and though he often leaves us something to desire in the arrangement of his materials, this volume of his on Madame de Sablé is very acceptable to us, for she interests us quite enough to carry us through more than three hundred pages of rather scattered narrative, and through an appendix of correspondence in small type. M. Cousin justly appreciates her character as "un heureux mélange de raison, d'esprit, d'agrément, et de bonté;" and perhaps there are few better specimens of the woman who is extreme in nothing, but sympathetic in all things; who affects us by no special quality, but by her entire being; whose nature has no *tons criards*, but is like those textures which, from their harmonious blending of all colors give repose to the eye, and do not weary us though we see them every day. Madame de Sablé is also a striking example of the one order of influence which woman has exercised over literature in France; and on this ground, as well as intrinsically, she is worth studying. If the reader agrees with us, he will perhaps be inclined, as we are, to dwell a little on the chief points in her life and character.

Madeline de Souvré, daughter of the Marquis of Courtenvaux, a nobleman distinguished enough to be chosen as governor of Louis XIII., was born in 1599, on the threshold of that seventeenth century, the brilliant genius of which is mildly reflected in her mind and history. Thus, when in 1635 her more celebrated friend, Mademoiselle de Bourbon, afterwards the Duchess de Longueville, made her appearance at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, Madame de Sablé had nearly crossed the table-land of maturity which precedes a woman's descent towards old age. She had been married, in 1614, to Philippe Emanuel de La val-Montmorency, Seigneur de Bois Dauphin, and Marquis de Sablé, of whom nothing further is known than that he died in 1640, leaving her the richer by four children, but with a fortune considerably embarrassed. With beauty and high rank added to the mental attractions of which we have abundant evidence, we may well believe that Madame de Sablé's youth was brilliant. For her beauty, we have the testimony of sober Madame de Motteville, who also speaks of her as having "beaucoup de lumière et de sincérité;" and in the following passage very

graphically indicates one phase of Madame de Sablé's character:

The Marquise de Sablé was one of those whose beauty made the most noise when the Queen came into France. But if she was amiable, she was still more desirous of appearing so; this lady's self-love rendered her too sensitive to the regard which men exhibited towards her. There yet existed in France some remains of the politeness which Catherine de Medici had introduced from Italy, and the new dramas, with all the other works in prose and verse, which came from Madrid, were thought to have such great delicacy, that she (Madame de Sablé) had conceived a high idea of the gallantry which the Spaniards had learned from the Moors.

She was persuaded that men can, without crime, have tender sentiments for women—that the desire of pleasing them led men to the greatest and finest actions—roused their intelligence, and inspired them with liberality, and all sorts of virtues; but, on the other hand, women, who were the ornament of the world, and made to be served and adored, ought not to admit any thing from them but their respectful attentions. As this lady supported her views with much talent and great beauty, she had given them authority in her time, and the number and consideration of those who continued to associate with her, have caused to subsist in our day what the Spaniards call *finezas*.

Here is the grand element of the original *femme précieuse*, and it appears further, in a detail also reported by Madame de Motteville, that Madame de Sablé had a passionate admirer in the accomplished Duc de Montmorency, and apparently reciprocated his regard; but discovering (at what period of their attachment is unknown) that he was raising a lover's eyes towards the Queen, she broke with him at once. "I have heard her say," tells Madame de Motteville, "that her pride was such with regard to the Duc de Montmorency, that at the first demonstrations which he gave of his change, she refused to see him any more, being unable to receive with satisfaction attentions which she had to share with the greatest princess in the world." There is no evidence, except the untrustworthy assertion of Tallement de Réaux, that Madame de Sablé had any other *liaison* than this; and the probability of the negative is increased by the ardor of her friendships. The strongest of these was formed early in life with Mademoiselle Dona d'Attiehy, afterwards Comtesse de Maure; it survived the effervescence of youth and the closest intimacy of middle age, and was only terminated by the death of the latter in 1663. A little incident in this friendship is so characteristic of the transcendentalism which

was then carried into all the affections, that it is worth relating at length. Mademoiselle d'Attichy, in her grief and indignation at Richelieu's treatment of her relative, quitted Paris, and was about to join her friend at Sablé, when she suddenly discovered that Madame de Sablé, in a letter to Madame de Rambouillet, had said, that her greatest happiness would be to pass her life with Julie de Rambouillet, afterwards Madame de Montausier. To Anne d'Attichy this appears nothing less than the crime of *lèse-amitié*. No explanations will appease her: she refuses to accept the assurance that the offensive expression was used simply out of unreflecting conformity to the style of the Hôtel de Rambouillet—that it was mere "*galimatias*." She gives up her journey, and writes a letter, which is the only one Madame de Sablé chose to preserve, when, in her period of devotion, she sacrificed the records of her youth. Here it is:

I have seen this letter in which you tell me there is so much *galimatias*, and I assure you that I have not found any at all. On the contrary, I find every thing very plainly expressed, and among others, one which is too explicit for my satisfaction—namely, what you have said to Madame de Rambouillet, that if you tried to imagine a perfectly happy life for yourself, it would be to pass it all alone with Mademoiselle de Rambouillet. You know whether any one can be more persuaded than I am of her merit; but I confess to you that that has not prevented me from being surprised that you could entertain a thought which did so great an injury to our friendship. As to believing that you said this to one, and wrote it to the other simply for the sake of paying them an agreeable compliment, I have too high an esteem for your courage to be able to imagine that complaisance would cause you thus to betray the sentiments of your heart, especially on a subject in which, as they were unfavorable to me, I think you would have the more reason for concealing them; the affection which I have for you being so well known to every one, and especially to Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, so that I doubt whether she will not have been more sensible of the wrong you have done me, than of the advantage you have given her. The circumstance of this letter falling into my hands, has forcibly reminded me of these lines of Bertaut:

"Malheureuse est l'ignorance
Et plus malheureux le savoir."

Having through this lost a confidence which alone rendered life supportable to me, it is impossible for me to take the journey so much thought of. For would there be any propriety in travelling sixty miles in this season, in order to burden you with a person so little suited to you, that after years of a passion without parallel, you cannot

help thinking that the greatest pleasure of your life would be to pass it without her? I return, then, into my solitude, to examine the defects which cause me so much unhappiness; and unless I can correct them, I should have less joy than confusion in seeing you.

It speaks strongly for the charm of Madame de Sablé's nature that she was able to retain so susceptible a friend as Mademoiselle d'Attichy in spite of the numerous other friendships, some of which, especially that with Madame de Longueville, were far from lukewarm—in spite, too, of a tendency in herself to distrust the affection of others towards her, and to wait for advances rather than to make them. We find many traces of this tendency in the affectionate remonstrances addressed to her by Madame de Longueville, now for shutting herself up from her friends, now for doubting that her letters are acceptable. Here is a little passage from one of these remonstrances which indicates a trait of Madame de Sablé, and is in itself a bit of excellent sense, worthy the consideration of lovers and friends in general: "I am very much afraid that if I leave to you the care of letting me know when I can see you, I shall be a long time without having that pleasure, and that nothing will incline you to procure it me; for I have always observed a certain lukewarmness in your friendship after our explanations, from which I have never seen you thoroughly recover; and that is why I dread explanations; for, however good they may be in themselves, since they serve to reconcile people, it must always be admitted, to their shame, that they are at least the effect of a bad cause, and that if they remove it for a time, they sometimes leave a certain facility in getting angry again, which, without diminishing friendship, renders its intercourse less agreeable. It seems to me that I find all this in your behavior to me; so I am not wrong in sending to know if you wish to have me to-day." It is clear that Madame de Sablé was far from having what Saint-Beuve calls the one fault of Madame Necker—absolute perfection. A certain exquisiteness in her physical and moral nature was, as we shall see, the source of more than one weakness; but the perception of these weaknesses, which is indicated in Madame de Longueville's letters, heightens our idea of the attractive qualities which, notwithstanding, drew from her, at the sober age of forty, such expressions as these: "I assure you that you are the person in all the world whom it would be most agreeable to me to see, and there is no one whose in-

tercourse is a ground of truer satisfaction to me. It is admirable that at all times, and amidst all changes, the taste for your society remains in me; and, *if one ought to thank God for the joys which do not tend to salvation*, I should thank him with all my heart for having preserved that to me at a time in which he has taken away from me all others."

Since we have entered on the chapter of Madame de Sablé's weaknesses, this is the place to mention what was the subject of endless raillery from her friends—her elaborate precaution about her health, and her dread of infection, even from diseases the least communicable. Perhaps this anxiety was founded as much on æsthetic as on physical grounds, on disgust at the details of illness as much as on dread of suffering. With a cold in the head or a bilious complaint, the exquisite *précieuse* must have been considerably less conscious of being "the ornament of the world," and "made to be adored." Even her friendship, strong as it was, was not strong enough to overcome her horror of contagion; for when Mademoiselle de Bourbon, recently become Madame de Longueville, was attacked by small-pox, Madame de Sablé for some time had not courage to visit her, or even to see Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, who was assiduous in her attendance on the patient. A little correspondence *à propos* of these circumstances so well exhibits the graceful badinage in which the great ladies of that day were adepts, that we are tempted to quote one short letter.

Mlle. de Rambouillet to the Marquise de Sablé.

Mlle. de Chalais (*dame de compagnie* to the Marquise) will please to read this letter to Mme. la Marquise, *out of a draught*.

Madame,—I do not think it possible to begin my treaty with you too early, for I am convinced that between the first proposition made to me that I should see you, and the conclusion, you will have so many reflections to make, so many physicians to consult, and so many fears to surmount, that I shall have full leisure to air myself. The conditions which I offer to fulfil for this purpose are, not to visit you until I have been three days absent from the Hôtel de Condé, (where Mme. de Longueville was ill,) to choose a frosty day, not to approach you within four paces, not to sit down on more than one seat. You may also have a great fire in your room, burn juniper in the four corners, surround yourself with imperial vinegar, with rue and wormwood. If you can feel yourself safe under these conditions, without my cutting off my hair, I swear to you to execute them religiously; and if you want examples to fortify you, I can tell you that the Queen consented to see M. Chandebonne, when he had come directly

from Mlle. de Bourbon's room, and that Mme. d'Aiguillon, who has good taste in such matters, and is free from reproach on these points, has just sent me word that if I did not go to see her, she would come to me.

Madame de Sablé betrays in her reply that she winces under this raillery, and thus provokes a rather severe though polite rejoinder, which, added to the fact that Madame de Longueville is convalescent, rouses her courage to the pitch of paying the formidable visit. Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, made aware, through their mutual friend Voiture, that her sarcasm has cut rather too deep, winds up the matter by writing that very difficult production, a perfect conciliatory yet dignified apology. Peculiarities like this always deepen with age, and accordingly, fifteen years later, we find Madame D'Orleans, in her *Princesse de Paphlagonie*—a romance in which she describes her court, with the little quarrels and other affairs that agitated it—giving the following amusing picture, or rather caricature, of the extent to which Madame de Sablé carried her pathological mania, which seems to have been shared by her friend the Countess de Maure, (Mademoiselle d'Attichy.) In the romance, these two ladies appear under the names of the Princesse Parthénie and the Reine de Mionie.

There was not an hour in the day in which they did not confer together on the means of avoiding death, and on the art of rendering themselves immortal. Their conferences did not take place like those of other people; the fear of breathing an air which was too cold or too warm, the dread lest the wind should be too dry or too moist—in short, the imagination that the weather might not be as temperate as they thought necessary for the preservation of their health, caused them to write letters from one room to the other. It would be extremely fortunate if these notes could be found, and formed into a collection. I am convinced that they would contain rules for the regimen of life, precautions even as to the proper time for applying remedies, and also remedies which Hippocrates and Galen, with all their science, never heard of. Such a collection would be very useful to the public, and would be highly profitable to the faculties of Paris and Montpellier. If these letters were discovered, great advantages of all kinds might be derived from them, for they were princesses who had nothing mortal about them but the *knowledge* that they were mortal. In their writings might be learned all politeness in style, and the most delicate manner of speaking on all subjects. There is nothing with which they were not acquainted; they knew the affairs of all the states in the world, through the share they had in all the intrigues of its private members, either in matters of gallantry, as in other things on which their advice was necessary; either to adjust embroilments

and quarrels, or to excite them, for the sake of the advantages which their friends could derive from them,—in a word, they were persons through whose hands the secrets of the whole world had to pass. The Princess Parthénie [Mme de Sablé] had a palate as delicate as her mind; nothing could equal the magnificence of the entertainments she gave; all the dishes were exquisite, and her cleanliness was beyond all that could be imagined. It was in their time that writing came into use; previously, nothing was written but marriage contracts, and letters were never heard of; thus it is to them that we owe a practice so convenient in intercourse.

Still later, in 1669, when the most uncompromising of the Port Royalists seemed to tax Madame de Sablé with lukewarmness, that she did not join them at Port-Royal-des-Champs, we find her writing to the stern M. de Sévigny: "En vérité, je crois que je ne pourrais mieux faire que de tout quitter et de m'en aller là. Mais que devendraient ces frayeurs de n'avoir pas de médecins à choisir, ni de chirurgien pour me saigner?"

Mademoiselle, as we have seen, hints at the love of delicate eating, which many of Madame de Sablé's friends numbered among her foibles, especially after her religious career had commenced. She had a genius in *friandise*, and knew how to gratify the palate without offending the highest sense of refinement. Her sympathetic nature showed itself in this as in other things: she was always sending *bonnes bouches* to her friends, and trying to communicate to them her science and taste in the affairs of the table. Madame de Longueville, who had not the luxurious tendencies of her friend, writes: "Je vous demande au nom de Dieu, que vous ne me prépariez aucun ragoût. Surtout ne me donnez point de festin. Au nom de Dieu, qu'il n'y ait rien que ce qu'on peut manger, car vous savez que c'est inutile pour moi; de plus j'en ai scrupule." But other friends had more appreciation of her niceties. Voiture thanks her for her melons, and assures her that they are better than those of yesterday; Madame de Choisy hopes that her ridicule of Jansenism will not provoke Madame de Sablé to refuse her the receipt for salad; and La Rochefoucauld writes: "You cannot do me a greater charity than to permit the bearer of this letter to enter into the mysteries of your marmalade and your genuine preserves, and I humbly entreat you to do every thing you can in his favor. If I could hope for two dishes of those preserves, which I did not deserve to eat before, I should be indebted to you all my life." For our own part, being

as far as possible from fraternizing with those spiritual people who convert a deficiency into a principle, and pique themselves on an obtuse palate as a point of superiority, we are not inclined to number Madame de Sablé's *friandise* amongst her defects. M. Cousin, too, is apologetic on this point. He says:

It was only the excess of a delicacy which can be readily understood, and a sort of fidelity to the character of *précieuse*. As the *précieuse* did nothing according to common usage, she could not dine like another. We have cited a passage from Mme. de Motteville, where Mme. de Sablé is represented in her first youth at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, maintaining that woman was born to be an ornament to the world, and to receive the adoration of men. The woman worthy of the name, ought always to appear above material wants, and retain, even in the most vulgar details of life, something distinguished and purified. Eating is a very necessary operation, but one which is not agreeable to the eye. Mme. de Sablé insisted on its being conducted with a peculiar cleanliness. According to her, it was not every woman who could, with impunity, be at table in the presence of a lover; the first distortion of the face, she said, would be enough to spoil all. Gross meals, made for the body merely, ought to be abandoned to *bourgeoises*, and the refined woman should appear to take a little nourishment merely to sustain her, and even to divert her, as one takes refreshments and ices. Wealth did not suffice for this; a particular talent was required. Mme. de Sablé was a mistress in this art. She had transported the aristocratic spirit and the *genre précieux*, good breeding and good taste, even into cookery. Her dinners, without any opulence, were celebrated and sought after.

It is quite in accordance with all this, that Madame de Sablé should delight in fine scents, and we find that she did; for being threatened, in her Port Royal days, when she was at an advanced age, with the loss of smell, and writing for sympathy and information to Mère Agnès, who had lost that sense early in life, she receives this admonition from the stern saint: "You would gain by this loss, my very dear sister, if you made use of it as a satisfaction to God for having had too much pleasure in delicious scents." Scarron describes her as

La non pareille Bois-Dauphine,
Entre dames perle très fine;

and the superlative delicacy implied by this epithet seems to have belonged equally to her personal habits, her affections, and her intellect.

Madame de Sablé's life, for any thing we know, flowed on evenly enough till 1640, when the death of her husband threw upon her the care of an embarrassed fortune. She

found a friend in Réné de Longueil, Seigneur de Maisons, of whom we are content to know no more than that he helped Madame de Sablé to arrange her affairs, though only by means of alienating from her family the estate of Sablé; that his house was her refuge during the blockade of Paris in 1649, and that she was not unmindful of her obligations to him, when, subsequently, her credit could be serviceable to him at court. In the midst of these pecuniary troubles came a more terrible trial—the loss of her favorite son, the brave and handsome Guy de Laval, who, after a brilliant career in the campaigns of Condé, was killed at the siege of Dunkirk, in 1646, when scarcely four-and-twenty. The fine qualities of this young man had endeared him to the whole army, and especially to Condé; had won him the hand of the Chancellor Séguire's daughter, and had thus opened to him the prospect of the highest honors. His loss seems to have been the most real sorrow of Madame de Sablé's life. Soon after followed the commotions of the Fronde, which put a stop to social intercourse, and threw the closest friends into opposite ranks. According to Lenet, who relies on the authority of Gourville, Madame de Sablé was under strong obligations to the court, being in the receipt of a pension of 2000 crowns; at all events, she adhered throughout to the Queen and Mazarin; but being as far as possible from a fierce partisan, and given both by disposition and judgment to hear both sides of a question, she acted as a conciliator, and retained her friends of both parties. The Countess de Maure, whose husband was the most obstinate of *frondeurs*, remained throughout her most cherished friend, and she kept up a constant correspondence with the lovely and intrepid heroine of the Fronde, Madame de Longueville. Her activity was directed to the extinction of animosities, by bringing about marriages between the Montagues and the Capulets of the Fronde—between the Prince de Condé, or his brother, and the niece of Mazarin, or between the three nieces of Mazarin and the sons of three noblemen who were distinguished leaders of the Fronde. Though her projects were not realized, her conciliatory position enabled her to preserve all her friendships intact, and when the political tempest was over, she could assemble around her in her residence in the Place Royal, the same society as before. Madame de Sablé was now approaching her twelfth lustrum, and though the charms of her mind and character made her more sought after than most

younger women, it is not surprising that, sharing as she did in the religious ideas of her time, the concerns of "salvation" seemed to become pressing. A religious retirement, which did not exclude the reception of literary friends, or the care for personal comforts, made the most becoming frame for age and diminished fortune. Jansenism was then to ordinary Catholicism what Puseyism is to ordinary Church of Englandism in these days—it was a *recherché* form of piety unshared by the vulgar; and one sees at once that it must have special attractions for the *précieuse*. Madame de Sablé, then, probably about 1655 or 6, determined to retire to Port Royal, not because she was already devout, but because she hoped to become so: as, however, she wished to retain the pleasure of intercourse with friends who were still worldly, she built for herself a set of apartments at once distinct from the monastery and attached to it. Here, with a comfortable establishment, consisting of her secretary, Dr. Valant, Mademoiselle de Chalais, formerly her *dame de compagnie*, and now become her friend; an excellent cook; a few other servants, and for a considerable time a carriage and coachman; with her best friends within a moderate distance, she could, as M. Cousin says, be out of the noise of the world without altogether forsaking it, preserve her dearest friendships, and have before her eyes edifying examples—"vaquer enfin à son aise aux soins de son salut et à ceux de sa santé."

We have hitherto looked only at one phase of Madame de Sablé's character and influence—that of the *précieuse*. But she was much more than this: she was the valuable, trusted friend of noble women and distinguished men; she was the animating spirit of a society whence issued a new form of French literature; she was the woman of large capacity and large heart, whom Pascal sought to please, to whom Arnold submitted the Discourse prefixed to his *Logic*, and to whom La Rochefoucauld writes: "Vous savez que je ne crois que vous êtes sur de certains chapitres, et surtout sur les replis du cœur." The papers preserved by her secretary, Valant, show that she maintained an extensive correspondence with persons of various rank and character; that her pen was untiring in the interest of others; that men made her the depository of their thoughts; women of their sorrows; that her friends were as impatient, when she secluded herself, as if they had been rival lovers and she a youthful beauty. It is into her ear that Madame de Longueville pours her troubles and difficulties, and

that Madame de La Fayette communicates her little alarms, lest young Count de St. Paul should have detected her intimacy with La Rochefoucauld.* The few of Madame de Sablé's letters which survive show that she excelled in that epistolary style which was the speciality of the Hôtel de Rambouillet; one to Madame de Montausier, in favor of M. Périer, the brother-in-law of Pascal, is a happy mixture of good taste and good sense; but amongst them all we prefer quoting one to the Duchesse de la Tremouille. It is light and pretty, and made out of almost nothing, like soap-bubbles.

Je crois qu'il n'y a que moi qui face si bien tout le contraire de ce que je veux faire, car il est vrai qu'il n'y a personne que j'honore plus que vous, et j'ai si bien fait qu'il est quasi impossible que vous le puissiez croire. Ce n'estoit pas assez pour vous persuader que je suis indigne de vos bonnes grâces et de votre souvenir que d'avoir manqué fort longtemps à vous écrire; il falloit encore retarder quinze jours à me donner l'honneur de répondre à votre lettre. En vérité, Madame, cela me fait paroître si coupable, que vers tout autre que vous j'aimerois mieux l'être en effet que d'entreprendre un chose si difficile qu'est celle de me justifier. Mais je me sens si innocente dans mon âme, et j'ai tant d'estime, de respect et d'affection pour vous, qu'il me semble que vous devez le connoître à cent lieues de distance d'ici, encore que je ne vous dise pas un mot. C'est ce que me donne le courage de vous écrire à cette heure, mais non pas ce qui m'en a empêché si longtemps. J'ai commencé à faillir par force, ayant eu beaucoup de maux, et depuis je l'ai fait par honte, et je vous avoue que si je n'avois à cette heure la confiance que vous m'avez donnée en me rassurant, et celle que je tire de mes propres sentimens pour vous, je n'oserois jamais entreprendre de vous faire souvenir de moi; mais je m'assure que vous oublierez tout, sur la protestation que je vous fais de ne me laisser plus endurcir en mes fautes et de demeurer inviolablement, Madame, votre, &c.

Was not the woman who could unite the ease and grace indicated by this letter, with an intellect that men thought worth consulting on matters of reasoning and philosophy, with warm affections, untiring activity for others, no ambition as an authoress, and an insight into *confitures* and *ragouts*, a rare combination? No wonder that her *salon* at Port-Royal was the favorite resort of such women as Madame de La Fayette, Madame de Mon-

tausier, Madame de Longueville, and Madame de Hautefort; and of such men as Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, Nicole, and Domat. The collections of Valant contain papers which show what were the habitual subjects of conversation in this *salon*. Theology, of course, was a chief topic; but physics and metaphysics had their turn, and still more frequently morals, taken in their widest sense. There were "Conferences on Calvinism," of which an abstract is preserved. When Rohault invented his glass tubes to serve for the barometrical experiments, in which Pascal had roused a strong interest, the Marquis de Sourdis entertained the society with a paper, entitled, "Why Water mounts in a Glass Tube." Cartesianism was an exciting topic here, as well as everywhere else in France; it had its partisans and opponents; and papers were read, containing "Thoughts on the Opinions of M. Descartes." These lofty matters were varied by discussions on love and friendship, on the drama, and on most of the things in heaven and earth which the philosophy of that day dreamt of. Morals—generalizations on human affections, sentiments, and conduct—seem to have been the favorite theme; and the aim was to reduce these generalizations to their briefest form of expression, to give them the epigrammatic turn which made them portable in the memory. This was the speciality of Madame de Sablé's circle, and was, probably, due to her own tendency. As the Hôtel de Rambouillet was the nursery of graceful letter-writing, and the Luxembourg of "portraits" and "characters," so Madame de Sablé's *salon* fostered that taste for the sententious style, to which we owe, probably, some of the best *Pensées* of Pascal, and, certainly, the maxims of La Rochefoucauld. Madame de Sablé herself wrote maxims, which were circulated among her friends; and, after her death, were published by the Abbé d'Ailey. They have the excellent sense and nobility of feeling which we should expect in every thing of hers; but they have no stamp of genius or individual character: they are, to the Maxims of La Rochefoucauld, what the vase moulded in dull, heavy clay, is to the vase which the action of fire has made light, brittle, and transparent. She also wrote a treatise on Education, which is much praised by La Rochefoucauld and M. d'Andilly; but which seems no longer to be found: probably it was not much more elaborate than her so-called "Treatise on Friendship," which is but a short string of maxims. Madame de Sablé's forte was evidently not to write herself, but to stimulate others to

* The letter to which we allude has this charming little touch:—"Je hais comme la mort que les gens de son âge puissent croire que j'ai des galanteries. Il semble qu'on leur parait cent ans des qu'on est plus vieille qu'eux, et ils sont tout propre à s'étonner qu'il y ait encore question des gens."

write; to show that sympathy and appreciation which are as genial and encouraging as the morning sunbeams. She seconded a man's wit with understanding—one of the best offices which womanly intellect has rendered to the advancement of culture; and the absence of originality made her all the more receptive towards the originality of others.

The manuscripts of Pascal show that many of the "*Pensées*," which are commonly supposed to be raw materials for a great work on religion, were remodelled again and again, in order to bring them to the highest degree of terseness and finish, which would hardly have been the case if they had only been part of a quarry for a greater production. Thoughts which are merely collected as materials, as stones out of which a building is to be erected, are not cut into facets, and polished like amethysts or emeralds. Since Pascal was from the first in the habit of visiting Madame de Sablé at Port-Royal, with his sister, Madame Périer, (who was one of Madame de Sablé's dearest friends,) we may well suppose that he would throw some of his jewels among the large and small coin of maxims, which were a sort of subscription-money there. Many of them have an epigrammatic piquancy, which was just the thing to charm a circle of vivacious and intelligent women; they seem to come from a La Rochefoucauld, who has been dipped over again in philosophy and wit, and received a new layer. But whether or not Madame de Sablé's influence served to enrich the "*Pensées*" of Pascal, it is clear that but for her influence the "Maxims" of La Rochefoucauld would never have existed. Just as in some circles the effort is, who shall make the best puns, (*horribile dictu*!) or the best charades, in the *salon* of Port Royal the amusement was to fabricate maxims. La Rochefoucauld said, "L'envie de faire des maximes se gagne comme le rhume." So far from claiming for himself the initiation of this form of writing, he accuses Jacques Esprit, another *habitué* of Madame de Sablé's *salon*, of having excited in him the taste for maxims, in order to trouble his repose. The said Esprit was an academician, and had been a frequenter of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. He had already published "Maxims in Verse," and he subsequently produced a book called "La Fausseté des Vertus Hamaines," which seems to consist of Rochefoucauldism become flat with an infusion of sour Calvinism. Nevertheless, La Rochefoucauld seems to have prized him, to have appealed to his judgment, and to have concocted maxims with him, which he

afterwards begs him to submit to Madame de Sablé. He sends a little batch of maxims to her himself, and asks for an equivalent in the shape of good eatables: "Voilà tout ce que j'ai de maximes; mais comme je ne donne rien pour rien, je vous demande un potage aux carottes, un ragoût de mouton," &c. The taste and the talent enhanced each other; until, at last, La Rochefoucauld began to be conscious of his preëminence in the circle of maxim-mongers, and thought of a wider audience. Thus grew up the famous "Maxims," about which little need be said. Every one is now convinced, or professes to be convinced, that, as to form, they are perfect, and that, as to matter, they are at once undeniably true and miserably false; true as applied to that condition of human nature in which the selfish instincts are still dominant, false if taken as a representation of all the elements and possibilities of human nature. We think La Rochefoucauld himself wavered as to their universality, and that this wavering is indicated in the qualified form of some of the maxims; it occasionally struck him that the shadow of virtue must have a substance, but he had never grasped that substance—it had never been present to his consciousness.

It is curious to see La Rochefoucauld's nervous anxiety about presenting himself before the public as an author; far from rushing into print, he stole into it, and felt his way by asking private opinions. Through Madame de Sablé he sent manuscript copies to various persons of taste and talent, both men and women, and many of the written opinions which she received in reply are still in existence. The women generally find the maxims distasteful, but the men write approvingly. These men, however, are for the most part ecclesiastics, who decry human nature that they may exalt divine grace. The coincidence between Augustinianism or Calvinism, with its doctrine of human corruption, and the hard cynicism of the maxims, presents itself in quite a piquant form in some of the laudatory opinions on La Rochefoucauld. One writer says:—"On ne pourroit faire une instruction plus propre à un catechumène pour convertir à Dieu son esprit et sa volonté Quand il n'y auroit que cet escrit au monde et l'Evangile je voudrois etre chrétien. L'un m'apprendroit à connoître mes misères, et l'autre à implorer mon libérateur." Madame de Maintenon sends word to La Rochefoucauld, after the publication of his work, that the Book of Job and the Maxims are her only reading.

That Madame de Sablé herself had a tolerably just idea of La Rochefoucauld's character, as well as of his maxims, may be gathered not only from the fact that her own maxims are as full of the confidence in human goodness which La Rochefoucauld wants, as they are empty of the style which he possesses, but also from a letter in which she replies to the criticisms of Madame de Schomberg: "The author," she says, "derived the maxim on indolence from his own disposition, for never was there so great an indolence as his; and I think that his heart, inert as it is, owes this defect as much to his idleness as his will. It has never permitted him to do the least action for others; and I think that, amidst all his great desires and great hopes, he is sometimes indolent even on his own behalf." Still she must have felt a hearty interest in the "Maxims," as in some degree her foster-child, and she must also have had considerable affection for the author, who was lovable enough to those who observed the rule of Helvetius, and expected nothing from him. She not only assisted him, as we have seen, in getting criticisms, and carrying out the improvements suggested by them, but when the book was actually published, she prepared a notice of it for the only journal then existing—the "Journal des Savants." This notice was originally a brief statement of the nature of the work, and the opinions which had been formed for and against it, with a moderate eulogy, in conclusion, on its good sense, wit, and insight into human nature. But when she submitted it to La Rochefoucauld, he objected to the paragraph which stated the adverse opinion, and requested her to alter it. She, however, was either unable or unwilling to modify her notice, and returned it with the following note:—

Je vous envoie ce que j'ai pu tirer de ma teste pour mettre dans le *Journal des Savants*. J'y ai mis cet endroit qui vous est le plus sensible, afin que cela vous fasse surmonter la mauvaise honte qui vous fit mettre la préface sans y rien retrancher, et je n'ai pas craint de le mettre, parce que je suis assurée que vous ne le ferez pas imprimer, quand même le reste vous plairait. Je vous assure aussi que je vous serai plus obligée, si vous en usez comme d'une chose qui servit à vous pour le corriger ou pour le jeter au feu. Nous autres grand auteurs, nous sommes trop riches pour craindre de rien perdre de nos productions. Mandez-moi ce qu'il vous semble de ce dictum.

La Rochefoucauld availed himself of this permission, and "edited" the notice, touching up the style, and leaving out the blame.

In this revised form it appeared in the *Journal des Savants*. In some points, we see, the youth of journalism was not without promise of its future.

While Madame de Sablé was thus playing the literary confidante to La Rochefoucauld, and was the soul of a society whose chief interest was the *belles lettres*, she was equally active in graver matters. She was in constant intercourse or correspondence with the devout women of Port Royal, and of the neighboring convent of the Carmelites, many of whom had once been the ornaments of the court; and there is a proof that she was conscious of being highly valued by them, in the fact that when the Princess Marie-Madeline, of the Carmelites, was dangerously ill, not being able or not daring to visit her, she sent her youthful portrait to be hung up in the sick-room, and received from the same Mère Agnès whose grave admonition we have quoted above, a charming note, describing the pleasure which the picture had given in the infirmary of "Notre bonne Mère." She was interesting herself deeply in the translation of the New Testament, which was the work of Sacy, Arnauld, Nicole, Le Maître and the Duc de Luynes conjointly, Sacy having the principal share. We have mentioned that Arnauld asked her opinion on the Discourse prefixed to his *Logic*, and we may conclude from this that he had found her judgment valuable in many other cases. Moreover, the persecution of the Port Royalists had commenced, and she was uniting with Madame de Longueville in aiding and protecting her pious friends. Moderate in her Jansenism, as in every thing else, she held that the famous formulary denouncing the Augustinian doctrine, and declaring it to have been originated by Jansesius, should be signed without reserve, and, as usual, she had faith in conciliatory measures; but her moderation was no excuse for inaction. She was at one time herself threatened with the necessity of abandoning her residence at Port Royal, and had thought of retiring to a religious house at Auteuil, a village near Paris. She did, in fact, pass some summers there, and she sometimes took refuge with her brother, the Commandeur de Souvré, with Madame de Montausier, or Madame de Longueville. The last was much bolder in her partisanship than her friend, and her superior wealth and position enabled her to give the Port-Royalists more efficient aid. Arnauld and Nicole resided five years in her house; it was under her protection that the translation of the New Testament was carried

on and completed, and it was chiefly through her efforts that, in 1669, the persecution was brought to an end. Madame de Sablé co-operated with all her talent and interest in the same direction; but here, as elsewhere, her influence was chiefly valuable in what she stimulated others to do, rather than in what she did herself. It was by her that Madame de Longueville was first won to the cause of Port Royal; and we find this ardent, brave woman constantly seeking the advice and sympathy of her more timid and self-indulgent, but sincere and judicious friend.

In 1669, when Madame de Sablé had at length rest from these anxieties, she was at the good old age of seventy, but she lived nine years longer—years, we may suppose, chiefly dedicated to her spiritual concerns. This gradual, calm decay allayed the fear of death which had tormented her more vigorous days; and she died with tranquillity and trust. It is a beautiful trait of these last moments, that she desired not to be buried with her family, or even at Port Royal, among her saintly and noble companions, but in the cemetery of her parish, like one of the people, without pomp or ceremony.

It is worth while to notice, that with Madame de Sablé, as with some other remarkable Frenchwomen, the part of her life which is richest in interest and results is that which is looked forward to by most of her sex with melancholy as the period of decline. When between fifty and sixty, she had philosophers, wits, beauties, and saints clustering around her; and one naturally cares to know what was the elixir which gave her this enduring and general attraction. We think it was, in a great degree, that well-balanced development of mental powers which gave her a comprehension of varied intellectual processes, and a tolerance for varied forms of character, which is still rarer in women than in men. Here was one point of distinction between her and Madame de Longueville; and an amusing passage, which Saint-Beuve has disinterred from the writings of the Abbé St. Pierre, so well serves to indicate, by contrast, what we regard as the great charm of Madame de Sablé's mind, that we shall not be wandering from our subject in quoting it.

I one day asked M. Nicole what was the character of Madame de Longueville's intellect; he told me it was very subtle and delicate in the penetration of character, but very small, very feeble; and that her comprehension was extremely narrow in matters of science and reasoning, and on all speculations that did not concern matters of sentiment. For example, he added, I one day said

to her that I could wager and demonstrate that there were in Paris at least two inhabitants who had the same number of hairs, although I could not point out who these two men were. She told me, I could never be sure of it until I had counted the hairs of these two men. Here is my demonstration, I said:—I take it for granted that the head which is most amply supplied with hairs has not more than 200,000, and the head which is least so has but one hair. Now, if you suppose that 200,000 heads have each a different number of hairs, it necessarily follows that they have each one of the numbers of hairs which form the series from 1 to 200,000; for if it were supposed that there were two among these 200,000 who had the same number of hairs, I should have gained my wager. Supposing, then, that these 200,000 inhabitants have all a different number of hairs, if I add a single inhabitant who has hairs, and who has not more than 200,000, it necessarily follows that this number of hairs, whatever it may be, will be contained in the series from 1 to 200,000, and consequently will be equal to the number of hairs on one of the previous 200,000 inhabitants. Now, as instead of one inhabitant more than 200,000, there are nearly 800,000 inhabitants in Paris, you see clearly that there must be many heads which have an equal number of hairs, though I have not counted them. Still Madame de Longueville could never comprehend that this equality of hairs could be demonstrated, and always maintained that the only way of proving it was to count them.

Surely, the most ardent admirer of feminine shallowness must have felt some irritation when he found himself arrested by this dead wall of stupidity, and have turned with relief to the larger intelligence of Madame de Sablé, who was not the less graceful, delicate, and feminine, because she could follow a train of reasoning, or interest herself in a question of science. In this combination consisted her preëminent charm: she was not a genius, not a heroine, but a woman whom men could more than love—whom they could make their friend, confidante, and counsellor; the sharer, not of their joys and sorrows only, but of their ideas and aims.

Such was Madame de Sablé, whose name is, perhaps, new to some of our readers, so far does it lie from the surface of literature and history. We have seen, too, that she was only one amongst a crowd—one in a firmament of feminine stars which, when once the biographical telescope is turned upon them, appear scarcely less remarkable and interesting. Now, if the reader recollects what was the position and average intellectual character of women in the high society of England during the reigns of James the First and the two Charleses—the period through which Madame de Sablé's career

extends—we think he will admit our position as to the early superiority of womanly development in France; and this fact, with its causes, has not merely an historical interest, it has an important bearing on the culture of women in the present day. Women became superior in France by being admitted to a common fund of ideas, to common objects of interest with men; and this must ever be the essential condition at once of true womanly culture and of true social well-being. We have no faith in feminine conversazioni, where ladies are eloquent on Apollo and Mars; though we sympathize with the yearning ac-

tivity of faculties which, deprived of their proper material, waste themselves in weaving fabrics out of cobwebs. Let the whole field of reality be laid open to woman as well as to man, and then that which is peculiar in her mental modification, instead of being, as it is now, a source of discord and repulsion between the sexes, will be found to be a necessary complement to the truth and beauty of life. Then we shall have that marriage of minds which alone can blend all the hues of thought and of feeling in one lovely rainbow of promise for the harvest of human happiness.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SEVASTOPOL.

THE appearance at this moment of Mr. Scott's travels in Russia, is peculiarly well timed. All eyes being now turned towards the countries and localities of which his book treats, necessarily gives an additional interest to the subject; but the volume before us possesses within itself those elements which most conduce to render similar works popular; and it does not, therefore, derive its value alone from the great events which are taking place on the very spots which it so well describes. It has the first great merit of bearing the stamp of truth and accurate observation, and has evidently been written without the mere object of *making a book*. The consequence is, that an interest is kept up throughout, from the absence of that elaboration on trivial incidents which is too often indulged in by writers of travels. At the same time the author has avoided giving labored descriptions of objects which possess in themselves but little attraction.

These travels, which began in Finland, extended to Astrachan, and terminated at Odessa, include visits to all the great fortified places of the Russian dominions, both in the north and the east, which have been, or are likely to become, the points of active operations by the allied fleets and armies. The tour through the Crimea is extensive; and the notices of that almost untravelled country, its people and antiquities, are highly interesting.

Mr. Scott's journey was undertaken before, and embraces a wider range than that of Mr. Oliphant; and he appears not only to have remained longer in the towns and fortified positions, but to have had greater facilities, and, in some instances, unusual opportunities for gaining information concerning them. He has, therefore, been enabled to correct some inaccuracies into which the latter gentleman has fallen, and, if our memory be faithful, those also of other recent writers. For example: we believe that Captain Spencer says there are four casemated fortresses of three hundred guns each at Sevastopol—a statement shown by Mr. Scott to be exceedingly exaggerated. General Mackintosh recommends the allied armies to be landed at Theodosia, and proposes that part of them should be marched by the southern coast of the Crimea to Sevastopol. A plan which the following interesting passages concerning the latter place, extracted from Mr. Scott's volume,* will show to be impracticable, and which the description of the coast itself, in another part of the book, also confirms:

"The port of Sevastopol consists of a bay running in a south-easterly direction, about

* "*The Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Crimea, comprising Travels in Russia, a Voyage down the Volga to Astrachan, and a Tour through Crim Tartary.*" By CHARLES HENRY SCOTT. London, 1854.

four miles long, and a mile wide at the entrance, diminishing to four hundred yards at the end, where the 'Tchernia Retchka,' or Black River, empties itself. The average depth is about eight fathoms, the bottom being composed of mud in the centre and gravel at the sides. On the southern coast of this bay are the commercial, military, and careening harbors; the quarantine harbor being outside the entrance. All these taking a southerly direction, and having deep water. The military harbor is the largest, being about a mile and a half long, by four hundred yards wide, and is completely land-locked on every side. Here it is that the Black Sea fleet is moored in the winter; the largest ships being able to lie with all their stores on board close to the quays. The small harbor, which contains the naval arsenal and docks, is on the eastern side of the military harbor, near the entrance. The port is defended to the south by six principal batteries and fortresses, each mounting from fifty to a hundred and ninety guns; and the north by four, having from eighteen to a hundred and twenty pieces each; and besides these are many smaller batteries.

"The fortresses are built on the casemate principle, three of them having three tiers of guns, and a fourth two tiers. Fort St. Nicholas is the largest, and mounts about a hundred and ninety guns; on carefully counting them, we made a hundred and eighty-six. By great interest we obtained permission to enter this fortress. It is built of white limestone—a fine sound stone, which becomes hard, and is very durable; the same material being used for all the other forts. Between every two casemates are furnaces for heating shot red hot. We measured the calibre of the guns, and found it to be eight inches, capable of throwing shells or sixty-eight pound solid shot.

"Whether all the guns in the fortress were of the same size, it is impossible to say; but my belief is, that most of the fortifications of Sevastopol are heavily armed. We entered Fort St. Nicholas through the elegantly-furnished apartments of the military commandant, situated at its south-western end.

"At the period of our visit there were certainly not more than eight hundred and fifty pieces of artillery defending the port towards the sea, and of these about three hundred and fifty could be concentrated on a ship entering the bay. Other batteries, however, are said to have been since built. We took some trouble to ascertain these

facts by counting the guns of the various forts; not always an easy matter where any suspicion of our object might have subjected us to grave inconveniences. Sevastopol is admirably adapted by nature for a strong position towards the sea; and it will be seen from what we have stated above, that this has been fully taken advantage of to render it one of the most formidably fortified places in that direction which could be imagined.

"We are well aware that the casemated fortresses are very badly constructed; and, though having an imposing exterior, that the walls are filled in with rubble. The work was carried on under Russian engineers, whose object was to make as much money as possible out of it. They were, moreover, found to be defective in ventilation; to remedy which, some alterations were subsequently made: but admitting all their defects, they are still strong enough to inflict some amount of injury on an attacking fleet before their guns could be silenced. And when that is accomplished, supposing there are now nine hundred and fifty pieces, there would still remain five hundred guns of large calibre, in strong open batteries, half of them throwing shells and red-hot shot, independent of mortars. This is a force of armament against which no fleets have been tried, not only with regard to the number of guns and weight of metal, but the nature of the projectiles; any single shell fired point-blank, and striking between wind and water, being sufficient to sink a ship.

"If Sevastopol can be so easily taken by the allied fleets alone, and without land forces, as some people appear to imagine, it would be very satisfactory to know what amount of resistance it is expected that Portsmouth could offer to an enemy with her seventy or eighty guns, not above five-and-twenty of which are heavier than thirty-two pounders.

"We do not mean to assert that it is impossible to destroy Sevastopol from the sea alone, but we believe that it could only be accomplished by an unnecessary sacrifice of life and ships with our present means; and that it would be nothing short of madness to attempt it, unless we had a reserve fleet on the spot to insure the command of the Black Sea in case of failure.

"In speaking of the means of defence at Sevastopol, we have left the Russian fleet out of the question. This, however, is not to be treated either with indifference or contempt; for while we are ready to admit that neither in the strength of the ships, in the

quality of the sailors, nor in any other respect can it be compared to those of England and France, yet there can be no doubt of the Russian seamen being well trained in gunnery, nor of their being endowed with a kind of passive courage which would lead them to stick to their work when not called upon to exercise their seamanship, in which they are very deficient.

"There were in the military harbor of Sevastopol twelve line-of-battle ships, eight frigates, and seven corvettes, comprising the Black Sea fleet, independent of steamers. We visited, amongst others, the *Twelve Apostles*, of a hundred and twenty guns, and the first lieutenant accompanied us over her. She was a remarkably fine-looking ship, in excellent order, and very neat in her fittings. One thing which instantly struck us was the absence of hammock hooks; but we learnt that beds were luxuries which the Russian sailors never dream of, the decks forming their only resting-places.

"On descending to the shell-room we examined one of the shells, and found it fitted with the common fuse. Now, as at that time it was believed that the Russians possessed a percussion or concussion shell superior to any in the world, we were anxious to ascertain whether this was really the case; but from the inquiries we made of the lieutenant, we are convinced that such a shell existed only in imagination; that the common fuse was in use throughout the service, and may be so to the present day. The ports of the ship were marked with lines at different angles, to facilitate the concentration of the guns.

"We thanked our conductor for his politeness, and, in doing so, expressed our admiration of the ship. 'Yes,' said he, 'she is worthy of your praises. She was built on the lines of your *Queen*, now in the Mediterranean, by a Russian architect, educated in one of the royal dockyards of England.'

"The town of Sevastopol is situate on the point of land between the commercial and military harbors, which rises gradually from the water's edge to an elevation of two hundred feet. It is more than a mile in length; and its greatest width is about three quarters of a mile, the streets entering the open steppe on the south. It was partly defended on the west, towards the land, by a loop-holed wall, which had been pronounced by one of the first engineers of Russia as perfectly useless; and plans for completely fortifying the place in that direction were said to have been made; but whether the

work has since been carried out we know not, though we have a deep conviction that strong defences will be found to exist there by the time a besieging army arrives. These, however, being hurriedly raised, can neither be of sufficient magnitude nor strength to offer a serious resistance to a long-continued fire of heavy artillery; and unless these fortifications are on an extensive scale, and embrace a wide circuit, they may be commanded from so many points, that, attacked with heavy guns of long range, their speedy reduction becomes a matter of certainty.

"None of the sea batteries or forts are of the slightest service for defence on the land side. Indeed, the great fort, 'St. Nicholas,' has not a gun pointed in that direction; and such an armament would be perfectly useless if it existed, as that part of the hill on which the town stands rises behind it to a height of 200 feet. In fact, all the fortresses and batteries, both to the north and south of the great bay, are commanded by higher ground in the rear.

"The first and all-important consideration in reference to an attack on Sevastopol by land, is to ascertain where an army would find the most desirable place for disembarkation. Theodosia has been named amongst other localities; and it has certainly a beautiful harbor and many other conveniences, but the distance from the scene of action is a serious drawback. The troops would have to march over about a hundred and thirty miles of steppe, as it would be necessary to keep to the north of the mountains, where their progress could be easily arrested. Should wet weather set in, this steppe would become in a very short time quite impracticable for heavy artillery and baggage, as there are no roads whatever; and our little experience of rain showed us how rapidly the country became converted into a state closely resembling an Irish bog.

"Yalta is another port where men and material might be safely landed, and where but little opposition could be offered; but although united to Sevastopol by a good road, this is in many places cut out of the face of the perpendicular rock, and could not only be defended by the enemy with facility, but a few hours' work would render it quite impassable.

"Between Yalta and Balaclava, on the southern coast, there is no available point; but if the latter port could be taken, and the surrounding heights secured, every requisite for advantageously carrying on operations against Sevastopol would be at once

obtained. Distant only about ten miles from that town, and connected with it by an excellent road, Balaclava so infinitely surpasses all other places for the attainment of the object in view, that there cannot be two opinions on the importance of possessing it, and its admirable harbor would be of incalculable value to the fleets. Nature has, however, made it so strong, that if the Russians have fully availed themselves of the facilities for defence, it might become a work of some difficulty to dislodge them; but it is very doubtful whether they have had sufficient time to erect batteries which could hold out long against the force that could be brought to bear on them. Supposing the whole of the batteries defending the harbor to be destroyed, no ships could enter with safety until all the positions on the heights which surround and overhang it had been carried. The coast between Balaclava and Cape Chersonesus being abrupt and precipitous, furnishes no suitable localities for the required purpose; but some of the bays on the northern boundary of the Chersonesean peninsula may possibly be found available. Were the allied armies in possession of the Chersonesus, they would find plenty of water, for there are two good sources towards Balaclava, though independent of it. One of these has been carried by an aqueduct to Sevastopol, and supplies the reservoir near the public gardens of that place. Destroying this aqueduct would be of no service towards reducing the town, as that from Inkerman would still remain, and the great fitting basin contains an immense quantity. Besides which, there are wells and some small streams at the head of the military harbor, whence the place formerly drew its only, though not very plentiful, supply. Another plan for attacking Sevastopol might be adopted by landing to the north of the bay of Inkerman, destroying or taking Fort Constantine and the other batteries from the rear, and thence bombarding the naval arsenal, the town, and ships; and, indeed, this is the only alternative if a footing cannot be effected in the Chersonesus.

"The streets are built in parallel lines from north to south, and intersected by others from east to west; and the houses, being of limestone, have a substantial appearance. The public buildings are fine. The library erected by the Emperor for the use of naval and military officers, is of Grecian architecture, and is elegantly fitted up internally. The books are principally confined to naval and military subjects, and the sciences

connected with them; history, and some light reading.

"The club-house is handsome externally, and comfortable within. It contains a large ball-room, which is its most striking feature, and billiard-rooms, which appeared to be the great centres of attraction; but one looked in vain for reading-rooms, filled with newspapers and journals. There are many good churches; and a fine landing-place of stone from the military harbor, approached on the side of the town, beneath an architrave supported by high columns. It also boasts of an Italian opera-house, the first performance for the season at which took place during our visit; but we cannot say much for the singing, the company being third-rate, and the voice of the 'prima donna' very much resembling at times a cracked trumpet.

"The eastern side of the town is so steep that the mast-heads of the ships cannot be seen until one gets close to them. Very beautiful views are obtained from some parts of the place, and it is altogether agreeably situated. A military band plays every Thursday evening in the public gardens, at which time the fashionables assemble in great numbers.

"As Sevastopol is held exclusively as a military and naval position, commerce does not exist; the only articles imported by sea being those required for material of war, or as provision for the inhabitants and garrison.

"On the eastern side of the military harbor, opposite to the town, is a line of buildings consisting of barracks, some storehouses, and a large naval hospital, which we inspected. The wards are good, but too much crowded; many of the arrangements are bad, and the ventilation in some parts exceedingly defective, the effluvia being most offensive.

"Sevastopol is not the port of construction for ships of war: they are all built at Nicholiev, on the river Bug, as Petersburg is the building-place for Cronstadt. But here all repairs are done, and stores and materials of war in great quantity kept in the naval arsenal. The works that have been accomplished in the little port appropriated to this department are immense. The quays are well and strongly built of limestone, with granite copings, under the superintendence of an English master mason. Along the eastern quay were ten large stone buildings for storehouses, then in the course of construction, five of which were already finished.

"But all other works sink into insignifi-

cance at Sevastopol before those projected and accomplished by Colonel Upton, under immense engineering difficulties. They consist of a great fitting basin, into which open five dry docks—three at the end, and one on each side of the entrance canal. As there is no tide these docks are above the level of the sea, and the ships are floated into them by locks, of which there are three, having a rise of ten feet each.

"To supply the basin, and thence the canal, the water is brought eleven miles by a beautiful aqueduct of stone, into which the Black river has been turned beyond Inkerman. This passes at one part through an excavated tunnel 900 feet long, and is constructed on arches in five or six other places.

"To form a great reservoir, and thus to insure a constant supply of water, an enormous dike of stone, like those of the pools of Solomon, near Bethlehem, was built across a mountain gorge, but on a much more stupendous scale. Mr. William Upton superintended the engineering department, and the work was achieved with perfect success; proper sluices being constructed to prevent too great a pressure in case of unusually heavy rain. Soon after all was finished, however, a terrific thunder-storm arose; the valley rapidly filled with water, and a great landslip from the side of the mountain took place; the sluices were thus blocked up, and the flood at last poured over the top, taking away tier after tier of stones, until there was left nothing of the work of years but a jumbled mass of ruin. When we stood upon the remaining portion of this masonry, and marked its extraordinary strength and solidity, we could scarcely comprehend how the rushing of any amount of water could have produced such results.

"In order to make sufficient space for the docks, the canal of which leads from the southern extremity of the little port, it was necessary to cut away a portion of the mountain, and on the top of the great perpendicular wall thus made, now stands a massive pile of stone buildings, used as the sailors' winter barracks. In case of an enemy penetrating the dockyard port, these barracks might be held as a formidable position by men armed with the Minié rifle; and it has been suggested that a couple of line-of-battle ships in the basin, with their broadsides to the port, and commanding it, would also form a battery of great power. Thus, in an

attack by sea alone on Sevastopol, every inch of ground would have to be contested. A large filter has been erected, from which pipes are carried to the quay, into which a stream has been turned from the aqueduct; and when a ship requires a supply of water, she or the tanked barges have only to go alongside, a hose is attached to the pipe, put on board, and the process is accomplished with the greatest facility and expedition. No expense has been spared to render this naval arsenal perfect; and we doubt whether, in many respects, there is another in Europe so convenient, always supposing the works projected to have been carried out. The streets of Sevastopol, as may be expected, teem with soldiers and sailors; indeed, no one unconnected with the services lives there, and all but Russians are discouraged or forbidden to do so. The Jews were at one time ordered away from it entirely, but some few have been allowed to return. It was said that no foreigners were permitted to remain there more than twenty-four hours; but during a sojourn of ten days we met with no interference, although we visited and curiously examined all parts of the town, and every thing worth seeing in it."

"On leaving the harbor we had another opportunity of taking a general view of those extraordinary fortifications which we had previously examined in detail, both on shore and from boats; and our opinion was confirmed, that with all their defects, whether in scientific principles or in carelessness of construction, a great sacrifice of life would follow an attack by sea alone with our present armament. But there appears no reason why England and France, with the talent and resources they have at their disposal, should not with facility produce artillery of a weight and range so great as to batter down these fortresses in succession, while at the same time their own ships remained comparatively free from danger."

On the whole, we can highly recommend this volume to our readers. It is written in an easy and unaffected style, rising, when the occasion calls for it, to much animation and graphic power.

* "These remarks were written before the late experiments were performed with Mr. Lancaster's gun."

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

FRANCES BROWN, THE BLIND POETESS.

For several years past the name of Frances Brown has been familiar to general readers. We believe it was in the columns of the *Athenæum* that many of her smaller poems first appeared. The pieces were dated "Stranorlar"—a place we had never before heard of—quite out of the beat of business life. It turned out, however, that there really was such a place in the country of Donegal, in the north of Ireland, and that Stranorlar could even boast of its post-office.

We were very much struck by the verses published by Frances Brown in the *Athenæum*. There was something extremely fascinating about them, in their sweet melancholy, their saddened gayety, or their cheerful philosophy. There was something *new* about them, which interested us. They did not run in the common rut, but excited a novel sensation in the reading. Then their rhythm was excellent, a quality in which English verse is often deficient. Take as an example the following well-known lines by Frances Brown:—

THE FIRST.

The first, the first!—oh! naught like it
Our after years can bring;
For summer hath no flowers as sweet
As those of early spring.
The earliest storm that strips the tree,
Still wildest seems, and worst;
Whate'er hath been again may be,
But never as at first.

For many a bitter blast may blow
O'er life's uncertain wave,
And many a thorny thicket grow
Between us and the grave;
But darker still the spot appears
Where thunder-clouds have burst
Upon our green unlighted years—
No grief is like the first.

Our first-born joy—perchance 'twas vain,
Yet, that brief lightning o'er,
The heart, indeed, may hope again,
But can rejoice no more.
Life hath no glory to bestow
Like it—unfallen, uncured;
There may be many an after-glow,
But nothing like the first.

The rays of hope may light us on
Through manhood's toil and strife,
But never can they shine as shone
The morning-stars of life;
Though bright as summer's rosy wreath,
Though long and fondly nursed,
Yet still they want the fearless faith
Of those that blessed us first.

Its first love, deep in memory,
The heart for ever bears;
For that was early given, and free—
Life's wheat without the tares.
It may be death hath buried deep,
It may be fate hath cursed;
But yet no later love can keep
The greenness of the first.

And thus, whate'er our onward way,
The lights or shadows cast
Upon the dawning of our day
Are with us to the last.
But ah! the morning breaks no more
On us, at once it burst,
For future springs can ne'er restore
The freshness of the first.

These lines appeared in the "Keepsake" for 1843, then edited by the Countess of Blesington, and from a note added to the poem by the fair editress, we learnt for the first time that the authoress of the numerous verses in the *Athenæum* which we, in common with thousands more, had so greatly admired, were written by a blind girl!

We immediately felt interested about the writer's history, and longed to know how, in a remote village in the north of Ireland, a young woman, deprived of most of the ordinary helps to knowledge, having no intercourse with nature except through books, and doomed to live in solitary darkness in the midst of the beauties of the external world, should nevertheless have reared a temple of beauty in her own mind, and found therein not only joy and rejoicing for herself but to all others whom the press has brought within reach of her utterances.

The story of the inner life of such an one, if it could be related in all its fulness, were indeed most interesting as well as most instructive. In any case it is curious to watch

a strong mind developing itself; but where, as in this case, it is under conditions of social and physical disadvantage so great, it is most profitable as an example even to those much more favorably circumstanced, to watch the ardent mind groping, by the aid of its strong instincts, through the darkness of which it was conscious, appropriating to itself every thing whence it could draw nourishment, in the barren elements by which it was surrounded, and seizing upon all that could help it onward, while, by its own undirected energies, it was struggling upwards to the light.

Frances Brown is of humble birth. She was born at Stranorlar, in the county Donegal, where her father was postmaster, a humble man of small means, but respectable character. At eighteen months old Frances was seized by the small-pox in its severest form, and when she recovered from the disease, it was at the sacrifice of her sight. She has never since seen the light of day. Of her early calamity Miss Brown has no recollection; and no forms of the outer world have followed her into her world of darkened meditations. The hues and shapes of things, as they present themselves to human eyes, are to her an utter blank, even in memory. She has been spared that perplexity which often haunts the blind who have lost their sight later in life, in the baffled attempts to summon up and recover the faded impressions and images of a past life; for of things as seen by her infant eyes she has no recollection whatever, nor is she pursued by regret for the loss of that which she was too young to appreciate. The mind has thus been left more clear to act in the conditions to which it was limited; and by devices of her own, by the promptings of a clear natural intellect, by a careful process of self-culture, she has been enabled to see into the world of thought, and made the unpromising soil about her yield intellectual fruit of the most delightful and profitable kind.

We cannot better relate the story of Miss Brown's early education than in her own words:—

"I recollect very little," she says, "of my infant years. I never received any regular education, but very early felt the want of it: and the first time I remember to have experienced this feeling strongly, was about the beginning of my seventh year, when I heard our pastor (my parents being members of the Presbyterian church) preach for the first time. On the occasion alluded to, I was particularly struck by many words in the sermon, which, though in common use, I did not then understand; and from that time adopted a plan for acquiring information on the subject. When a

word unintelligible to me happened to reach my ear, I was careful to ask its meaning from any person I thought likely to inform me—a habit which was probably troublesome enough to the friends and acquaintances of my childhood; but by this method, I soon acquired a considerable stock of words; and, when farther advanced in life, enlarged it still more by listening attentively to my young brothers and sisters reading over the tasks required at the village school. They were generally obliged to commit to memory a certain portion of the Dictionary and English Grammar, each day; and by hearing them read it aloud frequently for that purpose, as my memory was better than theirs (perhaps rendered so by necessity,) I learned the task much sooner than they, and frequently heard them repeat it. My first acquaintance with books was necessarily formed amongst those which are most common in country villages. 'Susan Gray,' 'The Negro Servant,' 'The Gentle Shepherd,' 'Mungo Park's Travels,' and, of course, 'Robinson Crusoe,' were among the first of my literary friends, for I have often heard them read by my relatives, and remember to have taken a strange delight in them when I am sure they were not half understood. Books have been always scarce in our remote neighborhood, and were much more so in my childhood: but the craving for knowledge which then commenced, grew with my growth; and, as I had no books of my own in those days, my only resource was borrowing from the few acquaintances I had, to some of whom I owe obligations of the kind that will never be forgotten. In this way I obtained the reading of many valuable works, though generally old ones:—but it was a great day for me when the first of Sir Walter Scott's works fell into my hands. It was 'The Heart of Mid Lothian,' and was lent me by a friend whose family were rather better provided with books than most in our neighborhood. My delight in the work was very great, even then; and I contrived, by means of borrowing, to get acquainted, in a very short time, with the greater part of the works of its illustrious author—for works of fiction, about this time, occupied all my thoughts. I had a curious mode of impressing on my memory what had been read—namely, lying awake, in the silence of night, and repeating it all over to myself. To that habit I probably owe the extreme tenacity of memory which I now possess; but, like all other good things, it had its attendant evil,—for I have often thought it curious that, whilst I never forget any scrap of knowledge collected, however small, yet the common events of daily life slip from my memory so quickly that I can scarcely find any thing again which I have once laid aside. But this misfortune has been useful in teaching me habits of order. About the beginning of my thirteenth year, (continues Miss Brown,) I happened to hear a friend read a part of 'Barnes's History of the French War.' It made a singular impression on my mind; and works of fiction, from that time, began to lose their value, compared with the far more wonderful Romance of History. But books of the kind were so scarce in our neighborhood, that 'Hume's History of England,' and two or

three other works on the same subject, were all I could read, till a kind friend, who was then the teacher of our village school, obliged me with that voluminous work, 'The Universal History.' There I heard, for the first time, the histories of Greece and Rome, and those of many other ancient nations. My friend had only the ancient part of the work; but it gave me a fund of information which has been subsequently increased from many sources; and at present I have a tolerable knowledge of history. In the pursuit of knowledge, my path was always impeded by difficulties too minute and numerous to mention; but the want of sight was, of course, the principal one,—which, by depriving me of the power of reading, obliged me to depend on the services of others;—and as the condition of my family was such as did not admit of much leisure, my invention was early taxed to gain time for those who could read. I sometimes did the work assigned to them, or rendered them other little services; for, like most persons similarly placed, necessity and habit have made me more active in this respect than people in ordinary circumstances would suppose. The lighter kinds of reading were thus easily managed; but my young relatives were often unwilling to waste their breath and time with the drier, but more instructive works which I latterly preferred. To tempt them to this, I used, by way of recompense, to relate to them long stories, and even novels, which perhaps they had formerly read but forgotten; and thus my memory may be said to have earned supplies for itself. About the end of my fifteenth year, having heard much of the *Iliad*, I obtained the loan of Pope's translation. That was a great event to me; but the effect it produced on me requires some words of explanation. From my earliest years, I had a great and strange love of poetry; and could commit verses to memory with greater rapidity than most children. But at the close of my seventh year, when a few Psalms of the Scotch version, 'Watts' Divine Songs,' and some old country songs, (which certainly were not divine,) formed the whole of my poetical knowledge, I made my earliest attempt in versification—upon that first and most sublime lesson of childhood, the 'Lord's Prayer.' As years increased, my love of poetry, and taste for it increased also, with increasing knowledge. The provincial newspapers, at times, supplied me with specimens from the works of the best living authors. Though then unconscious of the cause, I still remember the extraordinary delight which those pieces gave me,—and have been astonished to find that riper years have only confirmed the judgments of childhood. When such pieces reached me, I never rested till they were committed to memory: and afterwards repeated them for my own amusement, when alone, or during those sleepless nights to which I have been, all my life, subject. But a source of still greater amusement was found in attempts at original composition; which, for the first few years, were but feeble imitations of every thing I knew—from the 'Psalms' to Gray's 'Elegy.' When the poems of Burns fell in my way, they took the place of all others in my fancy:—and this brings me up to the time when I

made my first acquaintance with the '*Iliad*.' It was like the discovery of a new world, and effected a total change in my ideas on the subject of poetry. There was, at the time, a considerable manuscript of my own productions in existence,—which, of course, I regarded with some partiality; but Homer had awakened me, and, in a fit of sovereign contempt, I committed the whole to the flames. Soon after I had found the '*Iliad*,' I borrowed a prose translation of 'Virgil,'—there being no poetical one to be found in our neighborhood; and in a similar manner made acquaintance with many of the classic authors. But after Homer's, the work that produced the greatest impression on my mind was Byron's '*Childe Harold*.' The one had induced me to burn my first manuscript, and the other made me resolve against verse-making in future; for I was then far enough advanced to know my own deficiency—but without apparent means for the requisite improvements. In this resolution I persevered for several years, and occupied my mind solely in the pursuit of knowledge; but owing to adverse circumstances, my progress was necessarily slow. Having, however, in the summer of the year 1840, heard a friend read the story of '*La Perouse*,' it struck me that there was a remarkable similarity between it and the one related in an old country song called '*The Lost Ship*,' which I had heard in my childhood. The song in question was of very low composition; but there was one line at the termination of each verse which haunted my imagination, and I fancied might deserve a better poem. This line, and the story of '*La Perouse*,' together with an irresistible inclination to poetry, at length induced me to break the resolution I had so long kept; and the result was the little poem called '*La Perouse*' (since published in Frances Brown's collection of poems and lyrics.) Soon after, when Messrs. Gunn and Cameron commenced the publication of their '*Irish Penny Journal*,' I was seized with a strange desire to contribute something to its pages. My first contribution was favorably received, and I still feel grateful for the kindness and encouragement bestowed upon me by both the editor and the publishers. The three small pieces which I contributed to that work were the first of mine that ever appeared in print, with the exception of one of my early productions which a friend had sent to a provincial paper. The '*Irish Penny Journal*' was abandoned on the completion of the first volume; but the publishers, with great kindness, sent me one of the copies, and this was the first book of any value that I could call my own! But the gift was still more esteemed as an encouragement—and the first of the kind."

About this time Miss Brown, in her remote retreat, heard of the *Athenaeum*, and probably desirous of obtaining access to a wider circle of readers, she addressed a number of her small pieces to the editor. Months passed, and she had given up all for lost, when at length the arrival of many numbers of the journal, and a letter from the editor, aston-

ished her, and gratified a wish which had haunted her very dreams. One may easily imagine the interest and the delight which a complimentary letter from the editor of a London journal will excite in the mind of a literary aspirant in a remote village in the country. From that time Frances Brown's name has been often seen in the public journals and magazines—in "Hood's," in the

"Keepsake," and in several literary periodicals. She has also published a collection of her poems, which we cannot help thinking are full of interest and beauty. And doubtless the reader who chances to see her name in print again will read her productions with all the greater interest, after having read the above account of her sufferings, her difficulties, and her triumphs.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LORD METCALFE.*

CHARLES THEOPHILUS, first and last Lord Metcalfe, was born in Calcutta on the 30th of January, 1785. His father, Major Metcalfe, realized a fortune, as "agent for military stores," returned to England when Charles was still young, and having bought a house in Portland Place, became soon after M.P. and an East India director.

There were other sons besides Charles, and after a brief schooling at Bromley, in Middlesex, the two eldest, Charles being then eleven years of age, were entered at Eton. As a schoolboy, it appears that he was quiet and retiring—was neither a cricketer nor a boater, but a great reader, and with a strong literary turn, sending anecdotes to the *Naval Chronicle*, and enlivening the *Military Journal* with his Etonian lucubrations.

Major Metcalfe being an East India director, the career of his sons was chalked out for them before they were almost old enough to know what to anticipate. A China writership, Mr. Kaye remarks, was, in those days, the best bit of preferment in the world. It was a certain fortune in a very few years. And accordingly, Theophilus, the eldest, was despatched to China, while Charles had his writership assigned to him in Calcutta.

Charles was not at this time so young but that, before he left this country, he owned

that power which is destined to sway all some time or other in their lives.

It was arranged, therefore, that Theophilus should sail for China in the spring, and that Charles should embark for Calcutta in the summer. In the meanwhile the boys were to enjoy themselves as best they could. Charles, though of a retiring disposition, did not dislike society; and there were a few families, in the neighborhood of his father's house, to whom he was a frequent visitor. In one of these there was a young lady, a little older than himself, with whom he fell in love at first sight. He was first introduced to her, on the day after he left Eton, at a ball in his father's house. After that event he frequently saw her, either at his own house or her mother's. The charms of the young lady, not merely those of external beauty and grace, made a deep and abiding impression on his mind; and he was long afterwards of opinion, that this boyish attachment, pure and disinterested as it was, had a beneficial influence on his character. He corresponded with her for some time afterwards, and her "sensible letters" heightened his admiration. They are almost the only part of his correspondence which has not survived him. The exception tells its own story.

The circumstance was, however—notwithstanding the kindly view the "servent biographer" has taken of it—much, to be regretted in a youth placed as Charles Metcalfe was, and it led to subsequent discontent and yearning for home, when, with the best prospects in the world, there was nothing but progress to be looked to.

The ideas associated with a writership in India are a close adhesion to the desk, a

* The Life and Correspondence of Charles, Lord Metcalfe, late Governor-General of India, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor-General of Canada. From Unpublished Letters and Journals preserved by himself, his family, and his friends. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. London: Richard Bentley. 1854.

zealous study of languages, and a gradual initiation into those mysteries of East Indian politics by which a host of the most heterogeneous materials are held together in some sort of harmony. Whatever it may be with others, it was not so with Charles Metcalfe, who belonged to a great privileged class; the son of an East India director, he had many friends in the settlement, and he had a passport to the best society in Calcutta.

Accordingly, the entries in the young writer's journal for some weeks after his arrival seem to be the only writing he cared to be troubled with, and these are mere records of the places at which he dined and at which he danced. We find him, for a "diffident youth," "short, and somewhat homely in appearance," launching forth into the gayeties of Calcutta with great nerve and spirit: getting first a cocked hat, (20 rupees,) then a palanquin, (160 rupees,) and next a khitmudgar, an hirearra, a masaulchee, and a tailor!

True, he did bethink himself amid all these gayeties of studying the language, and he secured the services of a moonshee; but after two days' trial he dismissed him, finding him of no use; and it was not till he was admitted on the rolls of the College of Fort William that he set himself seriously to work to acquire Oriental knowledge.

Charles was then in his seventeenth year; and Lord Wellesley, who had always befriended him, was not unwilling to sanction his premature escape from college, by an appointment as assistant to the Resident at the Court of Dowlat Rao Scindiah.

And so (says his biographer) ended Charles Metcalfe's first year in India. The experienced Anglo-Indian reader will see in it, peradventure, the reflection of his own trial-year. When throughout the hot months and the rainy season of this year 1801, the young exile felt an irresistible desire to return to his old home, with all its charming associations of love and liberty; his longings were only those of a large proportion of the young exiles who, in loneliness of heart and captivity of person, struggle feebly through this first dreary season of probation. By the old, forgetful of their own experiences, this despondency, attributable as it is in part to physical and in part to moral causes, may be regarded as boyish weakness. But it is weakness better than any strength. Charles Metcalfe had a very warm human heart; and I do not think the reader will admire him the less for being forced to love him more.

Charles Metcalfe's destination was those remote provinces which lie between the Jumma and the Nerbudda, and which had at

that time been but little explored. The Mahrattas were then dominant in that fine country. The hereditary enmity of Scindiah and Holkar was rending and distracting it. It was what the natives call a time of trouble. British interests were represented at the court of the former by Colonel Collins—an officer of the Company's army—who, in more than one political situation, had done good service to the state, but whose private amiability, we are told, was not equal to his diplomatic address.

On his way to Oujein, Charles Metcalfe travelled from Cawnpore to Lucknow in the suite of Lord Wellesley, and the pageantry he witnessed first made him begin to think that the bright Oriental tinting of the "Arabian Nights" had nothing fabulous about it. The official connection of Charles Metcalfe with Scindiah's court was, however, brief and unsatisfactory. "My situation was very disagreeable," he wrote in his journal, before he had been more than a few weeks attached to the Residency; and he very soon formed the resolution of seeking more congenial employment elsewhere.

So great was the influence of the East India director, or so strong an impression had his son made upon Lord Wellesley, that the throwing up of his situation at the court of Scindiah, instead of hurting his prospects, opened the way to his employment at the presidency itself, as an assistant in the office of the chief secretary to government—a situation to which the ambitious commonly turn their eyes as the stepping-stone to ultimate greatness.

From this time Charles Metcalfe looked steadily forward. There were no more vain retrospects—no more idle regrets. He had formed the resolution of not leaving the country until the governor-generalship of India was in his hands. And that such would be the end of his career, we are told by his biographer, was not a mere passing thought—an impulsive hope—but an abiding and sustaining conviction.

All through the year 1803, and the earlier part of 1804, Charles Metcalfe continued to graduate in Indian politics, under the directorship of Lord Wellesley. It was a season of unusual excitement. Our relations with the Mahratta states were just beginning to involve us in the greatest war in which we had ever been engaged in India. Lake and Wellesley were in the field, waiting the opportunity to strike. When the campaign began in earnest against Holkar, young Metcalfe was despatched to the camp of the

commander-in-chief as a political assistant. He started in good spirits, and under happy auspices; but he did not proceed far without meeting with an adventure.

Before he reached Cawnpore, at some point of the road which I cannot precisely indicate, he was set upon by robbers. He was asleep in his palanquin when he fell amongst these thieves, and, according to custom, was abandoned by his bearers. One of his assailants had a club in his hand, which young Metcalfe seized; another then struck at him with a tulwar, or sword, cut off the ends of two of his fingers, and wounded him on the head and on the breast. Single-handed, it was impossible to save his property, but his life he might save; so, finding resistance useless, he staggered away from his assailants, and following a path through the jungle, he soon found himself on the bank of a broad river or stream. There, faint from loss of blood, he sank down, and, as he lay on the ground, thoughts of home came thick upon him. It flashed upon his mind that his parents were not improbably at that very time at Abingdon races, talking with some friends about their absent son, and little thinking of the danger and the suffering to which he was at that moment exposed. These thoughts made a deep impression on his mind; but he presently roused himself to action, and tottered back as best he could to the spot where his palanquin was lying; but found that the robbers had not yet made off with their spoil. After a little while, however, they went, having despoiled the traveller of all the baggage which he carried with him—never any great amount on a dawk-journey—and effected their escape. Metcalfe was then carried on to Cawnpore, where, under the care of his aunt, Mrs. Richardson, he soon recovered from his wounds, and proceeded onwards to the camp of the commander-in-chief.

Lake was then on the banks of the Jumna, Holkar was hanging on his rear, and in the full indulgence of the predatory habits of his tribe. When Charles Metcalfe arrived at head-quarters, he was received with all courtesy and kindness, but, unfortunately, he was also regarded with some mistrust. He was a civilian in the midst of a community of soldiers. He was called a clerk, and sneered at as a non-combatant. But Charles Metcalfe, though he wore neither the King's nor the Company's uniform, had as much of the true spirit of the soldier in him as any officer in camp, and an opportunity of showing this was not long in presenting itself.

The fortress of Deeg, distant some forty-five miles from Agra, was garrisoned by the allied troops of our enemies, Holkar and the Rajah of Bhurtpore. In the month of December, General Lake, who had determined upon the reduction of the place, encamped within sight of it, and awaited the arrival of his battering-train from Agra.

On the 13th, having been joined by his guns, he took up his position before the fortress, and commenced an attack upon the outworks. On the 17th the breaching battery was ready for action; but such was the strength of the walls, that it was not until the 23d that the breach was reported practicable, and dispositions made for the assault on the following day.

The storming party was told off, and Metcalfe volunteered to accompany it. He was one of the first who entered the breach. There are soldiers now living who remember that memorable Christmas-eve, and delight to speak of the gallantry of the young civilian. The "clerk" fairly won his spurs, and shared with the most distinguished of his comrades the honors no less than the dangers of one of the most brilliant achievements of the war. In the commander-in-chief's despatch, the name of Metcalfe was honorably mentioned. "Before I conclude this despatch," wrote Lord Lake, "I cannot help mentioning the spirited conduct of Mr. Metcalfe, a civil servant, who volunteered his services with the storming party, and, as I am informed, was one of the first in the breach." Afterwards, the fine old soldier called him his "little stormer."

Upon this exploit, which nothing but the peculiar position in which the youth was placed can excuse, his mother wrote sensibly enough: "One would think you imagined that your prospect in life was desperate instead of its being one of the finest." The fact is, it is one of those acts which reason condemns, but which the heart cannot help admiring. Charles Metcalfe had also several objects in view: there was not only the desire to show his military companions that he was ready and willing to share their dangers, but there was also nothing to be left undone to increase an influence already in the ascendant, in order to arrive ultimately at the goal of his ambition.

From Deeg the grand army marched upon Bhurtpore, and when a light brigade was detached under General Smith, to drive back a threatened relief under Ameer Khan, young Metcalfe conducted all the diplomatic business of the campaign. This was the most responsible situation he had yet filled, as he was thrown entirely on his own resources. As his biographer remarks, he was now fast becoming a personage of some political importance—taking, indeed, a place in history, and that, too, before he was of age.

When peace was concluded with the Rajah of Bhurtpore on the 21st of April, 1805, Metcalfe wished to return to Calcutta, the more especially as his patron, Lord Wellesley, had just been superseded by Lord Cornwallis; but he was dissuaded by Sir John, then Colonel, Malcolm, who induced him to

remain at the scene of action. At this time, Lord Lake's army was cantoned among the ruined mausolea and decaying palaces of Muttra, Agra, and Secundra. The still unsettled state of the north-west provinces gave the "politicals" constant work and uneasiness, and young Metcalfe was soon called upon to render the same services to General Dowdeswell's division in the Doab which he had rendered in the spring of the year to General Smith. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe used to call this kind of employment "nursing king's officers;" but these "nurses" have since come to be called "politicals," and Charles Metcalfe was almost the first of the race.

Charles Metcalfe was now only in his twenty-second year, but he had passed nearly six of these in the public service, and was already a ripe diplomatist. By all who knew him—by his principal friends and official associates—he was held in such estimation that not one of them hesitated to predict his speedy attainment of the highest honors of his profession. He had not, therefore, long to wait before he received an appointment as first assistant to the Resident at Delhi. Time was when he would have regarded this appointment with some contempt; but, as his biographer justly remarks, the political service was not then what it once had been in the palmy days of the "glorious little man" who had set Charles Metcalfe on the high-road which leads to fame and fortune. Mr. Seton had lately succeeded Colonel Ochterlony as Resident at Delhi, and he held young Metcalfe in the greatest possible esteem.

Our young diplomatist was thus for a time fairly and comfortably settled at Delhi—the imperial city of the Great Mogul. The necessity, however, of building a house on a city of ruins, caused an increase of expenditure which led to some temporary embarrassments, but which prudence and resolution soon enabled him to recover from. Disliking, as he did, the combination of revenue and judicial employments with political, still he was obliged to work actively at all three, till, on the accession of Lord Minto to office, he was sent on a special mission to Lahore. This was at a time when all Europe was bound in a league against Great Britain, and the shadow of a gigantic enemy advancing from those vast tracts of country which lie beyond the Sutlej and the Indus to the conquest of India, already haunted the imaginations of British statesmen. To meet the emergency of the case, Sir John Malcolm was despatched

to the court of Persia, Mountstuart Elphinstone to Cabul, and Charles Metcalfe to the court of Runjeet Singh. He thus, at twenty-three, became the pioneer of that great scheme of diplomacy by which Persia, Afghanistan, and the Punjab were to be erected into friendly barriers against Russo-Gallic invasion.

The Maharajah received Metcalfe with outward demonstrations of good-will, but his want of good faith soon led to difficulties and misunderstandings. Runjeet was zealous and suspicious of the British government, and it required all the tact and perseverance of the young diplomatist to do any thing with him. Great difficulty was experienced at the very outset to get the Rajah even to receive the propositions of the British government. When this was got over, it led to nothing but a series of consultations, each less conclusive than the other. The difficulties which the young diplomatist had to contend with were indeed many and great. He soon perceived that in Runjeet Singh he had to deal with a man inordinately ambitious himself, and out of measure suspicious of the designs of others. This distrust of the British mission was not long in assuming the form of open discourtesy. The native bankers were afraid to cash the envoy's bills, and supplies were refused to the mission. All intercourse between the camp and the Sikhs was especially interdicted. But Metcalfe had certain great ends to accomplish, and he would not be arrested or turned aside by any obstructions but those of the greatest national import and significance.

But that which most embarrassed him at this time, was the unscrupulous course of territorial aggrandizement which Runjeet was determined on pursuing in the face of the British mission. On the 25th of September, he, without any previous notice, broke up his camp at Kussoor, and prepared to cross the Sutlej, his object being to capture the fortress and surrounding territory of Fureed-Kote—a tract of country in the domain of the Rajah of Puttealah, one of the chief of the group of the Cis-Sutlej states, and at that time in the hands of rebels.

But while Metcalfe was thus being dragged about in the suite of the predatory Sikh, Lord Minto decided that this aggressiveness on his part should be stemmed, and that the lesser chiefs between the Sutlej and Jumna should be supported. A division was ordered for service on the banks of the Sutlej, under Colonel Ochterlony, and after the usual amount of delay, dissimulation, and tergiver-

sation, Runjeet was induced to sign a treaty which, during a subsequent reign of thirty years, was never violated.

Metcalfe, on his return to Delhi, was summoned to Calcutta, and appointed Deputy Secretary to the Governor, at that time about to depart for Madras, where disturbances had broken out among the British troops. Nothing particular occurred in this mission, and on his return he was appointed Resident at the court of Scindiah. But this second residence at the same Court was not destined to be of long continuance: at the commencement of the following year, 1811, he was translated to the Delhi Residency.

It was at this period of his life, when he had just completed his twenty-fifth year, that Metcalfe laid the foundation of a fortune which would have creditably sustained the peerage he ultimately won, by not only making a resolution to lay by 800 rupees (100*l.*) out of 2000 he received per month, but by having the firmness and constancy to carry it into practice. With all this prudence it is but just to observe, that Metcalfe was throughout life a liberal, a generous, and a charitable man; indeed, it is only your prudent men who can afford to be either.

It is needless to enter into the details of diplomatic and administrative labors at Delhi. Stripped of his externals, the *burra sahib*, or great lord of the imperial city, says his biographer, was but a solitary exile, continually disquieted by thoughts of home. But he lived with the harness on his back, and incessant occupation preserved him from despondency or oppression.

Among the troubles of the Residency, not the least were those which arose out of the folly of the Mogul, Akbar Shah, who had succeeded to the old blind emperor, Shah Allum, and the wickedness of his family and dependents.

There were things done in the palace, and duly reported to the Resident, in violation of all laws human and divine. The crimes which were thus committed, sometimes behind the sanctity of the *purdah*, greatly disquieted Metcalfe, for it was difficult either to prevent their commission, or to deal with them when they were committed. One day it was reported to him by the officer in command of the palace-guard, whose duty it was to take cognisance of all that passed within the limits of the imperial residence, that two of the young princes had been playing the parts of common robbers—oiling their naked persons, then rushing with drawn swords among the startled inmates of the zenana, and forcibly carrying off their property. Another time it was announced

to him that one of these princes had murdered a woman in the palace, either by beating her to death or compelling her to swallow opium. Again tidings came to him that one of the ladies of the emperor's establishment had murdered a female infant. Then it was reported to the Resident that the imperial quarters had been rendered a general receptacle for stolen goods and sequestered property. Then a knotty question arose as to whether the slave-trade, having been prohibited in the city of Delhi, should be allowed to survive in the palace. Then it appeared that the emperor himself, after sundry intrigues at Calcutta, was intriguing with the Newab Wuzer of Oude, through the agency of his favorite son, the Prince Jehanguire, who, on the pretext of attending a marriage festival, had gone to Lucknow, from Allahabad, where he was a state prisoner, to beseech the Newab to intercede with the British government for the augmentation of his father's stipend.

Notwithstanding Metcalfe's prudence in money matters, his liberality and hospitality involved him in a rather unpleasant position at Delhi. Misconduct on the part of the Bhurtpore Rajah, and other symptoms of general iniquity, also came to disturb the routine of general political duties. The greater part of the long administration with which this narrative occupies itself, is indeed, like the rest of the modern annals of Indian rule, marked by continual hostilities with neighboring states. Such are the inevitable penalties of the juxta-position of civilization and barbarity. Among the first of these was the war with Nepal—the events of which are not connected with the biography of Charles Metcalfe by any other link than that of the correspondence which he carried on with many of the chief actors in it.

Metcalfe's views upon the settlement of Central India were of a rather arbitrary character; they were to the effect that, with regard to all the great military states and predatory powers, it was clearly our interest to annihilate them, or to reduce them to a state of weakness, subjection, and dependence. And with regard to the weak, and harmless, and well-disposed petty states, though it was not so indispensably necessary for our vital interests that we should support them, yet it was a just and proper object of wise and liberal policy. These plans, however, adopted by Lord Hastings, were not approved of by the home authorities.

At length, in October, 1818, Metcalfe's residence in Central India was brought to a close by his appointment to the conjoined situation of Private and Political Secretary to the Governor-General. There was irksomeness, however, even in this elevated position. There is, indeed, it is well known, no perfect,

unalloyed happiness here below. "Mornings and days," he wrote to a friend at this time, "I have been at work, and as hard as possible; and every night, and all night, at least to a late hour, I have been at all sorts of gay parties. I have been raking terribly, and know not when it will stop; for, to confess the truth, I find I rather like it. But I hope the hot weather will check it, for though I do not dislike it, I cannot approve what is contrary to all my notions of what is wholesome for body and mind."

Charles Metcalfe solaced himself amidst the discontents of what is designated, upon rather debatable grounds, "a dreary present," with dreams of a brilliant future. When that airy fiction was converted, fifteen years afterwards, into a substantial fact, was he in reality any happier? Certain it is that before he had been a year in Calcutta he had grown weary of the place and of his high office; and after dreaming of a lieutenant governorship of Central and Upper India, he accepted the appointment of Resident at the Court of the Nizam at Hyderabad.

It was no insignificant task for the editor and biographer of Charles Metcalfe's life and career, that each new government that he entered upon had to be preceded by a general history of the political and administrative condition of the country, before our diplomatist entered upon his projected reforms or remedial measures. Hyderabad was, no more than any other of his posts, destined to be a scene of unalloyed triumphs to the laborious administrator; a dispute arose between the Resident and the house of Palmer & Co., generally known by the name given to it by Metcalfe himself, as the "Plunder of the Nizam," which caused an estrangement between Lord Hastings and Metcalfe, and which was only healed on the former quitting the seat of government, but afterwards broke out with furious activity in England.

At length sickness overtook our diplomatist, now Sir Charles Metcalfe, and obliged him to quit the scene of most vexatious conflicts. He returned to Calcutta, and it appears to have been during the leisure of convalescence that he first entertained those views on the great question of the liberty of the press, a practical solution of which was among the greatest measures of his public life.

It was not, however, till after Sir Charles had once more visited the scene of his earlier administrative labors, Delhi, and the fall of Bhurtpore had been achieved, that he obtained a seat in the Council of India. "The

highest prize in the regular line of the service," his biographer remarks, "was now gained. It was his privilege to take his seat at the same Board with the Governor-General—to make minutes on every possible subject of domestic administration and foreign policy—to draw a salary of 10,000*l.* a year—to be addressed as an 'Honorable'—and to subside into a nonentity."

Certain it is, that Sir Charles did not work well with his colleagues; society he enjoyed tolerably, so much so as to have thought of building a grand ball-room, which was to cost 20,000 rupees; but his letters at this date, and which are replete with interest, show a mind dissatisfied with itself, and with all from whom he sought public coöperation. Nor was this untoward state of things much improved when Lord William Bentinck succeeded Lord Amherst as Governor-General. Metcalfe soon discovered that "they did not approximate—that there was little sympathy between them." This coldness was, however, of brief duration. "If Lord William Bentinck had arrived in India with any foregone conclusions hostile to his colleague, they were soon discarded as unworthy prejudices, utterly at variance with his growing experience of the fine qualities of the man. There was the same simplicity of character, the same honesty of purpose, the same strength of resolution—in a word, the same manliness of character in them both; and Metcalfe soon ceased to complain that they did not draw towards each other. Before the Governor-General commenced his first tour to the Upper Provinces, a friendship had grown up between the two statesmen which nothing but death could terminate or diminish."

On the 20th of November, 1833, Sir Charles was appointed to the newly-created government of Agra, and a month afterwards he was nominated Provisional Governor-General of India on the death, resignation, or going away of Lord William Bentinck. Allahabad was designated as the seat of the new presidency; and when at length Sir Charles took his departure, all classes, Europeans, natives, and Eurasians, (mixed races) vied with each other in doing honor to the departing statesman. The ladies gave a fancy ball, and the missionaries presented an address. Yet four sentences suffice to describe his government of Agra. He went to Allahabad—he pitched his tents in the fort—he held a levee—and he returned to Calcutta. He had scarcely reached the seat of his government, when advices of the speedy departure of the Governor-General, and the

certainly that no successor would be immediately appointed, compelled his return to the presidency. He arrived just in time to take an affectionate leave of Lord and Lady William Bentinck; and on the 20th of March, 1834, he became, what more than thirty years before he declared that he would become—Governor-General of India.

This was however only, after all, a provisional governorship; the Whig government at home held that it was more expedient to appoint an English statesman, than one trained in either of the Indian services, to so high and responsible a situation; but while they were looking about for a fit person, the Tories, with Sir Robert Peel at their head, came in, and at once nominated Lord Heytesbury. Before, however, the latter could even get away, the Whigs were again in power, and Lord Auckland ultimately received the appointment. It was during this brief enjoyment of power that Sir Charles Metcalfe liberated the press of India—an important measure, which made him lose caste with many of his oldest friends, but which received the sanction of the new Governor-General.

As an indemnification for the loss of the provisional governor-generalship, Lord Auckland brought out with him the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Bath; a public investiture took place, and Sir Charles was induced to accept the lieutenant governorship of the North-Western Provinces. He did not, however, retain this appointment long; so early as the 8th of August, 1837, he addressed a letter to Lord Auckland, saying that it was with great regret he found himself compelled to resign his office, on or about the following 1st of January, in order that he might embark for England during the approaching sailing season, and retire from the service of the East India Company. The cause of this application is discussed at length by his biographer, and it appears to resolve itself into a justifiable sensitiveness upon the subject of the legislation of the liberty of the press, and a feeling that he had lost the confidence of the Board of Directors.

So correct was this almost intuitive feeling of the position in which he was placed, that scarcely an effort was made to induce him to alter his resolve; and as the time for his departure grew near, public entertainments were given, and addresses began to pour in upon him. Nothing could exceed the demonstrations of respect and attachment which greeted the departing statesman. Soldiers and civilians, merchants and tradesmen, Europeans and natives, united to do him honor.

His residence in Calcutta was brief; but from first to last it was a great ovation, and at last, on the 15th of February, 1838, Sir Charles Metcalfe, after thirty-eight years of constant labor for the welfare of India, left that country for having done too much for it—at least, more than was acceptable to those who wished to rule irresponsibly, and with a gagged press.

Sir Charles Metcalfe took up his abode, on his return to England, on his paternal estate of Fern-hill, near Windsor. Transplanting thither the exuberant hospitality of the East, he soon found that what would do at Allipore and Garden-reach would not answer in Berkshire. Money, the high-minded man felt, was made for better uses than to be thrown away on dinners and balls, horses, coaches, and servants. He did not care to thrust the paternal inheritance and his own hard savings into the plush pockets of fastidious flunkies. Nor did idleness without leisure, and obscurity without retirement, suit either his temper or his disposition. A Radical in politics, he had always coveted a seat in Parliament, yet now that such distinction was within his grasp, he disliked a mere purchase on the one hand, and shrank back on the other from the large amount of solicitation involved in being returned by a great constituency. His hesitations upon this point were set at rest by the offer of the government of Jamaica. The offer was not a tempting one. He was invited to brave an unhealthy climate; to administer the affairs of a disorganized government; and to grapple with a convulsed state of society. Metcalfe, however, believed or felt that he was wanted once more in the breach, and he accepted.

Metcalfe's policy in Jamaica was of an especially conciliatory character. There was the labor question—the new difficulties that had arisen between the proprietary classes and the emancipated slaves—the missionaries and the stipendiary magistrates, fomenting discord: Metcalfe endeavored to inculcate charity and harmony. Among all these incoherent materials he succeeded to that degree during his short administration, that, as his biographer justly remarks, his success is almost without a parallel. He reconciled the colony with the mother country; he reconciled all classes of colonial society; and whilst he won the approbation of his sovereign, he carried with him, also, the hearts of the people.

Unfortunately, the progress of a fatal malady compelled him to quit the scene of such useful labors. The first slight symp-

toms of a painful local disease, which gradually ate into his life, had made their appearance some years before in India. A red spot upon the cheek—a drop of blood, to which a friend called his attention one day in Calcutta, had been the first visible sign of the slowly-developed mischief. From that time the progress of the disease had been steady, although gradual and almost imperceptible. It assumed the form of an ulcerous affection of the cheek, at first painless, but under the influence of a West Indian climate it became both painful and malignant. He bore up against it with heroic firmness—took arsenic till his fingers swelled, yet never complained; but he was forced to leave a climate so unfavorable to his complaint.

On his return to England, a consultation was held whether the malady was to be treated medically or surgically. The latter was chosen, and Sir Charles was put to the most grievous tortures, in vain attempts to eradicate the disease by caustic. But although there was such a disturbance of the system as to excite some apprehensions for his safety, not a word of complaint escaped from him. Some improvement was obtained, and he was recommended to favor it by retirement and country air. Metcalfe had felt himself all this time neglected, the responsible advisers of the crown having taken no notice of him since his return. He was rejoiced, then, when the improvement in his health enabled him to accept the royal command to dine at Windsor Castle, and where he met, for the first time, Sir Robert Peel, who was then at the head of the government.

As a result of this interview, the government of Canada was offered to him; and although in such shattered health, Sir Charles had but one standard of right whereby on all such occasions to regulate his personal conduct. The decision had nothing to do with self. The only question to be considered was, whether he thought he could render service to the state, and the result was, that he did not hesitate to place himself at the disposal of the crown.

Thus a few weeks of happiness at Deer Park, checkered by severe bodily suffering, had barely elapsed before he was again on his way to a new country and a new government. If Jamaica was in an unsettled state when Sir Charles took up the reins, it was worse with Canada during the short period of Sir Charles's government, from 1843 to 1845. He, however, addressed himself to his work in a quiet, resolute spirit, with the calm consciousness of a man knowing that he was about to do his best in all honesty and

sincerity, and that there were no personal considerations to cause him to swerve one hair's breadth from the path of duty. He had not come to Canada to serve himself—but to serve the state. If he failed, therefore, his failure would have been forced upon him; it would not be self-incurred.

The system of toleration and conciliation adopted, however, with such success in Jamaica, was lost upon such violent antagonism as existed in Canada between the loyal or English, the reform or Irish-American, and the alien or French parties. The very attempt to conciliate brought down the whole English council upon the new governor, led to an open rupture, and a temporary state of suspension of the constitution. Never was Sir Charles Metcalfe, with all his administrative experience, placed in so trying a situation as he was by the rupture in Canada. Only his fine temper, his high courage, and his sustaining sense of rectitude, could have enabled him to bear up against such trials. His firmness and consistency in this great struggle between the British rule in Canada and the popular branch of the legislature, and the unwonted energy he displayed in fighting the battles of the crown, were rewarded by the peerage. Alas! the tardy honor came when Sir Charles, now Lord Metcalfe, was racked by the severest bodily anguish; threatened with total loss of sight, and in apprehension of being soon deprived of the powers of articulation!

It has been said that half the sorrows of life are included in the little words "Too late." It would be easy, looking only at the outside of things, to make special application of this pregnant truth—easy to moralize on the vanity of human wishes, and to show that Metcalfe had clutched a bauble, which he had yearned for all his life, when he was past the power of enjoying its possession. But they who have read aright the character of the man will make no such application of the aphorism. If Metcalfe had died that night, the honors conferred upon him by the crown would not have come too late. They would not have come too late to convince him—not that he had done his duty, for on that subject the testimony of his conscience was most conclusive—but that what he had done was appreciated by the state which he had so faithfully served. They would not have come too late to assure him that sooner, or later, even in this world, such honesty of purpose, such rectitude of conduct, such fidelity to the throne, such love for the people, such abnegation of self, as had distinguished his career of public service, will secure their reward. It would not have come too late to encourage others, and to be a lesson to the world.

Lord Metcalfe remained, however, at his post to the last; he would not leave it while

there was work to be done; but he was dying—dying no less surely for the strong will that sustained him and the vigorous intellect that glowed in his shattered frame. A little while and he might die at his post; but the Queen had graciously expressed her willingness that he should be relieved, his own council besought him to depart, and at last he consented, ere another winter set in, to embark for England. He left the colony, which he had so ably ruled at the turning-point of its career, cheered by a chorus of gratitude and praise swollen by the voices of all parties.

Soon after his return to England, Lord Metcalfe retired to Malshanger. He never took his seat in the House of Lords. The Garter King-of-Arms wrote to him, with a formula of the prescribed ceremony; and court robe-makers sought his Lordship's patronage. But he smiled sorrowfully as he thought, now that the dreams of his ambitious youth had been realized, and the doors of Parliament thrown wide open to him, that he would never be suffered to cross the threshold.

His patience and fortitude under a severe affliction remained the same to the last. In the words of his biographer, "All his old tenderness—his consideration for others—his pure unselfishness—still beautified his daily life." He never uttered a word of complaint, and it was a privilege to attend upon one so grateful for small kindnesses, so unwilling to give trouble, and so resigned under every dispensation.

He never betook himself to the sick-room, but, as far as his infirmities would allow him, went about his daily avocations, or rather lived his habitual life, with little outward alteration. He received visits from his friends. He received letters, many suggesting remedies for his disorder, and he dictated answers. His last days were cheered, not only by the sympathy and admiration of his friends, but by expressions of respect and admiration from the Eastern and Western worlds. The Oriental Club voted him an address—the Canadian Council sent another. The Metcalfe Hall, erected in Calcutta by public subscription to commemorate the—to Lord Metcalfe untoward—act of the liberation of the press, was completed, and his bust was placed in it—a worthy memorial of a worthy man.

The dreadful progress of his disease having caused the bursting of a vein in his neck, the hemorrhage was so alarming that Mr. Martin, who had continued to visit him, was summoned

from London by electric telegraph. When this gentleman arrived at Malshanger, he found the patient in his usual sitting-room, greatly exhausted by loss of blood. The members of his family had been vainly endeavoring to persuade him to suffer himself to be carried up stairs to his sleeping apartment. Against this he had resolutely protested; and he now said to Martin, "I am glad you are come; for I feel rather faint from loss of blood. They wanted to carry me up stairs, but to that I have strong objections—what do you say?" On ascertaining the state of Metcalfe's circulation, Mr. Martin stated his opinion that, with some little aid, the patient might be able to walk up to his bedroom. The decision seemed quite to revive him. "That's right," he said; "I thought you would say so. I would not allow them to carry me." He then sent for a bundle of walking-sticks, collected in different parts of the world, and taking one brought from Niagara, said to Martin, "You keep that." He then selected another, a bamboo, known in India as a Penang Lawyer, and grasping it firmly, said, "Now, with Martin on one side and the Penang Lawyer on the other, I think we shall make it out." Thus he went up stairs to his chamber. And in spite of the increased faintness which the exertion occasioned, all rejoiced that the inclinations of the noble sufferer had not been thwarted.

Mary Higginson, the daughter of a dear friend, a child of merely seven years of age, read God's blessed Word to the dying statesman, and he received the glad tidings of salvation as if he himself were also as a little child: so great was the simplicity and sincerity of his heart. At length he was relieved from pain, and on the 5th of September, 1846, with a calm sweet smile on his long-tortured face, Charles Theophilus, first and last Lord Metcalfe, rendered up his soul to his Maker.

The life of such a man is a national record. All the honors are not with the successful warrior alone. Lord Metcalfe was not a conqueror, but he was more—he was a pacificator of worlds. As Macaulay has nobly said, "He was tried in many high places and difficult conjunctures, and found equal to all. He calmed evil passions, he reconciled contending factions." He upheld the honor of the British name, and he consolidated British rule by pacific measures only, and that, perhaps, to as great an extent as any one of his more warlike contemporaries. This is a lesson not to be lost sight of; Mr. John William Kaye has placed it before the world in a clear, eloquent, and attractive form—there could not be a more suitable or a more gratifying monument to the memory of a great man than that which is contained in his own biography honestly and pleasantly written.

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SWIFT: HIS LIFE AND GENIUS.*

IN dividing the history of English literature into periods, it is customary to take the interval between the year 1688 and the year 1727 as constituting one of those periods. This interval includes the reigns of William III., Anne, and George I. If we do not bind ourselves too precisely to the year 1727 as closing the period, the division is proper enough. There are characteristics about the time thus marked out, which distinguish it from previous and from subsequent portions of our literary history. Dryden, Locke, and some other notabilities of the Restoration, lived into this period, and may be regarded as partly belonging to it: but the names more peculiarly representing it, are those of Swift, Burnet, Addison, Steele, Pope, Shaftesbury, Gay, Arbuthnot, Atterbury, Prior, Parnell, Bolingbroke, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Rowe, Defoe, and Cibber. The names in this cluster disperse themselves over the three reigns which the period includes, some of them having already been known as early as the accession of William, while others survived the first George, and continued to add to their celebrity during the reign of his successor; but the most brilliant portion of the period was from 1702 to 1714 or thereby, when Queen Anne was on the throne. Hence the name of "wits of Queen Anne's reign," commonly applied to the writers of the whole period.

A while ago this used to be spoken of as the golden or Augustan age of English literature. We do not talk in that manner now. We feel that when we get among the authors of the times of Queen Anne and the first George, we are among very pleasant and very clever men, but by no means among giants. In coming down to this period from those going before it, we have an immediate sensation of having left the region of "greatness" behind us. We still find plenty of good writ-

ing, characterized by certain qualities of trimness, artificial grace, and the like, to a degree not before attained; here and there also, we discern something like real power and strength, breaking through the prevailing element; but, on the whole, there is an absence of what, except by a compromise of language, could be called "great." It is the same whether we regard largeness of imaginative faculty, loftiness of moral spirit, or vigor of speculative capacity, as principally concerned in imparting the character of "greatness" to literature. What of genius in the ideal survived the seventeenth century in England, contented itself with nice little imaginations of scenes and circumstances connected with the artificial life of the time; the moral quality most in repute was kindness or courtesy: and speculation did not go beyond that point where thought retains the form either of ordinary good sense, or of keen momentary wit. No sooner, in fact, do we pass the time of Milton, than we feel that we have done with the sublimities. A kind of lumbering largeness does remain in the intellectual gait of Dryden and his contemporaries, as if the age still wore the armor of the old literary forms, though not at home in it; but in Pope's days, even the affectation of the "great" had ceased. Not slowly to build up a grand poem of continuous ideal action, not quietly and at leisure to weave forth tissues of fantastic imagery, not perseveringly and laboriously to prosecute one track of speculation and bring it to a close, not earnestly and courageously to throw one's whole soul into a work of moral agitation and reform, was now what was regarded as natural in literature. On the contrary, he was a wit or a literary man, who, living in the midst of the social bustle, or on the skirts of it, could throw forth, in the easiest manner, little essays, squibs, and *jeux d'esprit*, pertinent to the rapid occasions of the hour, and never tasking the mind too long or too much. This was the time when that great distinction between Whiggism and Toryism, which for a century and a half has existed in Great Britain as a kind of permanent social condition, affecting

* 1. *The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century*. A series of Lectures. By W. M. THACKERAY. London: Smith, Elder & Co.: 1853.

2. *The Life of Swift*. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. Edinburgh: Cadell: 1848.

the intellectual activity of all natives from the moment of their birth, first began to be practically operative. It has, on the whole, been a wretched thing for the mind of England to have had this necessity of being either a Whig or a Tory put so prominently before it. Perhaps, in all times, some similar necessity of taking one side or the other in some current form of controversy has afflicted the leading minds, and tormented the more genial among them; but we question if ever in this country in previous times there was a form of controversy, so little to be identified, in real reason, with the one only true controversy between good and evil, and so capable, therefore, of breeding confusion and mischief, when so identified in practice, as this poor controversy of Whig and Tory which came in with the Revolution. To be called upon to be either a Puritan or a Cavalier—there was some possibility of complying with *that* call, and still leading a tolerably free and large intellectual life; though possibly it was one cause of the rich mental development of the Elizabethan epoch, that the men of that time were exempt from any personal obligation of attending even to this distinction. But to be called upon to be either a Whig or a Tory—why, how on earth can one retain any of the larger humanities about him, if society is to hold him by the neck between two stools such as these, pointing alternately to the one and to the other, and incessantly asking him on which of the two he means to sit? Into a mind trained to regard adhesiveness to one or other of these stools as the first rule of duty or of prudence, what thoughts of any high interest can find their way? Or, if any such do find their way, how are they to be adjusted to so mean a rule? Nowadays, our higher spirits solve the difficulty by kicking both stools down, and plainly telling society that they will not bind themselves to sit on either, or even on both put together. Hence partly, it is that, in recent times, we have had renewed specimens of the "great" or "sublime" in literature—the poetry, for example, of a Byron, a Wordsworth, or a Tennyson. But, in the interval between 1688 and 1727, there was not one wit alive whom society let off from the necessity of being, and declaring himself, either a Whig or a Tory. Constitutionally, and by circumstances, Pope was the man who could have most easily obtained the exemption; but even Pope professed himself a Tory. Addison and Steele were Whigs. In short, every literary man was bound, by the strongest of all motives, to keep in view, as

a permanent fact qualifying his literary undertakings, the distinction between Whiggism and Toryism, and to give to at least a considerable part of his writings the character of pamphlets or essays in the service of his party. To minister by the pen to the occasions of Whiggism and Toryism was, therefore, the main business of the wits both in prose and in verse. Out of these occasions of ministration there of course arose personal quarrels, and these furnished fresh opportunities to the men of letters. Critics of previous writings could be satirized and lampooned and thus the circle of subjects was widened. Moreover, there was abundant matter, capable of being treated consistently, with either Whiggism or Toryism, in the social foibles and peculiarities of the day, as we see in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. Nor could a genial mind like that of Steele, a man of taste and fine thought like Addison, and an intellect so keen, exquisite, and sensitive as that of Pope, fail to variegate and surround all the duller and harder literature thus called into being, with more lasting touches of the humorous, the fanciful, the sweet, the impassioned, the meditative, and the ideal. Thus from one was obtained the character of a *Sir Roger de Coverley*, from another a *Vision of Mirza*, and from the third a *Windsor Forest*, an *Epistle of Heloise*, and much else that delights us still. After all, however, it remains true that the period of English literature now in question, whatever admirable characteristics it may possess, exhibits a remarkable deficiency of what, with recollections of former periods to guide us in our use of epithets, we should call great or sublime.

With the single exception of Pope, and excepting him only out of deference to his peculiar position as the poet or metrical artist of his day, the greatest name in the history of English literature during the early part of the last century is that of Swift. In certain fine and deep qualities, Addison and Steele, and perhaps Farquhar excelled him, just as in the succeeding generation Goldsmith had a finer vein of genius than was to be found in Johnson with all his massiveness; but in natural brawn and strength, in original energy and force and imperiousness of brain, he excelled them all. It was about the year 1702, when he was already thirty-five years of age, that this strangest specimen of an Irishman, or of an Englishman born in Ireland, first attracted attention in London literary circles. The scene of his first appearance was Button's coffee-house; the witnesses were Addison, Ambrose Phil-

ips, and other wits, belonging to Addison's little senate, who used to assemble there.

They had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it, and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to anything that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed this singular behavior for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses; and the name that he went by among them, was that of "the mad parson." This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advance towards him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb mad parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, "Pray sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?" The country gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of his manner, and the oddity of the question, answered, "Yes sir; I thank God I remember a great deal of good weather in my time." "That is more," said Swift, "than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry; but however, God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well." Upon saying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house; leaving all those who had been spectators of this odd scene staring after him, and still more confirmed in the opinion of his being mad.—*Dr. Sheridan's Life of Swift, quoted in Scott's Life.*

If the company present had had sufficient means of information, they would have found that the mad parson with the harsh swarthy features, and eyes "azure as the heavens," whose oddities thus amused them, was Jonathan Swift, then clergyman of Laracor, a rural parish in the diocese of Meath, in Ireland. They would have found that he was an Irishman by birth, though of pure English descent; that he could trace a relationship to Dryden; that, being born after his father's death, he had been educated at the expense of his relatives, at Trinity College, Dublin; that, leaving Ireland in his twenty-second year, and with but a sorry character from the College authorities, he had been received as a humble dependent into the family

of Sir William Temple, at Sheen and Moorpark, near London, that courtly whig and ex-ambassador being distantly connected with his mother's family; that here, while acting as Sir William's secretary, amanuensis, librarian, and what not, he had begun to write verses and other trifles, some of which he had shown to Dryden, who had told him in reply that they were sad stuff, and that he would never be a poet; that still, being of a restless ambitious temper, he had not given up hopes of obtaining introduction into public employment in England through Sir William Temple's influence; that, at length, at the age of twenty-eight, despairing of anything better, he had quarrelled with Sir William, returned to Ireland, taken priest's orders, and settled in a living; that again, disgusted with Ireland and his prospects in that country, he had come back to Moorpark and resided there till 1699, when Sir William's death had obliged him finally to return to Ireland, and accept, first, a chaplaincy to Lord Justice Berkeley, and then his present living in the diocese of Meath. If curious about the personal habits of this restless Irish parson, they might have found that he had already won the reputation of an eccentric in his own parish and district; performing his parochial duties when at home, with scrupulous care, yet by his language and manners often shocking all ideas of clerical decorum, and begetting a doubt as to his sincerity in the religion he professed; boisterous, fierce, overbearing and insulting to all about him, yet often doing acts of real kindness; exact and economical in his management of money to the verge of actual parsimony, yet, on occasion, spending his money freely, and never without pensioners living on his bounty. They would have found that he was habitually irritable, and that he was subject to a recurring giddiness of the head, or vertigo, which he had brought on, as he thought himself, by a surfeit of fruit while staying with Sir William Temple, at Sheen. And, what might have been the best bit of gossip of all, they would have found that, though unmarried, and entertaining a most unaccountable and violent aversion to the very idea of marriage, he had taken over to reside with him, or close to his neighborhood, in Ireland, a certain young and beautiful girl named Hester Johnson, with whom he had formed an acquaintance in Sir William Temple's house, where she had been brought up, and where, though she passed as a daughter of Sir William's stew-

ard, she was believed to be, in reality, a natural daughter of Sir William himself. They would have found that his relations to this girl, whom he had himself educated from her childhood at Sheen and Moorpark, were of a very singular and puzzling kind; that, on the one hand, she was devotedly attached to him, and, on the other, he cherished a passionate affection for her, wrote and spoke of her as his "Stella," and liked always to have her near him; yet that a marriage between them seemed not to be thought of by either; and that, in order to have her near him without giving rise to scandal, he had taken the precaution to bring over an elderly maiden lady, called Mrs. Dingley, to reside with her as a companion, and was most careful to be in her society only when this Mrs. Dingley was present.

There was mystery and romance enough, therefore, about the wild, black-browed Irish parson, who attracted the regards of the wits in Button's coffee-house. What had brought him there? That was partly a mystery, too; but the mystery would have been pretty well solved if it had been known that, uncouth-looking clerical lout as he was, he was an author like the rest of them, having just written a political pamphlet which was making, or was to make a good deal of noise in the world, and having at that moment in his pocket at least one other piece which he was about to publish. The political pamphlet was an "Essay on the Civil Discords in Athens and Rome," having an obvious bearing on certain dissensions then threatening to break up the Whig party in Great Britain. It was received as a vigorous piece of writing on the ministerial side, and was ascribed by some to Lord Somers, and by others to Burnet. Swift had come over to claim it, and to see what it and his former connection with Temple could do for him among the leading Whigs. For, the truth was, an ambition equal to his consciousness of power gnawed at the heart of this furious and gifted man, whom a perverse fate had flung away into an obscure vicarage on the wrong side of the channel. His books, his garden, his canal with its willows at Laracor; his dearly-beloved Roger Coxe, and the other perplexed and admiring parishioners of Laracor over whom he domineered; his clerical colleagues in the neighborhood; and even the society of Stella, the wittiest and best of her sex, whom he loved better than any other creature on earth—all these were insufficient to occupy the craving void in his mind. He hated Ireland, and regarded his lot there as

one of banishment; he longed to be in London and struggling in the centre of whatever was going on. About the date of his appointment to the living of Laracor he had lost the rich deanery of Derry, which Lord Berkeley had meant to give him, in consequence of a notion on the part of the bishop of the diocese that he was a restless, ingenious young man, who, instead of residing, would be "eternally flying backwards and forwards to London." The bishop's perception of his character was just. At or about the very time that the wits at Button's saw him stalking up and down in the coffee-house, the priest of Laracor was introducing himself to Somers, Halifax, Sunderland, and others, and stating the terms on which he would support the Whigs with his pen. Even then, it seems, he took high ground and let it be known that he was no mere hireling. The following, written at a much later period, is his own explanation of the nature and limits of his Whiggism, at the time when he first offered the Whigs his services:

It was then (1701-2) I began to trouble myself with the differences between the principles of Whig and Tory; having formerly employed myself in other, and, I think, much better speculations. I talked often upon this subject with Lord Somers; told him that, having been long conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, I found myself much inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics; and that, besides, I thought it impossible, upon any other principles, to defend or submit to the Revolution; but, as to religion, I confessed myself to be a high churchman, and that I could not conceive how any one, who wore the habit of a clergyman, could be otherwise: that I had observed very well with what insolence and haughtiness some lords of the high church party treated not only their own chaplains, but all other clergymen whatsoever, and thought this was sufficiently recompensed by their professions of zeal to the church: that I had likewise observed how the Whig lords took a direct contrary measure, treated the persons of particular clergymen with particular courtesy, but showed much contempt and ill-will for the order in general: that I knew it was necessary for their party to make their bottom as wide as they could, by taking all denominations of Protestants to be members of their body: that I would not enter into the mutual reproaches made by the violent men on either side: but that, the connivance or encouragement given by the Whigs to those writers of pamphlets who reflected upon the whole body of the clergy, without any exception, would unite the church to one man to oppose them; and that I doubted his lordship's friends did not consider the consequences of this.

Even with these limitations, the assistance

of so energetic a man as the parson of Laracor was doubtless welcome to the Whigs. His former connection with the stately old Revolution Whig, Sir William Temple, may have prepared the way for him, as it had already been the means of making him known in some aristocratic families. But there was evidence in his personal bearing and his writings that he was not a man to be neglected. And if there had been any doubt on the subject on his first presentation of himself to ministers, the publication of his "Battle of the Books" and his "Tale of a Tub" in 1703 and 1704 would have set it overwhelmingly at rest. The author of these works (and though they were anonymous, they were at once referred to Swift) could not but be acknowledged as the first prose satirist, and one of the most formidable writers of the age. On his subsequent visits to Button's, therefore—and they were frequent enough; for as the Bishop of Derry had foreseen, he was often an absentee from his parish—the mad Irish parson was no longer a stranger to the company. Addison, Steele, Tickell, Philips, and the other Whig wits came to know him well and to feel his weight among them in their daily convivial meetings. "To Dr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of the age," was the inscription written by Addison on a copy of his *Travels* presented to Swift; and it shows what opinion Addison and those about him had formed of the author of the "Tale of a Tub."

Thus, passing and repassing between Laracor and London, now lording it over his Irish parishioners, and now filling the literary and Whig haunts of the great metropolis with the terror of his merciless wit, and talk behind his back of his eccentricities and rude manners, Swift spent the interval between 1702 and 1710, or between his thirty-sixth and forty-fourth year. His position as a High-Church Whig, however, was an anomalous one. In the first place, it was difficult to see how such a man could honestly be in the Church at all. People were by no means strict, in those days, in their notions of the clerical character; but the "Tale of a Tub" was a strong dose even then to have come from a clergyman. If Voltaire afterwards recommended the book as a masterly satire against religion in general, it cannot be wondered at that an outcry arose among Swift's contemporaries respecting the profanity of the book. It is true Peter and Jack, as the representatives of Popery and

Presbyterianism, came in for the greatest share of the author's scurrility; and Martin, as the representative of the Church of England, was left with the honors of the story: but the whole structure and spirit of the story, to say nothing of the oaths and other irreverences mingled with its language, was well calculated to shock the more serious even of Martin's followers, who could not but see that rank infidelity alone would be a gainer by the book. Accordingly, despite of all that Swift could afterwards do, the fact that he had written this book left a public doubt as to his Christianity. It is quite possible however, that, with a very questionable kind of belief in Christianity, he may have been a conscientious High Churchman, zealous for the social defence and aggrandisement of the ecclesiastical institution with which he was connected. Whatever that institution was originally based upon, it existed as part and parcel of the commonwealth of England, rooted in the soil of men's habits and interests, and intertwined with the whole system of social order; and just as a Brahmin, lax enough in his own speculative allegiance to the Brahminical faith, might still desire to maintain Brahminism as a vast pervading establishment in Hindostan, so might Swift, with a heart and a head dubious enough respecting men's eternal interest in the facts of the Judæan record, see a use notwithstanding in that fabric of bishoprics, deaneries, prebendaries, parochial livings, and curacies, which ancient belief in those facts had first created and put together. This kind of respect for the Church Establishment is still very prevalent. It is, a most excellent thing, it is thought by many, to have a cleanly, cultured, gentlemanly man invested with authority in every parish throughout the land, who can look after what is going on, fill up schedules, give advice, and take the lead in all parish business. That Swift's faith in the Church included no more than this perception of its uses as a vast administrative and educational establishment, we will not take upon us to say. Mr. Thackeray, indeed, openly avows his opinion that Swift had no belief in the Christian religion. "Swift's," he says, "was a reverent, was a pious spirit—he could love and could pray;" but such religion as he had, Mr. Thackeray hints, was a kind of mad, despairing Deism, and had nothing of Christianity in it. Hence, "having put that cassock on, it poisoned him; he was strangled in his bands." The question thus broached as to the nature of Swift's religion is too deep to be discussed here. Though

we would not exactly say, with Mr. Thackeray, that Swift's was a "reverent" and "pious" spirit, there are, as he phrases it, breakings out of "the stars of religion and love" shining in the serene blue through "the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of Swift's life;" and this, though vague, is about all that we have warrant for saying. As to the zeal of his Churchmanship, however, there is no doubt at all. There was not a man in the British realms more pugnacious in the interests of his order, more resolute in defending the prerogatives of the Church of England against Dissenters and others desirous of limiting them, or more anxious to elevate the social position and intellectual character of the clergy, than the author of the "Tale of a Tub." No veteran commander of a regiment could have had more of the military than the parson of Laracor had of the ecclesiastical esprit de corps; and, indeed, Swift's known dislike to the military may be best explained as the natural jealousy of the surplice at the larger consideration accorded by society to the scarlet coat. Almost all Swift's writings between 1702 and 1710 are assertions of his High Church sentiments and vindications of the Establishment against its assailants. Thus, in 1708 came forth his "Letter on the Sacramental Test," a hot High Church and anti-Dissenter pamphlet; and this was followed in the same year by his "Sentiments of a Church of England Man with respect to Religion and Government," and, by his ironical argument, aimed at Freethinkers and latitudinarians, entitled "Reasons against Abolishing Christianity." In 1709 he published a graver pamphlet, under the name of a "Project for the advancement of Religion," in which he urged certain measures for the reform of public morals and the strengthening of the Establishment, recommending in particular a scheme of Church-extension. Thus, with all his readiness to help the Whigs politically, Swift was certainly faithful to his High-Church principles. But, as we have said, a High Church Whig was an anomaly which the Whigs refused to comprehend. Latitudinarians, Low Churchmen, and Dissenters did not know what to make of a Whiggism in state-politics which was conjoined with the strongest form of ecclesiastical Toryism. Hence, despite of all his ability, Swift was not a man that the Whigs could patronise and prefer. They were willing to have the benefit of his assistance, but their favors were reserved for men more wholly their own. Various things were, indeed, talked of for

Swift—the secretaryship to the proposed embassy of Lord Berkeley to Vienna, a prebendary of Westminster, the office of historiographer-royal, nay, even a bishopric in the American colonies—but all came to nothing. Swift, at the age of forty-three, and certified by Addison as "the greatest genius of the age," was still only an Irish parson, with some £350 or £400 a year. How strange if the plan of the Transatlantic bishopric had been carried out, and Swift had settled in Virginia!

Meanwhile, though neglected by the English Whigs, Swift had risen to be a leader among the Irish clergy—a great man in their convocations and other ecclesiastical assemblies. The object which the Irish clergy then had at heart was to procure from the government an extension to Ireland of a boon granted several years before to the clergy of England—namely, the remission of the tax levied by the Crown on the revenues of the Church since the days of Henry VIII., in the shape of tenths and first-fruits. This remission, which would have amounted to about £16,000 a year, the Whigs were not disposed to grant, the corresponding remission in the case of England not having been followed by the expected benefits. Archbishop King and the other prelates were glad to have Swift as their agent in this business; and, accordingly, he was absent from Ireland for upwards of twelve months continuously in the years 1708 and 1709. It was during this period that he set London in roars of laughter by his famous Bickerstaff hoax, in which he first predicted the death of Partridge, the astrologer, at a particular day and hour, and then nearly drove the wretched tradesman mad by declaring, when the time was come, that the prophecy had been fulfilled, and publishing a detailed account of the circumstances. Out of this Bickerstaff hoax, and Swift's talk over it with Addison and Steele, arose the "*Tatler*," prolific parent of so many other periodicals.

The year 1710 was an important one in the life of Swift. In that year he came over to London, resolved in his own mind to have a settlement of accounts with the Whigs or to break with them for ever. The Irish ecclesiastical business of the tenths and first-fruits was still his pretext; but he had many other arrears to introduce into the account. Accordingly, after some civil skirmishing with Somers, Halifax, and his other old friends, then just turned out of office, he openly transferred his allegiance to the new Tory administration of Harley and Boling-

broke. The 4th of October, not quite a month after his arrival in London, was the date of his first interview with Harley; and, from that day forward till the dissolution of Harley's administration by the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, Swift's relations with Harley, St. John, and the other ministers, were more those of an intimate friend and adviser than of a literary dependent. How he dined almost daily with Harley or St. John; how he bullied them and made them beg his pardon when by chance they offended him—either, as Harley once did, by offering him a fifty-pound note; or, as St. John once did, by appearing cold and abstracted when Swift was his guest at dinner; how he obtained from them, not only the settlement of the Irish business, but almost everything else he asked; how he used his influence to prevent Steele, Addison, Congreve, Rowe, and his other Whig literary friends, from suffering loss of office by the change in the state of politics, at the same time growing cooler in his private intercourse with Addison and poor Dick, and tending more to young Tory writers, such as Pope and Parnell; how, with Pope, Gay, Arbuthnot, Harley, and St. John, he formed the famous club of the *Scriblerus* brotherhood, for the satire of literary absurdities; how he wrote squibs, pamphlets, and lampoons, innumerable for the Tories, and against the Whigs; and at one time actually edited a Tory paper called the "*Examiner*." All this is to be gathered, in most interesting detail, from his epistolary journal to Stella, in which he punctually kept her informed of all his doings during his long three years' absence. The following is a description of him at the height of his court influence during this season of triumph, from the Whiggish, and therefore somewhat adverse pen of Bishop Kennet:

When I came to the antechamber (at court) to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as master of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr. Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighborhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay the fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my lord treasurer that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of £200 per annum as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my lord treasurer. He talked with the son of Mr. Davenant, to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book and wrote down

several things as memoranda, to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and telling him the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. "How can I help it," says the Doctor, "if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?" Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; "for," says he, "the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him." Lord treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him: both went off just before prayers.

Let us see, by a few pickings from the journal to Stella, in what manner the black-browed Irish vicar, who was thus figuring in the mornings at court as the friend and confidant of ministers, and almost as their domineering colleague, was writing home from his lodging in the evenings to the "dear girls" at Laracor.

Dec. 3, 1710. "Pshaw, I must be writing to those dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but it is an old saying and a true one, 'Be you lords or be you earls, you must write to naughty girls.' I was to-day at court, and saw Raymond [an Irish friend] among the Beefeaters, staying to see the Queen: so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen bows, and went to church, and then to court again to pick up a dinner, as I did with Sir John Stanley, and then we went to visit Lord Mountjoy; and just left him; and 'tis near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes very near to the bottom, &c., &c."

Jan. 1, 1711. Morning. I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write *Pdfr* [by this combination of letters, or by the word *Presto*, Swift designates himself in the Journal] . . . Get the *Examiners* and read them; the last nine or ten are full of reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They were written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see Sir Andrew Fountain; but perhaps to-morrow I may answer M.D.'s [Stella's designation in the Journal] letter: so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow. I wish you both a merry new year; roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer; and me a share of your good cheer; that I was there or you were here; and you're a little saucy dear, &c., &c.

Jan. 13, 1711. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and I hope shall have no

more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is better. I dined to-day with Lord Shelburn, &c., &c.

Jan. 16, 1711. My service to Mrs. Stode and Walls. Has she a boy or a girl? A girl, hnm! and died in a week, hmmm! and was poor Stella forced to stand for godmother?—Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes. There's four months for my lodging, that must be thought on, too. And zoo go dine with Manley, and lose your money, doo extravagant sluttikin? But don't fret. It will just be three weeks when I have the next letter,—that is, to-morrow. Farewell, dearest beloved *M. D.*, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope to be saved.

March 7, 1711. I am weary of business and ministers. I don't go to a coffee-house twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven—And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her just now, as handsome as the day's long. Do you know what? When I am writing in our language [a kind of baby-language of endearment used between him and Stella, and called "the little language"] I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now . . . Poor Stella, wont Dingley leave her a little daylight to write to Presto? Well, well, we'll have daylight shortly, spite of her teeth; and zoo must cly Zele, and Hele, and Helo aden. Must loo mimitate *Pdfr*, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol es rattle. Dood mollow. (You must cry There, and Here, and Here again. Must you imitate *Pdfr*, pray? Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for the letter. Good morrow).

And so on, through a series of daily letters, forming now a goodly octavo volume or more, Swift chats and rattles away to the 'dear absent girls,' giving them all the political gossip of the time, and informing them about his own goings-out and comings-in; his dinings with Harley, St. John, and occasionally with Addison and other old Whig friends; the state of his health; his troubles with his drunken servant Patrick; his lodging-expenses; and a host of other things. Such another journal has, perhaps, never been given to the world; and, but for it, we should never have known what depths of tenderness, and power of affectionate prattle, there were in the heart of this harsh and savage man. Only on one topic, affecting himself during his long stay in London, is he in any degree reserved. Among the acquaintanceships he had formed was one with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh, a widow lady of property, who had a family of several daughters. The eldest of these, Esther Vanhomrigh, was a girl of more than ordinary talent and accomplish-

ments, and of enthusiastic and impetuous character: and as Swift acquired the habit of dropping in upon the 'Vana,' as he called them, when he had no other dinner-engagement, it was not long before he and Miss Vanhomrigh fell into the relationship of teacher and pupil. He taught her to think, and to write verses; and as, among Swift's other peculiarities of opinion, one was that he entertained what would even now be called very advanced notions as to the intellectual capabilities and rights of women, he found no more pleasant amusement in the midst of his politics and other business, than that of superintending the growth of so hopeful a mind.

His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child:
The innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.

But, alas! Cupid got among the books.

Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind;
She fancies music in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.

Nay more, one of Swift's lessons to her had been that frankness, whether in man or woman, was one of the chief of the virtues, and

That common forms were not designed
Directors to a noble mind.

"Then," said the nymph,

"I'll let you see
My actions with your rules agree,
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise."

She told her love, and fairly argued it out with the startled tutor, discussing every element in the question, whether for or against—the disparity of their ages, her own five thousand guineas, their similarity of tastes, his views of ambition, the judgment the world would form of the match, and so on; and the end of it was that she reasoned so well that Swift could not but admit that there would be nothing after all so very incongruous in a marriage between him and Esther Vanhomrigh. So the matter rested. Swift gently resisting the impetuosity of the young woman when it threatened to take him

by storm, but not having the courage to adduce the real and conclusive argument—the existence on the other side of the channel of another and a dearer Esther. Stella, on her side, knew that Swift visited a family called the "Vans;" she divined that something was wrong; but that was all.

That Swift, the mentor of ministers, their daily companion, their factotum, at whose bidding they dispensed their patronage and their favor, should himself be suffered to remain a mere vicar of an Irish parish, was, of course, impossible. Vehement and even boisterous and overdone as was his zeal for his own independence—"if we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them," was his maxim; and, in order to act up to it, he used to treat dukes and earls as if they were dogs—there were yet means of honorably acknowledging his services in a way to which he would have taken no exception. Nor can we doubt that Oxford and St. John, who were really and heartily his admirers, were anxious to promote him in some suitable manner. An English bishopric was certainly what he coveted, and what they would at once have given him. But though the Bishopric of Hereford fell vacant in 1712, there was, as Sir Walter Scott says, "a lion in the path." Queen Anne, honest dowdy woman—her instinctive dislike of Swift, strengthened by the private influence of the Archbishop of York and the Duchess of Somerset, whose red hair Swift had lampooned—obstinately refused to make the author of the "Tale of a Tub" a bishop. Even an English deanery could not be found for so questionable a Christian; and in 1713, Swift was obliged to accept, as the best thing he could get, the Deanery of St. Patrick's, in his native city of Dublin. He hurried over to Ireland to be installed, and came back just in time to partake in the last struggles and dissensions of the Tory administration, before Queen Anne's death. By his personal exertions with ministers, and his pamphlet entitled "Public Spirit of the Whigs," he tried to buoy up the sinking Tory cause. But the Queen's death destroyed all; with George I. the Whigs came in again; the late Tory ministers were dispersed and disgraced, and Swift shared their fall. "Dean Swift," says Arbuthnot, "keeps up his noble spirit, and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries." He returned with rage and grief in his heart to Ireland—a disgraced man, and in danger of arrest on account of his connection with

the late ministers. Even in Dublin he was insulted as he walked in the streets.

For twelve years—that is, from 1714 to 1726—Swift did not quit Ireland. At his first coming, as he tells us in one of his letters, he was "horribly melancholy;" but the melancholy began to wear off, and, having made up his mind to his exile in the country of his detestation, he fell gradually into the routine of his duties as dean. How he boarded in a private family in the town, stipulating for leave to invite his friends to dinner at so much a head, and only having two evenings a week at the deanery for larger receptions; how he brought Stella and Mrs. Dingley from Laracor, and settled them in lodgings on the other side of the Liffy, keeping up the same precautions in his intercourse with them as before, but devolving the management of his receptions at the deanery upon Stella, who did all the honors of the house; how he had his own way in all cathedral business, and had always a few clergymen and others in his train, who toadied him, and took part in the facetious horse-play of which he was fond; how gradually his physiognomy became known to the citizens, and his eccentricities familiar to them, till the "Dean" became the lion of Dublin, and everybody turned to look at him as he walked in the streets; how, among the Dean's other oddities, he was popularly charged with stinginess in his entertainments, and a sharp look out after the wine; how sometimes he would fly off from town and take refuge in some country-seat of a friendly Irish nobleman; how, all this while he was reading books of all kinds, writing notes and jottings, and corresponding with Pope, Gay, Prior, Arbuthnot, Oxford, Bolingbroke, and other literary and political friends in London or abroad—are matters in the recollection of all who have read any of the biographies of Swift. It is also known that it was during this period that the Stella-and-Vanessa imbroglia reached its highest degree of entanglement. Scarcely had the Dean located Stella and Mrs. Dingley in their lodging in Dublin, when, as he had feared, the impetuous Vanessa crossed the channel to be near him too. Her mother's death, and the fact that she and a younger sister had a small property in Ireland, were pretext enough. A scrap or two from surviving letters will tell the sequel, and will suggest the state of the relations, at this time, between Swift and this unhappy, and certainly very extraordinary, woman.

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: London, Aug. 12,

1714. "I had your letter last post, and before you can send me another, I shall set out for Ireland. . . . If you are in Ireland when I am there, I shall see you very seldom. It is not a place for any freedom, but where everything is known in a week, and magnified a hundred degrees. These are rigorous laws that must be passed through; but it is probable we may meet in London in winter; or, if not, leave all to fate." . . .

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1714, (some time after August.) "You once had a maxim, which was to act what was right, and not mind what the world would say. I wish you would keep to it now. Pray, what can be wrong in seeing and advising an unhappy young woman? I cannot imagine. You cannot but know that your frowns make my life unsupportable. You have taught me to distinguish, and then you leave me miserable." . . .

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1714. "You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or, as often as you remembered there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last. I am sure I could have bore the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die, without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long: for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world. I must give way to it, and beg you'd see me, and speak kindly to me, for I'm sure you'd not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you should I see you. For, when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb." . . .

Here a gap intervenes, which record fills up with but an indication here and there. Swift saw Vanessa, sometimes with that "something awful in his looks which struck her dumb," sometimes with words of perplexed kindness; he persuaded her to go out, to read, to amuse herself; he introduced clergymen to her—one of them afterwards Archbishop of Cashel—as suitors for her hand; he induced her to leave Dublin, and go to her property at Selbridge, about twelve miles from Dublin, where now and then he went to visit her, where she used to plant laurels against every time of his coming, and where "Vanessa's bower," in which she and the Dean used to sit, with books and writing materials before them, during these happy visits, was long an object of interest to tourists; he wrote kindly letters to her, some in French, praising her talents, her conversation, and her writing, and saying that he found in her

"*tout ce que la nature a donnée a un mortel*"

—"l'honneur, la vertu, le bon sens, l'esprit, la douceur, l'agrément et la fermeté d'ame." All did not suffice; and one has to fancy, during these long years, the restless beatings, on the one hand, of that impassioned woman's heart, now lying as cold undistinguishable ashes in some Irish grave; and, on the other, the distraction, and anger, and daily terror of the man she clung to. For, somehow or other, there *was* an element of terror mingled with the affair. What it was is beyond easy scrutiny; though possibly the data exist, if they were well sifted. The ordinary story is that, some time in the midst of these entanglements with Vanessa, and in consequence of their effects on the rival-relationship—Stella having been brought almost to death's door by the anxieties caused her by Vanessa's proximity, and by her own equivocal position in society—the form of marriage was gone through by Swift and Stella, and they became legally husband and wife, although with an engagement that the matter should remain secret, and that there should be no change in their manner of living. The year 1716, when Swift was forty-nine years of age, and Stella thirty-two, is assigned as the date of this event; and the ceremony is said to have been performed in the garden of the Deanery by the Bishop of Clogher. But more mystery remains. "Immediately subsequent to the ceremony," says Sir Walter Scott, "Swift's state of mind appears to have been dreadful. Delany (as I have learned from a friend of his widow) said that about the time it was supposed to have taken place, he observed Swift to be extremely gloomy and agitated—so much so, that he went to Archbishop King to mention his apprehensions. On entering the library, Swift rushed out with a countenance of distraction, and passed him without speaking. He found the Archbishop in tears, and, upon asking the reason, he said, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but, on the subject of his wretchedness, you must never ask a question." What are we to make of this? Nay more, what are we to make of it, when we find that the alleged marriage of Swift with Stella, with which Scott connects the story, is after all denied by some as resting on no sufficient evidence—even Dr. Delany, though he believed in the marriage, and supposed it to have taken place about the time of his remarkable interview with the Archbishop, having no certain information on the subject? If we assume a secret marriage with Stella, indeed, the subsequent portion of the Vanes-

sa story becomes more explicable. On this assumption, we are to imagine Swift continuing his letters to Vanessa, and his occasional visits to her at Selbridge on the old footing for some years after the marriage, with the undivulged secret ever in his mind, increasing tenfold his former awkwardness in encountering her presence. And so we come to the year 1720, when, as the following scraps will show, a new paroxysm on the part of Vanessa brought on a new crisis in their relations.

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Selbridge, 1720.—"Believe me, it is with the utmost regret that I now write to you, because I know your good-nature such that you cannot see any human creature miserable without being sensibly touched. Yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. It is now ten long weeks since I saw you, and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh, have you forgot me? You endeavor by severities to force me from you. Nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you. Yet, I cannot comfort you, but here declare that it is not in the power of art, time, or accident, to lessen the inexpressible passion I have for— . . . Put my passion under the utmost restraint; send me as distant from you as the earth will allow; yet you cannot banish those charming ideas which will ever stick by me whilst I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul; for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore, do not flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For heaven's sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change in you which I have found of late." . . .

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Dublin, 1720. . . .

"I believe you thought I only rallied, when I told you, the other night, that I would pester you with letters. Once more I advise you, if you have any regard for your quiet, to alter your behavior quickly; for I do assure you I have too much spirit to sit down contented with this treatment. Because I love frankness extremely, I here tell you now that I have determined to try all manner of human arts to reclaim you; and if all these fail, I am resolved to have recourse to the black one, which, it is said, never does. Now see what inconvenience you will bring both yourself and me unto. . . . When I undertake a thing, I don't love to do it by halves."

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, 1720. "If you write as you do, I shall come the seldomer on purpose to be pleased with your letters, which I never look into without wondering how a brat that cannot read can possibly write so well. . . . Rallery apart, I think it inconvenient, for a hundred reasons, that I should make your house a

sort of constant dwelling-place. I will certainly come as often as I conveniently can; but my health and the perpetual run of ill weather, hinder me from going out in the morning; and my afternoons are taken up I know not how, so that I am in rebellion with a hundred people besides yourself, for not seeing them. For the rest, you need make use of no other black art besides your ink. It is a pity your eyes are not black, or I would have said the same; but you are a white witch, and can do no mischief." . . .

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, 1720. "I received your letter when some company was with me on Saturday night, and it put me in such confusion that I could not tell what to do. This morning a woman, who does business for me, told me she heard I was in love with one—naming you—and twenty particulars; that little master—and I visited you, and that the Archbishop did so; and that you had abundance of wit, &c. I ever feared the tattle of this nasty town, and told you so; and that was the reason why I said to you long ago, that I would see you seldom when you were in Ireland; and I must beg you to be easy, if, for some time, I visit you seldomer, and not in so particular a manner." . . .

Miss Vanhomrigh to Swift: Selbridge, 1720. . . . "Solitude is unsupportable to a mind which is not easy. I have worn out my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of—, who thinks not of me. How many letters shall I send you before I receive an answer? . . . Oh, that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you! I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one—that inexpressible passion I have for you. . . . Surely you cannot possibly be so taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to so great a charity. I firmly believe, if I could know your thoughts, (which no human creature is capable of guessing at, because never any one living thought like you,) I should find you had often in a rage wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven. But that would not spare you; for, were I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by? You are present everywhere; your dear image is always before my eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?"

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Dublin, October 15, 1720. "All the morning I am plagued with impertinent visits, below any man of sense or honor to endure, if it were any way avoidable. Afternoons and evenings are spent abroad in walking to keep off and avoid spleen as far as I can, so that, when I am not so good a correspondent as I could wish, you are not to quarrel and be governor, but to impute it to my situation, and to conclude infallibly that I have the same respect and kindness for you I ever professed to have." . . .

Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh: Glastown, July 5,

1721. . . "Settle your affairs, and quit this scoundrel island, and things will be as you desire. I can say no more, being called away. *Mais soyez assurée que jamais personne au monde n'a été aimée, honorée, estimée, adorée par votre ami que vous.*"

Vanessa did not quit the 'scoundrel-island;' but on the contrary, remained in it, unmanageable as ever. In 1722, about a year after the date of the last scrap, the catastrophe came. In a wild fit, Vanessa—as the story is—took the bold step of writing to Stella, insisting on an explanation of the nature of Swift's engagements to her; Stella placed the letter in Swift's hands; and Swift, in a paroxysm of fury, rode instantly to Selbridge, saw Vanessa without speaking, laid a letter on her table, and rode off again. The letter was Vanessa's death-warrant. Within a few weeks she was dead, having previously revoked a will in which she had bequeathed all her fortune to Swift.

Whatever may have been the purport of Vanessa's communication to Stella, it produced no change in Swift's relations to the latter. The pale pensive face of Hester Johnson, with her "fine dark eyes" and hair "black as a raven," was still to be seen on reception-evenings at the Deanery, where also she and Mrs. Dingley would sometimes take up their abode, when Swift was suffering from one of his attacks of vertigo, and required to be nursed. Nay, during those very years in which, as we have just seen, Swift was attending to the movements to and fro of the more imperious Vanessa in the back-ground, and assuaging her passion by visits and letters, and praises of her powers, and professions of his admiration of her beyond all her sex, he was all the while keeping up the same affectionate style of intercourse as ever with the more gentle Stella, whose happier lot it was to be stationed in the centre of his domestic circle, and addressing to her, in a less forced manner, praises singularly like those he addressed to her rival. Thus, every year, on Stella's birth-day, he wrote a little poem in honor of the occasion. Take the one for 1718, beginning thus:

Stella this day is thirty-four,
(We sha'n't dispute a year or more;)
However, Stella, be not troubled;
Although thy size and years be doubled,
Since first I saw thee at sixteen,
The brightest virgin on the green;
So little is thy form declined—
Made up so largely in thy mind.

Stella would reciprocate these compliments by verses on the Dean's birth-day; and one

is struck by the similarity of her acknowledgements of what the Dean had taught her and done for her, to those of Vanessa. Thus, in 1721:

When men began to call me fair,
You interposed your timely care;
You early taught me to despise
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Showed where my judgment was misplaced,
Refined my fancy and my taste.
You taught how I might youth prolong
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring supplies
Of lustre to my fading eyes;
How soon a beauteous mind repairs
The loss of changed or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a smoothness o'er the skin.
Your lectures could my fancy fix,
And I can please at thirty-six.

The death of Vanessa in 1722, left Swift from that time entirely Stella's. How she got over the Vanessa affair in her own mind, when the full extent of the facts became known to her, can only be guessed. When some one alluded to the fact that Swift had written beautifully about Vanessa, she is reported to have said, "That doesn't signify, for we all know the Dean could write beautifully about a broomstick." "A woman—a true woman," is Mr. Thackeray's characteristic comment.

To the world's end, those who take interest in Swift's life will range themselves either on the side of Stella or on that of Vanessa. Mr. Thackeray prefers Stella, but admits that in doing so, though the majority of men may be on his side, he will have most women against him. Which way Swift's heart inclined him, it is not difficult to see. Stella was the main influence of his life; the intimacy with Vanessa was but an episode. And yet when he speaks of the two women, as a critic, there is a curious equality in his appreciation of them. Of Stella he used to say that her wit and judgment were such, that "she never failed to say the best thing that was said wherever she was in company;" and one of his epistolary compliments to Vanessa is that he had "always remarked that neither in general nor in particular conversation had any word ever escaped her lips that could by possibility have been better." Some little differences in his preceptorial treatment of them may be discerned, as, for example, when he finds it necessary to admonish poor Stella for her incorrigible bad spelling—no such admonition, apparently, being required for Vanessa; or when, in praising Stella, he dwells chiefly on her honor and gentle kind-

liness, whereas in praising Vanessa, he dwells chiefly on her genius and force of mind. But it is distinctly on record that his regard for both was founded on his belief that, in respect of intellectual habits and culture, both were above the contemporary standard of their sex. And here let us repeat that, not only from the evidence afforded by the whole story of Swift's relations to these two women, but also from the evidence of distinct doctrinal passages scattered through his works, it is plain that those who in the present day, both in this country and in America, maintain the intellectual equality of the two sexes, and the right of women to as full and varied an education, and as free a social use of their powers, as is allowed to men, may claim Swift as a pioneer in their cause. Both Stella and Vanessa have left their testimony that from the very first Swift took care to indoctrinate them with peculiar views on this subject; and both thank him for having done so. Stella even goes farther and almost urges Swift to do on the great scale what he had done for her individually.

O, turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruined cause,
Retrieve lost empire to our sex
That men may bow their rebel necks.

This fact that Swift had a *theory* on the subject of the proper mode of treating and educating women, which theory was in antagonism to the ideas of his time, explains much both in his conduct as a man and in his habits as a writer.

For the first six years of his exile in Ireland after the death of Queen Anne, Swift had published nothing of any consequence, and had kept aloof from politics, except when they were brought to his door by local quarrels. In 1720, however, he again flashed forth as a political luminary, in a character that could hardly have been anticipated—that of an Irish patriot. Taking up the cause of the "scoundrel island," to which he belonged by birth, if not by affection, and to which fate had consigned him, in spite of all his efforts, he made that cause his own; virtually said to his old Whig enemies, then in power, on the other side of the water, "Yes, I am an Irishman, and I will show you what an Irishman is;" and constituting himself the representative of the island, hurled it with all its pent-up mass of rage and wrongs, against Walpole and his administration. First, in revenge for the commercial wrongs of Ireland, came his "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures, utterly Rejecting and Renouncing

Everything Wearable that comes from England;" then, amidst the uproar and danger excited by this proposal, other and other defiances in the same tone; and lastly, in 1723, on the occasion of the royal patent to poor William Wood to supply Ireland, without her own consent, with a hundred and eight thousand pounds' worth of copper half-pence of English manufacture, the unparalleled "Draper's Letters," which blasted the character of the coppers and asserted the nationality of Ireland. All Ireland, Catholic as well as Protestant, blessed the Dean of St. Patrick's; associations were formed for the defence of his person; and, had Walpole and his Whigs succeeded in bringing him to trial, it would have been at the expense of an Irish rebellion. From that time till his death Swift was the true King of Ireland; only when O'Connell arose did the heart of the nation yield equal veneration to any single chief; and even at this day the grateful Irish forgetting his gibes against them, and forgetting his continual habit of distinguishing between the Irish population as a whole, and the English and Protestant part of it to which he belonged himself, cherish his memory with loving enthusiasm, and speak of him as the "great Irishman." Among the phases of Swift's life, this of his having been an Irish patriot and agitator deserves to be particularly remembered.

In the year 1726, Swift, then in his sixtieth year, and in the full flush of his new popularity as the champion of Irish nationality, visited England for the first time since Queen Anne's death. Once there, he was loth to return; and a considerable portion of the years 1726 and 1727 was spent by him in or near London. This was the time of the publication of Gulliver's Travels, which had been written some years before, and also of some Miscellanies, which were edited for him by Pope. It was at Pope's villa at Twickenham that most of his time was spent; and it was there and at this time that the long friendship between Swift and Pope ripened into that extreme and affectionate intimacy which they both loved to acknowledge. Gay, Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke, now returned from exile, joined Pope in welcoming their friend. Addison had been dead several years. Prior was dead, and also Vanbrugh and Parnell. Steele was yet alive: but between him and Swift there was no longer any tie. Political and aristocratic acquaintances, old and new there were in abundance, all anxious once again to have Swift among them to fight their battles. Old

George I. had not long to live, and the Tories were trying again to come into power in the train of the Prince of Wales. There were even chances of an arrangement with Walpole, with possibilities, in that or in some other way, that Swift should not die a mere Irish dean. These prospects were but temporary. The old king died; and, contrary to expectation, George II. retained Walpole and his Whig colleagues. In October, 1727, Swift left England for the last time. He returned to Dublin just in time to watch over the death-bed of Stella, who expired, after a lingering illness, in January, 1728. Swift was then in his sixty-second year.

The story of the remaining seventeen years of Swift's life—for, with all his maladies, bodily and mental, his strong frame withstood, for all that time of solitude and gloom, the wear of mortality—is perhaps better known than any other part of his biography. How his irritability, and eccentricities, and avarice grew upon him, so that his friends and servants had a hard task in humoring him, we learn from the traditions of others; how his memory began to fail, and other signs of breaking up began to appear, we learn from himself.

See how the Dean begins to break !
 Poor gentleman, he droops apace,
 You plainly find it in his face.
 That old vertigo in his head
 Will never leave him till he's dead.
 Besides his memory decays :
 He recollects not what he says :
 He cannot call his friends to mind ;
 Forgets the place where last he dined ;
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er
 He told them fifty times before.

The fire of his genius, however, was not yet burnt out. Between 1729 and 1736 he continued to throw out satires and lampoons in profusion, referring to the men and topics of the day, and particularly to the political affairs of Ireland; and it was during this time that his "*Directions to Servants*, his *Polite Conversation*," and other well-known facetiæ, first saw the light. From the year 1736, however, it was well known in Dublin that the Dean was no more what he had been, and that his recovery was not to be looked for. The rest will be best told in the words of Sir Walter Scott :—

The last scene was now rapidly approaching, and the stage darkened ere the curtain fell. From 1736 onward, the Dean's fits of periodical giddiness and deafness had returned with violence; he could neither enjoy conversation, nor amuse himself with writing; and an obstinate resolution which he had formed not to wear glasses, pre-

vented him from reading. The following diurnal letter to Mrs. Whiteway (his cousin and chief attendant in his last days) in 1740, is almost the last document which we possess of the celebrated Swift, as a rational and reflecting being. It awfully foretells the catastrophe which shortly after took place.

"I have been very miserable all night, and to-day, extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is that I am not in torture; but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be.

"I am, for these few days,

"Yours entirely,

"J. SWIFT.

"If I do not blunder, it is Saturday,

"July 26, 1740."

His understanding having totally failed soon after these melancholy expressions of grief and affection, his first state was that of violent and furious lunacy. His estate was put under the management of trustees, and his person confided to the care of Dr. Lyons, a respectable clergyman, curate to the Rev. Robert King, prebendary of Dunlavin, one of Swift's executors. This gentleman discharged his melancholy task with great fidelity, being much and gratefully attached to the object of his care. From a state of outrageous frenzy, aggravated by severe bodily suffering, the illustrious Dean of St. Patrick's sank into the situation of a helpless changeling. In the course of about three years, he is only known to have spoken once or twice. At length, when this awful moral lesson had subsisted from 1743 until the 19th of October, 1745, it pleased God to release him from this calamitous situation. He died upon that day without a single pang, so gently that his attendants were scarce aware of the moment of his dissolution.

Swift was seventy-eight years of age at the time of his death, having outlived all his contemporaries of the Queen Anne cluster of wits, with the exception of Bolingbroke, Ambrose Philips, and Cibber. Congreve had died in 1729; Steele in the same year; Defoe, in 1731; Gay, in 1732; Arbuthnot, in 1735; Tickell, in 1740; and Pope, who was Swift's junior by twenty-one years, in 1744. Swift, therefore, is entitled in our literary histories to the place of patriarch as well as to that of chief among the wits of Queen Anne's reign; and he stands nearest to our own day of any of them whose writings we still read. As late as the year 1820 a person was alive who had seen Swift as he lay dead in the deanery before his burial, great crowds going to take their last look of him. "The coffin was open; he had on his head neither cap nor wig; there

was not much hair on the front or very top, but it was long and thick behind, very white, and was like flax upon the pillow." Such is the last glimpse we have of Swift on earth. Exactly ninety years afterwards, the coffin was taken up from its resting-place in the aisle of the cathedral; and the skull of Swift, the white locks now all mouldered away from it, became an object of scientific curiosity. Phrenologically, it was a disappointment, the extreme lowness of the forehead striking every one, and the so-called organs of wit, causality, and comparison being scarcely developed at all. There were peculiarities, however, in the shape of the interior, indicating larger capacity of brain than would have been inferred from the external aspect. Stella's coffin was exhumed, and her skull examined at the same time. The examiners found the skull "a perfect model of symmetry and beauty."

Have we said too much in declaring that, of all the men who illustrated that period of our literary history which lies between the Revolution of 1688 and the beginning or middle of the reign of George II., Swift alone (excepting Pope, and excepting him only on certain definite and peculiar grounds) fulfils to any tolerable extent those conditions which would entitle him to the epithet of "great," already refused by us to his age as a whole? We do not think so. Swift *was* a great genius; nay, if by *greatness* we understand general mass and energy rather than any preconceived peculiarity of quality, he was the greatest genius of his age. Neither Addison, nor Steele, nor Pope, nor Defoe possessed, in anything like the same degree, that which Goethe and Niebuhr, seeking a name for a certain attribute found always present, as they thought, in the higher and more forcible order of historic characters, agreed to call the *demonic* element. Indeed, very few men in our literature, from first to last, have had so much of this element in them—the sign and source of all real greatness—as Swift. In him it was so obvious as to attract notice at once. "There is something in your looks," wrote Vanessa to him, "so awful that it strikes me dumb;" and again, "Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear;" and again; "What marks are there of a deity that you are not known by?" True, these are the words of a woman infatuated with love; but there is evidence that wherever Swift went, and in whatever society he was, there was this magnetic power in his presence. Pope felt it; Addison felt it; they all felt it. We

question if, among all our literary celebrities, there has been one more distinguished for being personally formidable to all who came near him.

And yet, in calling Swift a great genius, we clearly do not mean to rank him in the same order of greatness with such men among his predecessors as Spenser, or Shakspeare, or Milton, or such men among his successors, as Scott, Coleridge, and Wordsworth. We even retain instinctively the right of not according to him a certain kind of admiration which we bestow on such men of his own generation as Pope, Steele, and Addison. How is this? What is the drawback about Swift's genius, which prevents us from referring him to that highest order of literary greatness to which we do refer others, who in respect of hard general capacity were apparently not superior to him, and on the borders of which we also place some who, in that respect, were certainly his inferiors? To make the question more special, why do we call Milton great, in quite a different sense from that in which we consent to confer the same epithet on Swift?

Altogether, it will be said, Milton was a greater man than Swift; his intellect was higher, richer, deeper, grander; his views of things are more profound, grave, stately, and exalted. This is a true enough statement of the case; and we like that comprehensive use of the word intellect which it implies—wrapping up, as it were, all that is in and about a man in this one word, so as to dispense with the distinctions between imaginative and non-imaginative, spiritual and unspiritual, natures, and make every possible question about a man a mere question in the end as to the size or degree of his intellect. But such a mode of speaking is too violent and recondite for common purposes. According to the common use of the word intellect, it might be maintained (we do not say it would) that Swift's intellect, meaning his strength of mental grasp, was equal to Milton's; and yet that, by reason of the fact that his intellectual style was deficient, that he did not grasp things precisely in the Miltonic way, a distinction might be drawn unfavorably, on the whole, to his genius as compared with that of Milton. According to such a view, we must seek for that in Swift's genius, upon which it depends that, while we accord to it all the admiration we bestow on strength, our sympathies with height or sublimity are left unmoved. Nor have we far to seek. When Goethe and Niebuhr generalized in the phrase, "the demonic element," that mystic some-

thing which they seemed to detect in all men of unusual potency among the fellows, they used the word "demonic," not in its English sense, as signifying what appertains specially to the demons or powers of darkness, but in its Greek sense as equally implying the unseen agencies of light and good. The demonic element in a man, therefore, may, in one case, be the demonic of the ethereal and the celestial; in another, the demonic of the Tartarean and infernal. There is a demonic of the supernatural—angels, and seraphs, and white-winged airy messengers awaying men's phantasies from above; and there is a demonic of the infra-natural—fiends, and shapes of horror tugging at men's thoughts from beneath. The demonic in Swift was of the latter kind. It is false, it would be an entire mistake as to his genius, to say that he regarded, or was inspired by, only the worldly and the secular; that men, women, and their relations on the little world of visible life, were all that his intellect cared to recognize. He, also, like our Miltons and our Shakespeares, and all our men who have been anything more than prudential and pleasant writers, had his being anchored in things and imaginations beyond the visible verge. But while it was given to them to hold rather by things and imaginations belonging to the region of the celestial—to hear angelic music, and the rustling of seraphic wings; it was his unhappier lot to be related rather to the darker and subterranean mysteries. One might say of Swift that he had far less of belief in a God, than belief in a Devil. He is like a man walking on the earth and among the busy haunts of his fellow-mortals, observing them and their ways, and taking his part in the bustle; all the while, however, conscious of the tuggings downward of secret chains reaching into the world of the demons. Hence his ferocity, his misanthropy, his *sæva indignatio*, all of them true forms of energy, imparting unusual potency to a life; but forms of energy bred of communion with what outlies nature on the lower or infernal side.

Swift, doubtless, had this melancholic tendency in him, constitutionally, from the beginning. From the first, we see him an unruly, rebellious, gloomy, revengeful, unforgiving spirit, loyal to no authority, and gnashing under every restraint. With nothing small or weak in his nature, too proud to be dishonest, bold and fearless in his opinions, capable of strong attachments, and of hatreds as strong, it was to be predicted that, if the swarthy Irish youth, whom Sir Wil-

liam Temple received into his house, when his college had all but expelled him for contumacy, should ever be eminent in the world, it would be for fierce and controversial, and not for beautiful or harmonious activity. It is clear, however, on a survey of Swift's career, that the gloom and melancholy which characterized it, was not altogether congenital, but in part, at least, grew out of some special circumstance, or set of circumstances, having a precise date and locality among the facts of his life. In other words, there was some secret in Swift's life, some root of bitterness or remorse, diffusing a black poison throughout his whole existence! That communion with the invisible almost exclusively on the infernal side—that consciousness of chains wound round his own moving frame at the one end, and, at the other, tugged at by demons in the depths of their populous pit, while no cords of love were felt sustaining him from the countervailing heaven—had its origin, in part at least, in some one recollection or cause of dread. It was some one demon down in that pit that tugged the chains; the others but assisted him. Thackeray's perception seems to us exact, when he says of Swift that "he goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil;" or again, changing the form of the figure, that, "like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come, and the inevitable hag with it." What was this Fury, this hag that duly came in the night, making the mornings horrible by the terrors of recollection, the evenings horrible by those of anticipation, and leaving but a calm hour at full mid-day? There was a secret in Swift's life: what was it? His biographers as yet have failed to agree on this dark topic. Thackeray's hypothesis, that the cause of Swift's despair was chiefly his consciousness of disbelief in the creed to which he had sworn his professional faith, does not seem to us sufficient. In Swift's days, and even with his frank nature, we think that difficulty could have been got over. There was nothing, at least, so unique in the case, as to justify the supposition that this was what Archbishop King referred to in that memorable saying to Dr. Delany, "You have just met the most miserable man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question." Had Swift made a confession of scepticism to the Archbishop, we do not think the prelate would have been taken so very much by surprise. Nor can we think, with some, that

Swift's vertigo (now pronounced to have been increasing congestion of the brain) and his life-long certainty that it would end in idiocy or madness, are the true explanation of this interview and of the mystery which it shrouds. There was cause enough for melancholy here, but not exactly the cause that meets the case. Another hypothesis there is of a physical kind, which Scott and others hint at, and which finds great acceptance with the medical philosophers. Swift, it is said, was of "a cold temperament," &c., &c. But why a confession on the part of Swift to the Archbishop that he was not a marrying man, even had he added that he desired, above all things in the world, to be a person of this sort, should have so moved that dignitary, we cannot conceive. Besides, although this hypothesis might explain much of the Stella and Vanessa imbroglio, it would not explain all; nor do we see on what foundation it could rest Scott's assertion that all through Swift's writings there is no evidence of his having felt the tender passion, is simply untrue. On the whole, the hypothesis which has been started, of a too near consanguinity between Swift and Stella, either known from the first to one or both, or discovered too late, would most nearly suit the conditions of the case. And yet, so far as we have seen, this hypothesis also rests on air, with no one fact to support it. Could we suppose that Swift, like another Eugene Aram, went through the world with a murder on his mind, it might be taken as a solution of the mystery; but, as we cannot do this, we must be content with supposing that either some one of the foregoing hypotheses, or some combination of them, is to be accepted; or that the matter is altogether inscrutable.

Such by constitution as we have described him—with an intellect strong as iron, much acquired knowledge, an ambition all but insatiable, and a decided desire to be wealthy—Swift, almost as a matter of course, flung himself impetuously into the Whig and Tory controversy, which was the question paramount of his time. In that he labored as only a man of his powers could, bringing to the side of the controversy on which he chanced to be—and we believe, when he was on a side, it was honestly because he found a certain preponderance of right in it—a hard and ruthless vigor which served it immensely. But from the first, and, at all events, after the disappointments of a political career had been experienced by him, his nature would not work alone in the narrow warfare of Whiggism and Toryism, but overflowed in general

bitterness of reflection on all the customs and ways of humanity. The following passage in "*Gulliver's Voyage to Brobdingnag*," describing how the politics of Europe appeared to the King of Brobdingnag, shows us Swift himself in his larger mood of thought.

This prince took a pleasure in conversing with me, enquiring into the manners, religion, laws, government, and learning of Europe; wherein I gave him the best account I was able. His apprehension was so clear, and his judgment so exact, that he made very wise reflections and observations upon all I said. But I confess, that after I had been a little too copious in talking of my own beloved country, of our trade, and wars by sea and land, of our schisms in religion, and parties in the state, the prejudices of his education prevailed so far that he could not forbear taking me up in his right hand, and stroking me gently with the other, after an hearty fit of laughing, asking me, whether I was a Whig or a Tory. Then turning to his first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff nearly as tall as the maiomast of the Royal Sovereign, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such diminutive insects as I; "And yet," says he, "I dare engage these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honor; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray." And thus he continued on, while my color came and went several times with indignation to hear our noble country, the mistress of arts and arms, the scourge of France, the arbitress of Europe, the seat of virtue, piety, honor, truth, the pride and envy of the world, so contemptuously treated.

Swift's writings, accordingly, divide themselves in the main, into two classes,—pamphlets, tracts, lampoons, and the like, bearing directly on persons and topics of the day, and written with the ordinary purpose of a partisan; and satires of a more general aim, directed, in the spirit of a cynic philosopher, against humanity as a whole, or against particular human classes, arrangements, and modes of thinking. In some of his writings the politician and the general satirist are seen together. The "*Drapier's Letters*" and most of the poetical lampoons, exhibit Swift in his direct mood as a party writer; in the "*Tale of a Tub*," we have the ostensible purpose of a partisan masking a reserve of general scepticism; in the "*Battle of the Books*" we have a satire partly personal to individuals, partly with a reference to a prevailing tone of opinion; in the "*Voyage to Laputa*," we have a satire on a great class of men; and in the "*Voyages to Lilliput*" and "*Brobdingnag*," and still more

in the story of the "Houynhms" and "Yahoos," we have human nature itself analyzed and laid bare.

Swift took no care of his writings, never acknowledged some of them, never collected them, and suffered them to find their way about the world as chance, demand, and the piracy of publishers directed. As all know, it is in his character as a Humorist, an inventor of the preposterous as a medium for the reflective, and above all, as a master of irony, that he takes his place as one of the chiefs of English literature. There can be no doubt that, as regards the literary form which he affected most, he took hints from Rabelais, as the greatest original in the realm of the absurd. Sometimes, as in his description of the Strulbrugs in the "Voyage to Laputa," he approaches the ghastly power of that writer; on the whole, however, there is more of stern English realism in him, and less of sheer riot and wildness. Sometimes, however, Swift throws off the guise of the humorist, and speaks seriously and in his own name. On such occasions we find ourselves simply in the presence of a man of strong, sagacious, and thoroughly English mind, content, as is the habit of Englishmen, with vigorous proximate sense, expressed in plain and rather coarse idiom. For the speculative he shows, in these cases, neither liking nor aptitude; he takes obvious reasons and arguments as they come to hand, and uses them in a robust, downright, Saxon manner. In one respect, he stands out conspicuously even among plain Saxon writers—his total freedom from cant. Johnson's advice to Boswell, "above all things to clear his mind of cant," was perhaps never better illustrated than in the case of Dean Swift. Indeed, it might be given as a summary definition of Swift's character, that he had cleared his mind of cant, without having succeeded in filling the void with song. It was Swift's intense hatred of cant—cant in religion, cant in morality, cant in literature—that occasioned many of those peculiarities which shock people in his writings. His principle being to view things as they are, irrespective of all the accumulated cant of orators and

poets, he naturally prosecuted his investigations into those classes of circumstances which orators and poets have omitted as unsuitable for their purposes. If they had viewed men as Angels, he would view them as Yahoos. If they had placed the springs of action among the fine phrases and the sublimities, he would trace them down into their secret connection with the bestial and the obscene. Hence—as much as for any of those physiological reasons which some of his biographers assign for it—his undisguised delight in filth. And hence, also, probably—seeing that among the forms of cant he included the traditional manner of speaking of women in their relations to men—his studious contempt, whether in writing for men or women, of all the accustomed decencies. It was not only the more obvious forms of cant, however, that Swift had in aversion. Even to that minor form of cant, which consists in the trite, he gave no quarter. Whatever was habitually said by the majority of people, seemed to him, for that very reason, not worthy of being said at all, much less put into print. A considerable portion of his writings—as, for example, his "Critical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind," and his "Art of Polite Conversation,"—in the one of which he strings together a series of the most thread-bare maxims and quotations to be found in books, offering the compilation as an original disquisition of his own; and, in the other, mimics the insipidity of ordinary table-talk in society—may be regarded as showing a systematic determination on his part to turn the trite into ridicule. Hence, in his own writings, though he abstains from the profound, he never falls into the commonplace. Apart from all Swift's other merits, there are to be found scattered through his writings not a few distinct propositions of an innovative and original character respecting our social arrangements. We have seen his doctrine as to the education of woman; and we may mention as an instance of the same kind, his denunciation of the institution of standing armies as incompatible with freedom. Curiously enough, also, it was Swift's belief that, Yahoos as we are, the world is always in the right.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

SAD and sweeping, of late, have been the ravages of Time among our men of letters. Now by the hand of death, now of decay (which is nigh unto death, for that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away), and now of changes and chances in this uncertain life. A long list, and as mournful as long, might be drawn up, of setting suns and falling stars, missed, with more or less of regret, from this visible diurnal sphere, in whose greater light to rule our day we rejoiced, or in their lesser, to govern our night. (Happily, this figure is faulty; for the light of such luminaries remain, and often brightens more and more continually, after their earthly orbit has fulfilled its course.) Brief is the space within which we have had to sorrow for the decease of a Wordsworth, though full of years and honors,—of a Moore (and already how “lightly they speak of the spirit that’s gone, and o’er his cold ashes upbraid him”),—and, not to name others that might be named, of a Talfourd, the judge upon the judgment-seat, cited before another tribunal, so strangely, solemnly, suddenly, *ἡ ἀπομυρία, ἡ ἐν πύργῳ ὀρθοδόξου!* And, again, the breaking up of old literary alliances, the evanishing of familiar systems, the scattering of time-honored but time-dissolving galaxies, is mournfully instanced in the case of two of Scott’s “young men,” “wild young bloods,” who are now compassed with infirmities that require seclusion, as well as stricken with years that yearn for it,—John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart. To each may the influences of retirement be healing and restorative—to each may there come a soothing experience of what is a sacred promise, “At evening-time it shall be light”—light with a mellow radiance, fit precursor of the gloaming, and not unfit conclusion of the noonday heat and sunny splendors of their fervid prime.*

It is of the latter we have now, and in our desultory way to make mention;—of the son-in-law of Sir Walter, the ready writer of “Pe-

ter’s Letters,” the reckless, dashing *attaché* to Old Ebony’s gay staff, the classical author of “Valerius,” the morbid anatomist of “Adam Blair,” the manly biographer of Scotland’s two chiefest names in song and story, the animated translator of “Spanish Ballads,” and the long-reigning editor of the *Quarterly Review*.

The present generation is little versed in the pages of Mr. Lockhart’s first work of note, “Peter’s Letters to his Kinsfolk,”—of which he has, in his riper experience, said, that nobody but a very young and a very thoughtless person could have dreamt of putting forth such a book,—while he protests against denouncing these epistles of the imaginary Welsh Doctor, Peter Morris, “with his spectacles—his Welsh accent—his Toryism—his inordinate thirst for draught porter—and his everlasting shandry-dan,—as a mere string of libels on the big-wigs therein portrayed. Among these were Scott, happy and happy-making at Abbotsford,—Jeffrey, the “wee reekit deil o’ criticism” and laird of Craigerook,—Playfair, always considered fair game by good haters of the *Edinburgh*,—James Hogg, the “inspired sheep’s-head,”—Chalmers, with his sublimely-developed mathematical frontispiece, &c. Allan Cunningham calls the work all life and character, and admires its freshness and variety, treating as it does of courts of law and Glasgow punch, of craniology and criticism,—telling us how to woo a bride or cut up a haggis,—and giving us “the pictures, mental and bodily, of some of the leading men of Scotland, with great truth and effect.” Scott himself was much interested in this last-mentioned feature of the book. “What an acquisition,” he says, “it would have been to our general information to have had such a work written, I do not say fifty, but even five-and-twenty years ago;” and how much of grave and gay might then have been preserved, as it were, in amber, which have [*sic*] now mouldered away. When I think that an age, not much

* Alas, since this was penned, the poet of the “Isle of Palms” hath “fallen on sleep.”

* Sir Walter wrote this (in a letter to his son-in-law presumptive) in July, 1819.

younger than yours I knew Black, Ferguson, Robertson, Erskine, Adam Smith, John Home, &c., &c., and at least saw Burns, I can appreciate better than any one, the value of a work which, like this, would have handed them down to posterity in their living colors." And Sir Walter goes on to say that Dr. Morris ought, like Nourjahad, to revive every half century, to record the fleeting manners of the age, and the interesting features of those who will be known only to posterity by their works.* Could Sir Walter have foreseen the host of third-rate and thirtieth-rate Dr. Morris, who, between then and now, have infested the face of the earth, on the plea of being chiefs among us takin' notes, and faith! wull prent 'em—notes of our *res domi* (never mind how *angusta*), of our dressing-gowns and slippers, of our *obiter* allusions and by-the-way interjections, of how we clear our throats, and whether we wear straps, and so forth,—he would probably have put in a qualifying clause, to modify his panegyric of the Morrisian tactics. And this reminds us of a passage to the purpose in one of the lively letters of the author's countrywoman, Mrs. Grant, of Laggan. "You ask me," she writes, "what I think of Peter's Letters? I answer in a very low whisper—not much. The broad personality is coarse, even where it is laudatory; no one very deserving of praise cares to be held up to the public eye like a picture on sale by an auctioneer.† It is not the style of our country, and it is a bad style in itself. So much for its tendency. Then, if you speak of it as a composition, it has no keeping, no chastity of style, and is in a high degree florid and verbose. . . . Some depth of thought and acuteness appears now and then, like the weights at the tail of a paper kite, but not enough to balance the levity of the whole. With all this, the genius which the writers possess, in no common degree, is obvious through the whole book: but it is genius misapplied, and running riot beyond all the bounds of good taste and sober thinking. We are all amused, and so we should be, if we lived in a street where those slaves of the lamp had the power of rendering the walls so transparent that we could see everything going

on at our neighbors' firesides. But ought we to be so pleased?"* Aye, gentlemen tourists, pencillers by the way, domestic police reporters, household inventory takers, and breakfast-table shorthand-writers, all the sort of you—aye, there's the rub. Good Mrs. Grant would perhaps have changed her mild interrogative into a very decisive affirmative, or rather a very indignant negative, had she lived to see what we see, and hear what we hear, in these times of gossiping fire-side inquisitors.

From "Peter's Letters" to "Valerius" is an abrupt transition. In this classical novel we are made spectators of a series of *tableaux*, illustrative of the manners and events of Rome under Trajan. Thus the narrator takes us to patrician reception-rooms; to the Forum—with its grand associations and familiar traditions—the ancient rostrum from which Tully had declaimed, and the old mysterious fig-tree of Romulus, and the rich tessellated pavement, memorial of the abyss that had once yawned before the steady eye of Curtius; to senatorial gardens, with their garniture of fountains and exotics and perfumed terraces and sculptured nymphs and fauns; to a supper party in the Suburra; to a prætorian guard-room, and a prison for doomed Christians; to the Flavian amphitheatre, to hear the gladiator's *moriturus vos saluto*, and the confessor's dying *credo*; to the temple of Apollo, shrine of the reliquary Sybilline prophecies, and museum of the busts of earth's immortals; to a Veronese painter's studio; to a Neapolitan witch's midnight enchantments; to a village barber's shop, full of custom and fuss and small talk; to a secret congress of the faithful in the catacombs; to Trajan's presence-chamber, and the Mamertine dungeons. The characters engaged in the action present a fair diversity of types of society in the capital, but for the most part lacking individuality and life. Valerius himself is too much of the faultless walking gentleman, though his betrothed, the high-hearted and deep-hearted Athanasia, is some removes beyond the standard walking lady. Sabinus, the jovial, kindly, bustling centurion—with his strong muscular fabric and hearty masculine laugh,—who, under Agricola and his real triumphs, and Domitian and his sham one, has undergone various freaks of fortune, and preserved his equanimity and rubicundity unaltered in them all; Xerophrates, the professed Stoic, and

* Lockhart's Life of Scott. Chap. xiv.

† Even Scott, it may be observed, considered the general turn of the book too favorable, both to the state of public society, and of individual character, in Scotland—quoting Goldsmith's couplet,

"His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud."

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan.

eventual cynic, greedy, selfish, mercenary, and mischievous; and Dromo, the Cretan slave, "a leering varlet, with rings in his ears, whose face resembles some comic mask in the habitual archness of its malicious and inquisitive look;" these are perhaps the most noticeable of the *dramatis personæ*, though themselves subordinate agents. There is a scattering of philosophers, who discourse learnedly on their conflicting systems—the Epicurean in particular being set forth and incidentally exemplified in a prominent degree. Among the more remarkable passages in the action of the tale may be noted, the scene in the guard-room, where, after the boisterous choruses of a boon soldiery, Valerius overhears "the voices of those that were in the dungeon singing together in a sweet and lowly manner,"* and his subsequent interview with the singers in the expectant martyr's cell; the visit to the gladiator's ward and its adjoining menagerie,—and indeed the whole description of the doings at the amphitheatre (parts of which recel, in their way, some pages in "Ivanhoe," devoted to the spectators at the tournament); to which may be added, the meeting with Athanasia in the temple of Apollo, and her interrupted share in the idolatrous hymn—her part in the betrayed assembly of believers, and its stern results—the baptismal and betrothal scene in the moonlit grotto.

Under the shade of melancholy boughs—

* "Ah, sir!" said the old soldier, "I thought it would be even so—there is not a spearman in the band that would not willingly watch here a whole night, could he be sure of hearing that melody. Well do I know that soft voice.—Hear now, how she sings by herself—and there again, that deep, strong note—that is the voice of the prisoner." "Hush!" quoth the centurion, "heard you ever anything half so divine? Are these words Greek or Syrian?" "What the words are I know not," said the soldier; "but I know the tune well—I have heard it played many a night with hautboy, clarion, and dulcimer, on the high walls of Jerusalem, while the city was beleaguered." "But this, surely," said the centurion, "is no warlike melody." "I know not," quoth the old soldier, "whether it be or not—but I am sure it sounds not like any music of sorrow,—and yet what plaintive tones are in the part of that female voice!" "The bass sounds triumphantly, in good sooth." "Ay, sir, but that is the old man's own voice—I am sure he will keep a good heart to the end, even though they should be singing their farewell to him. Well, the emperor loses a good soldier, the hour *Tisias* dies. I wish to Jupiter he had not been a Christian, or had kept his religion to himself. But as for changing now—you might as well think of persuading the prince himself to be a Jew."—*Valerius*, Book i. chap. viii.

where stood the fountain which became to Valerius the *λουτρον πάληγγενεσίας*, as he stepped into its cool water, and the aged Aurelius stooped over him, and sprinkled the drops upon his forehead, and repented the appointed words, and then kissed his brow as he came forth from the water, while Athanasia also drew slowly near, and hastily pressed his forehead with trembling lips, and then all three sat down together, and in silence, by the lonely well.

Jeffrey's fling at Mr. Lockhart, as being "mighty religious, too," and as obtruding a "devotional orthodoxy," with a tendency, "every now and then, a little towards cant,"—which, however, had reference to his Scotch novels (in common with those of Professor Wilson)—finds no justification, so far as it is a sneer, in the instance of "Valerius." The author has even exercised a reserve and restraint, in the face of strong temptations (from the nature of his agitating theme) to an opposite treatment, which to many appear forbiddingly cold and fatally apathetic. It cannot be alleged that his heathens are all painted black, and his Christians white. Not Gibbon himself is much more charitably—or, if you will, impartially—disposed towards Trajan and his policy. The keen-scented editor of the *Edinburgh* must have been keen-scented beyond human or even canine parallel, could he have sniffed the odor of sanctity, in "devotional orthodoxy" power, and in the rankness of a tendency to "cant," in the too dispassionate and, so far, uncharacteristic colloquies of Mr. Lockhart's Roman Christians. They are, in fact, unreal from their very failing to speak out: not that they would, or ought to speak out when to do so would be unseasonable and fruitless—but that, where they would, and ought to, they do not—which is noticeable not as a fault (for the author had good reasons—artful ones, for abstaining from sermonizing), but as evidence how free "Valerius" is from affectation of the *over-guid*. The book seems to have been flung off at a heat—not of enthusiasm; there is, indeed, little in its composition, whether we regard the story or the accessories, to belie the assertion that it took but three weeks to write:—"when he was writing 'Valerius,'" Professor Wilson is reported to have said of his friend and literary ally, "we were in the habit of walking out together every morning, and when we reached a quiet spot in the country, he read to me the chapters as he wrote them. He finished it in three weeks. I thus heard it all by piecemeal as it went

on, and had much difficulty in persuading him that it was worth publishing." Mr. R. P. Gillies, too, has put on record his wonder at the rapidity of the same pen—which, if surpassed by Christopher North's* in the one article of fiery despatch, was its superior in systematic assiduity and regularity of labor: Mr. Lockhart, the "Literary Veteran"† assures us, thought thirty-two columns of *Blackwood* (a whole printed sheet) an ordinary day's work, involving not the slightest stress or fatigue.

Turning, however, from his first to his last essay in fiction, we find but too many foot-prints of the seven-leagued boots of this perhaps fatal facility. It was the scenes descriptive of university life at Oxford, that chiefly attracted public attention to "Reginald Dalton"—a kind of subject which has since found many another scribe, more or less conversant with and master of it; among whom may be named Mr. Hewlett, of the same university, and Dr. Samuel Phillips, whose "Caleb Stukely" illustrates Cambridge experiences of a like order. Maiden aunts and uninitiated papas must have formed horrible notions of Oxford, if they had within reach no corrective or alternative, to restrain and tone down the effect of "Reginald Dalton's" revelations—which are certainly open to the charge of giving an *einseitig* and exaggerated picture of Alma Mater-ia. But the picture won eager albeit shocked gazers, by its broad strokes and its high coloring—and may, we suspect, have tended as directly to induce anxious "governors" to send their boys to the other university, as, in later days, the alarm at "Tractarianism" has done. The lively chapters devoted to Reginald's under-graduate career were devoured by those *ab extra*, as an exciting novelty—and scanned by those *ab intra* as a "refresher" of old times and cherished associations, not forgetting the once-familiar slang peculiar to court, and quadrangle, and hall, and combination-room. A Town and Gown row, a bachelor's supper-party,—with the orthodox complement of pickled oysters, exquisitely-veined brawn, and peerless sausages, served on lordly dishes of college plate, and magnificent flagons of that never-to-be-

resisted potation, *Bishop* (a beverage which, thirty years ago, it was not superfluous for Mr. Lockhart to explain in a foot-note, as being the resultant of port-wine, mulled with roasted lemons—just as claret, similarly embellished, is yecept *Cardinal*; and Burgundy, *Pope*);—a fox-hunting raid to Newnham Harcourt, *viâ* roads all alive with

—Buggy, gig, and dog-cart,
Curricule and tandem—

and the gallop, at Parson Hooker's, "hark, hark!" to the music of hound and horn—pell-mell, priest and layman, squire, curate, bachelor, and freshman—away over bush and furze, bog and briar, hedge and stile, ditch and double-ditch—"tramp, tramp across the stubble; splash, splash across the dubble;"—boating engagements at Mother Davies's;—dunning blockades against the "sported oak;"—scuffles with proctors and bull-dogs;—a duel in the meadows, and a lodgement in the Castle;—such are some of the topics ungrudgingly set forth in Reginald's Oxford career. Little enough there is to glorify the ideal Oxford of scholarship, and earnest study, and gracious refinement—to echo Warton's apostrophe,

Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat; &c.*

The hero's university course is only an episode; but to it the leading interest of the work attaches, and upon it the novelist has expended the best of his power and pains. Reginald's subsequent experiences in London and elsewhere are dull, and loosely put together. The table-talk—wine-table, breakfast-table, supper-table, or what not—so profusely detailed, is too frequently of the veriest weak tea-table sort; weak enough, mawkish and vapid enough, to make one almost incredulous of its coming from the trenchant pen† of the editor of the *Quarterly*, and the

* Triumph of Isis.

† We have all seen, it may be presumed, in *Punch* or some cognate repository of satirical censorship, specimens of the way in which the flimsiest manufacturers of novels manage to fill up, at least expense of brain-work and penmanship, the necessary number of pages decreed by the circulating libraries—whose decree, implacable and inexorable as that of Medes and Persians, altereth not. But who would willingly accredit the editor of the *Quarterly*, in his most finished novel, with dialogues of such calibre as the following (between a match-making couple at erose-purposes)—taken from a large stock of which it is but a current sample:

* "Mr. Wilson had then (*viz.*, thirty years ago) a rapidity of executive power in composition such as I have never seen equalled before or since." "But then he would do nothing but when he liked and how he liked."—Gillies' *Literary Veteran*.

† *Hu, quantum mutatus ab illo* KEMFERHAUSEN of the *Noctes*, and the President of the "Right, Wrong or Right Club!"

manly, vigorous, forcible biographer of Sir Walter Scott. The humorous parts of "Valerius" were flat, nor are those of this tale of modern life much more potent—though there is certainly some pungent satirical writing, and a plentiful seasoning of caustic wit. The characters are, with one or two exceptions, far from being loveable or even likeable people: the Catlines irritate, the Chisneys repel or fatigue, Macdonald thoroughly annoys, and even good old Keith bores us. But the elder Daltons are a refreshing relief—genial, natural, and heart-whole; the Vicar wins our affectionate reverence; young Macdonald is one of the better sort of "good-natured fellows," (a complimentary epithet of cruel kindness,) and sweet Helen Hesketh sways our loyal souls whithersoever she listeth. *Her* part in the tale, with its pathetic associations, is wrought out with emphasis and discretion, and shows what the novelist can do when he will:

And Nature holds her sway, as Lockhart tells
How dark the grief that with the guilty dwells;
How various passions through the bosom move,
Dalton's high hope, and Ellen's sinless love.

[Macdonald, the "pawky" writer, is trying to bring to terms the lady-mother of the damsel he desiderates for his son.]

"When is't to be, Liddy Catline! Since other folk intend to speak, what can I do?"

"To be! what to be, Mr. Macdonald?" said the lady with an air of surprise, rather too grave to be affected.

"What's to be, Liddy Catline?"

"Yes, what's to be, Mr. Macdonald?"

"What's to be, mem?"

"What's to be, sir?"

"The thing, mem—the business—the whole affair——"

"The whole affair, sir!—the business, sir!"

"Yes, mem, the business—the business—God bless my heart!"

"The business, Mr. Macdonald?"

"Come, come, Liddy Catline, we've had enough of this work. Time's no chucky-stanes—Has your leddyship not been holding any serious conversation?"

"Why, really, Mr. Macdonald, I scarcely think we have been very serious."

"Sdeath, mem, what do you mean?"

"Sir?"

"Mem?"

"Mr. Macdonald?"

"Liddy Catline?"

"Sir?"

"Hoots, hoots—a joke's a joke."

"A joke!"

"Ay, a joke."—*Reginald Dalton*. Book vii. chap. v. We are to this hour distrustful of Mr. Wakley's capacity for writing Wordsworthian lyrics by the mile, but we can imagine him doing this kind of composition by his crowner's metre of mileage.

Creative fancy gives a lovelier green
To Godstowe's glade;* and hallows all the scene
Where Love's low whisper sooth'd their wildest
fears,
Till Joy grew voiceless and flow'd forth in tears.†

The "dark grief" that tabernacles with "the guilty," and the "various passions" that agitate the bosom of frail humanity, were impressively delineated in the two Scotch novelets, "Adam Blair" and "Matthew Wald." The former is pitched in the same key with Wilson's painfully intense tale of "Simon Gray," and Mrs. Southey's "Andrew Cleaves." It is not improved in moral tone, however it may be heightened in melo-dramatic coloring, by the evident influence exercised on the author's mind by his familiarity with German fictions; to the morbid characteristics of which, he too nearly adapted his own story. We can imagine him at a later period inditing merciless strictures on similar trespasses, by some later romancer, in the way of overwrought emotion and pathological diagnosis—and visiting with peremptory rebuke the *morale* which drags down to ruin, in its blackness of darkness, a too soft-hearted and susceptible minister of the Gospel, by the iron chain of "fate and metaphysical aid," Calvinism and philosophy. In "Matthew Wald" there are some powerful bits of tragic, or rather, perhaps of melo-dramatic writing—the story of Perling Joan is touching, and that of the Glasgow shoemaker, who murders a guest, and goes on his way *praying*, and who dies praying for the hooting crowd around his scaffold, is not without its awed admirers.

Of Mr. Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads," a fellow-countryman and brother poet has said, that fine as were the original verses, they certainly lost nothing (as did the shield of Martinus Scriblerus) from being subjected to his modern furbishing; but that, on the contrary, what was tame he inspired, what was lofty he endowed with additional grandeur, while even the tender—as in the lay of "Count Alarcos and the Infanta Soliza"—grew still more pathetic beneath his touch. Another fellow-countryman and brother poet—well versed in Border minstrelsy—admirably recognizes all the simplicity, and energy, and picturesque

* See *Reginald Dalton*. Book iii. chap. v.

† The Novel: a Satire. (1830.)

‡ "Than which, as rendered by Mr. Lockhart, no finer ballad of its kind—more gushingly natural, or more profoundly pathetic—probably exists in the poetry of any nation."—*David Macbeth Moir*. (J.)

beauty, and more than the flow of the ballads of the Border, in these translations from the Spanish and Moorish. "The fine old Bible English into which they are rendered, gives the antique hue so natural and becoming in the old minstrels; all other translations fade away before them."* Mr. Hallam, too, always a cautious judge, has awarded no faint praise—that damning sentence of cautious judges—to these bold and buoyant lyrics.

We reckon it blessing rather than bane that our limits defy us to be prosy about that glorious piece of biography, the life of Scott. It is far too interesting and valuable to be a present text of controversy, about the Ballantines "and a' that;" the man who reads such a book with fussy critical pretensions, should be required to name one poor half-dozen of biographies that equal it in matter and manner. The life of Burns, again, is a pleasant compilation—vigorous in narrative, and set off with fit reflections, the germ of other and deeper ones, in the essays of Wilson and Carlyle.

Still more emphatically may we count ourselves happy in being without space to discuss the editor of the *Quarterly Review*. One word, nevertheless, against the not unpopular impression of his "merciless" disposition, and "implacable" opposition to opponents. The *personal* characteristics foisted on him by certain scribblers, have been commonly identified with his editorial ideal—making up an austere man, haughty, reserved, recklessly satirical, and somewhat vindictive withal. Tom Moore could discriminate between editor and man, when he introduced Lockhart's name among "Thoughts on Editors."

Alas, and must I close the list

With thee, my Lockhart, of the *Quarterly*,
So kind, with bumper in thy fist,—

With pen, so *very* gruff and tartarly.

* Allan Cunningham.

Now in thy parlor feasting me,
Now scribbling at me from thy garret,—
Till 'twixt the two in doubt I be
Which sourest is, thy wit or claret.

Mark, believer in the bilious "personal talk" of N. P. Willis and his sympathisers, how Thomas the Rhymer here recognizes in the man what it was *his* fate to miss in the reviewer. Only because of the vulgar acceptance of the aforesaid personal strictures do we thus trench on what is a personal province. But one so often hears allusions founded on what has been sketched by the Pencil-ler by the Way, that it is but fair to point to testimony recently given, incidentally enough, by other popular writers, whose opinions happen to be on record, and may be taken for what they are worth: we will confine ourselves to two—John Sterling and B. R. Haydon—both men strikingly diverse in party and tendency from him they refer to. "I found him," says Sterling, describing an interview with Lockhart on the subject of S.'s *Strafford*, "as neat, clear, and cutting a brain as you would expect; but with an amount of knowledge, good-nature, and liberal anti-bigotry, that would surprise many. The tone of his children towards him seemed to me decisive of his real kindness."* "L., when we became acquainted," says Haydon, "felt so strongly how little I deserved what had been said of me, that his whole life has since been a struggle to undo the evil he was at the time a party to. Hence his visits to me in prison, his praise in the *Quarterly*, &c. . . . This shows a good heart, and a fine heart L. has; but he is fond of mischief and fun, and does not think of the wreck he has made till he has seen the fragments."† Very like Haydon, truly; but let that pass.

* Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*.

† *Autobiography of Haydon*.

From Colburn's New Monthly.

THE LAST DAYS OF CHARLES THE FIFTH.

HISTORY presents us with several remarkable instances of great men retiring from public life into privacy and seclusion. None, however, can compare to Charles V., who in 1556 exchanged the crowns of kingdoms for the seclusion of a monastery. The only historical parallel to such a renunciation of power is the involuntary abdication of Napoleon the Great; but, in the latter, the renown, the ability, and power, are the only points of similitude, the chief point, that of voluntary abdication of the pleasures and pomp of greatness, is wanting.

Hence the peculiar interest attaching itself to the history of the last days of Charles V. His contemporaries, as the old Pope Paul IV., dismissed the subject from their minds by adopting as a received fact that the emperor had lost his senses; historians, as Robertson and Sandoval, were equally wide of the mark when they pictured the statesman and warrior as a humble ascetic, clothed in serge, immured in the solitude of a cloister, and given up to nothing but pious exercises.

The light thrown in modern times upon the last days of Charles V. has had one common source. This is a large MS. volume, written by Tomas Gonzalez, designated, "*Receiro, estrancia y muerte del Emperador Carlos Quinto en el Monasterio de Yuste.*" This MS. was left by Tomas to his brother, Manuel Gonzalez, keeper of the archives of Simancas, and he sold it for £160 to the French government. This MS. was the basis of Mr. Stirling's charming work, "*The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.*," and of M. Amédée Pichot's interesting "*Chronique de la vie intérieure et politique de Charles Quint.*"*

M. Mignet has been enabled to add to

this invaluable source of information others not less important and interesting, derived from the archives of Simancas, and collected and published by M. Gachard, under the title of "*Retraite et Mort de Charles Quint au Monastère de Yuste.*" The last work constitutes an essential complement to all that has hitherto been published upon the subject. What adds still more to the value of M. Gachard's work is, that he has also been able to avail himself of a memoir on the conventual life of Charles V., discovered only four years ago among the archives of the feudal court of Brabant, written by a monk living in the convent at the time; and the narrative of the monk is more circumstantial and satisfactory than even that of the Prior Fray Martin de Angulo himself, and who has been almost the sole authority with Sandoval in his "*Vida del Emperador Carlos Quinto en Yuste.*"

It appears from these new materials thus obtained and compared with one another, and certain inedited despatches of which M. Mignet has also been able to avail himself in his newly-published work,* that Charles V. entertained the idea of withdrawing from the pomps and vanities of the world from a much earlier period in life than has hitherto been supposed.

An inedited letter of the Portuguese ambassador, Lorenzo Pirez, to King John III., dated 16th January, 1557, and for reference to which M. Mignet expresses his obligations to Viscount Santarem, attests that Charles V. first entertained this idea upon the occasion of his narrowly escaping shipwreck on his return from the expedition to Tunis in 1535. In 1539 the death of his beloved wife, the Empress Isabella, revived the feeling in still greater intensity. The contemplation of the quick destruction that awaited upon human beauty and power alike, and the narrow home to which both were ultimately consigned, made the resolve to with-

* We regret to have received M. Amédée Pichot's work so late this month as not to have been able to incorporate some of the curious facts which that distinguished writer has eliminated, regarding the habits and manners of the illustrious recluse, into the present article. The subject is, however, far too interesting to be passed over cursorily, and we shall gladly avail ourselves of M. Pichot's researches on a future occasion.

* Charles Quint son Abdication, son Séjour et sa Mort au Monastère de Yuste. Par M. Mignet, de l'Académie Française.

draw from the world so fixed, that he actually shut himself up for a time in a convent of Hieronymite monks at Sysla.

At the time when Charles V. first entertained these ideas of religious seclusion he was scarcely forty years of age, and at the height of his power. The responsibilities of his position, and the necessity of providing for a safe succession to the throne, alone delayed the execution of this desire, which, as years rolled on, became increased by the infirmities which overtook him, and which were a natural consequence of his incessant activity, his mode of life, and of holding in his hands a power too great and too much dispersed to be within the compass of the genius and the administrative capacities of one man.

Of middle height, but well-set, Charles V. had been remarkable in his early days for his prowess in the chase, the tournament, and in all athletic exercises. He had even entered the arena to combat with bulls. The remarkable activity and vigor of his intellect were betokened in his spacious forehead, and interpreted in his penetrating look. A defect in the lower part of the face was, however, as injurious to his health as much as it detracted from his looks. The lower jaw advanced beyond the upper one so much, that when he closed his mouth his teeth did not meet. The teeth themselves were also few in number, and very irregularly disposed, so that he stammered a little, and digested badly. His appetite was as capacious as his intellect. The Englishman, Roger Asham, has recorded the surprise he experienced at witnessing the emperor's voracity. Boiled beef, roast mutton, baked leveret, stewed capon, nothing came wrong. Five times, says the venerable chronicler, he dipped his head into his glass, and each time he did not drink less than a quarter of a gallon (a quart) of Rhenish wine.

Van Male, the emperor's *ayuda de cámara*, complained bitterly that even when ill he could not dispense with his usual dishes and drinks. His wine was always iced, and his beer, which he imbibed the first thing in the morning, was left all night in the open air to cool. He was particularly partial to fish, and to the horror of his attendants he ate his oysters raw as well as boiled and roasted!

The emperor was also given to certain pleasures, in which, according to the expression of a contemporaneous ambassador, *il ne portait pas une volonté assez modérée; il se les procurait on il se trouvait, avec des dames de grande et aussi de petite condition*. Excesses in the cabinet and the field, at table and in

the boudoir, soon brought this great mind and powerful frame low. In 1518 he had an epileptic fit when playing at tennis; and in 1519 he was struck down when attending mass at Saragossa. Gout assailed him by the time he was thirty years of age. Its attacks, more and more frequent and more and more prolonged, bore more particularly in his hands and knees. He could not always affix his signature when wanted, and often when he was in the field he could not mount his horse, but had to follow the army in a litter. Thus assailed by infirmities, tormented in addition by asthma, subject to a flux of a most exhausting character, irritated by cutaneous eruptions on his right hand and in his feet, his beard and hair prematurely grey, he felt his strength and capabilities abandoning him at the very time that the aspect of affairs was most threatening.

Add to all this, Charles V. had a decided inclination for religious exercises. To use the words of his biographer, "The perusal of the Old and New Testaments possessed great attractions for him; the poetry of the Psalms struck his imagination and stirred his soul. The magnificence of the Catholic ceremonies, the affecting grandeur of the expiatory sacrifice in the mass, the music mingled with prayer, the beauty of the arts relieving the austerity of the dogma, the mediatory power of the Church giving succor by absolution, and reassuring the weakness of the man and the anxiety of the Christian by repentance, all combined to retain him with fervor in the olden form of worship."

His policy also, it would appear, helped in no small degree to confirm him in the olden faith. Successor to those Catholic monarchs who had recovered the Spanish peninsula from the Moors; possessor of a great part of that Italy in the centre of which was placed the seat of apostolic tradition and Christian government; chief elect of that holy Roman empire whose crown, from Charlemagne to his own day, had been placed on the forehead of the emperor by the Pope's hands; he was bound to preserve and to defend the ancient creed of his ancestors and of these different realms, and the hereditary worship with which were associated the fidelity of his subjects, the principle of existence of many of his states, and the solid grandeur of his domination.

This sense of duty, this feeling of political necessity, may have served in no small degree to uphold the fervor of Charles V.'s religious convictions. He attended several masses in the day. He communicated at the

great festivals. Upwards of an hour every morning was devoted to religious meditation. He had even composed prayers himself. His last political and warlike efforts were directed against Protestant ascendancy in Germany; they were those also which were attended with the least success of any undertakings which marked his once brilliant career.

Charles V. having decided upon cloistral seclusion, the Hieronymite monks obtained his preference. They constituted an order which was almost exclusively Spanish, having been founded by a few hermits of the Peninsula, who in 1373 obtained the authority of Pope Gregory XI. to unite in religious congregations under the name of St. Jerome and the rules of St. Augustin.

Their first monastery had arisen at San Bartholome de Lupiana, near Guadalajara, on one of the airy heights of Old Castile. From thence they had rapidly spread over the plain of Toledo, into the pine forests of Guisando, among the myrtles of Barcelona and Valencia, under the vine-clad bowers of Segovia, and into the chesnut forests of Estramadura. Placed at no great distance from the towns, in agreeable and secluded situations, they had covered the Peninsula with their establishments—from Granada to Lisbon, from Seville to Saragossa. They had devoted themselves in the first instance to contemplation and prayer. They lived upon charity, and from the middle of night to the end of the day they sang to the praises of God with a rare assiduity and a singular pomp. Soon enriched by the gifts of the people and the favors of princes, the Hieronymites, whose entire order was governed by an elective general, and each convent ruled by a triennial prior, added science to prayer and the cultivation of letters to the practice of psalmody, and from poor monks they became the opulent possessors of extensive lands, of numerous flocks, and of rich vineyards. No other monks in Spain celebrated Catholic worship with a more imposing dignity, could rival the sweetness of the music of their choirs, distributed such abundant charities at the gates of their convents, or offered in their establishments a more generous hospitality to travellers.

At Notre Dame de Guadalupe, one of the three most venerated and most frequented sanctuaries in Spain, their convent was in extent like a town, and was, by its fortifications, rendered as strong as a citadel. Here the Hieronymites kept their treasure in a tower; here their spacious cellars were always full; their beautiful gardens were clothed with orange and lemon trees; while on the neighboring mountains they pastured flocks of sheep, cows, goats, and pigs. In Estramadura alone they possessed fifty thousand feet of plantations of olives and cedars; and in their spacious refectories the table for visitors and pilgrims was laid six or seven times a day with bounteous profusion.

It was near a monastery of this description,

given to prayer and to study, that Charles V. resolved to withdraw. He had always held monastic life in peculiar veneration. This veneration was a kind of heirloom, which he had from his grandfather, and which he transmitted to his son. Ferdinand the Catholic had built two monasteries of the same order after the victory of Toro, in 1475, and the conquest of Granada, in 1492; and he had retired to one of these cloisters upon the death of the queen, Isabella of Castile, and when he felt himself at the point of death, he repaired to Madrigalejo, to a house belonging to the Hieronymites, whom he had constituted guardians of the royal tombs. Philip II. was destined to found for the same order the vast Escorial, in commemoration of the battle of Saint Quentin, and there he also in his turn both lived and died. Charles V., who had been on several occasions the host of the Hieronymites, in their convents of Santa Engracia, of Sysla, and of Mejorada, resolved to end his days in their cloister of Yuste.

Yuste, to which the emperor's adoption was to give so much celebrity, had been founded at the commencement of the fifteenth century, near a rivulet from which it took its name, in a mountain chain of Estramadura, cut up by valleys, clothed with trees, and watered by numerous rivulets that flowed down from the summits of the mountains. From this picturesque site—having to the east and to the south the plains of Talavera and Aranjuelo—the eye followed the course of the Tietar and the Tagus, dived into the fine cultivations and smiling villages that lay nestled amid the woods of the magnificent basin of *Vera de Plasencia*, and rested finally in the distance on the azure outline of the Guadalupe mountains.

Such was the monastery which Charles V. selected for his place of retirement. The pleasing salubrity of the spot and its peaceful solitude were alike adapted for an infirm and weary mind. But while he nominally withdrew among the Hieronymites of Yuste, whose extensive knowledge and pious regularity he duly appreciated, he by no means intended himself to adopt their mode of life. What he proposed to himself to do, was to build close to their monastery a separate edifice, from whence he could enjoy the free use of the church of the monastery, or, when it suited him, the company of the monks, but at the same where he could preserve his own independence while he respected theirs.

Three years before his abdication, he had a suitable residence planned by Gaspard de Vega and Alonso de Covarruvias, the two most celebrated architects in Spain, and he left the superintendence of its building to the Prior Juan de Ortega, under the direction of the Infante and the secretary of state, Vasquez de Molina.

Many circumstances of high political import caused the emperor's abdication to be delayed for some time. Among these were

the hostile alliance of Henry II. of France with the Pope Paul IV.; the state of the Low Countries; the marriage of the Infante with Mary of England; and the final measures necessary to ensure a peaceful succession to his son.

At length, on the 3d of February, 1557, the emperor took formal leave of his court, where the deepest grief prevailed at the step taken by their illustrious master. Being placed in a litter, he started on horseback, accompanied by Count Oropesa, La Chaulx, and Luis Quijada. At the same time, the halberdiers who had formed his body-guard threw their halberds down upon the ground, as to intimate that the arms which had been employed in the service of so great an emperor could never be used in the service of any one else. The procession traversed the bottom of the valley in silence, and slowly ascended the slope of the mountain on which stood the monastery of Yuste. The emperor arrived there at five o'clock in the evening. The monks were waiting his arrival in their church, which they had illuminated, while their bells rang a merry peal. They went out in procession to meet the emperor, carrying their cross before them, and received him chanting the *Te Deum*. They were, says an eye-witness, transported with joy at seeing that which they never could have believed. Charles V., descending from his litter, placed himself on a chair, and had himself carried up to the steps of the high altar. There, having on his right Count Oropesa, and on his left Luis Quijada, after prayer he admitted the monks to kiss his hand. The prior, clothed in his cap, was somewhat nervous in the presence of the powerful sovereign who had established himself as a religious guest in his convent, and intending a compliment, made use of the expression "Your Paternity." "Say your Majesty," interrupted a monk who stood by. Charles V., on leaving the church, examined the whole of the monastery, after which he withdrew to his own private abode, of which he took possession the same evening, and which he was destined never to leave.

The house erected for the reception of the emperor and his suit stood to the south of the monastery, and overlooked the *Vera de Plasencia*. It contained eight rooms of very modest dimensions, four below and four above, and the rear was protected by the walls of the church. A balcony in front was shaded by orange and lemon trees, and enlivened by flowering plants. The waters of the mountains were also brought to play in

fountains—one of which, lined with Dutch tiles, was so capacious as to serve as a pond for the trouts brought from the neighboring villages. Below was the garden of the monastery, which had been given up to the emperor. A door opened from the emperor's bedroom on the upper story into the church, so that he could participate in divine service without mixing with the monks. Philip II. managed a similar contrivance at the Escorial. Monarchs love to be exclusive, even on the threshold of heaven. The imperial study was also charmingly situated, and commanded a delightful prospect.

Charles V. lived in this humble abode as a monk, without ceasing to be an emperor. Without possessing the luxuries of a palace, his habitation was not without such conveniences and decorations as belonged to the epoch. The walls were lined with Flemish tapestry. His own room alone was lined throughout with fine black cloth. The couches, chairs, and stools, were similarly covered, some being decorated with rich black velvet. He had two beds most luxuriously furnished, and no end of clothes, dresses of linen, and materials for the toilet. His great favorite, Titian, had painted himself at all ages, his empress, and all the members of the royal family. Many of these portraits were there, so that he had them always before his eyes. He was particularly partial to one picture by the same master; it represented the royal family invoking the Trinity. This picture, afterwards removed to the Escorial, is now in the Royal Museum of Madrid. He had many other religious subjects from the pencil of his favorite, as well as crucifixes and Virgins sculptured by Miguel. He had also a collection of relics, in whose virtues he had learnt to place every confidence as memorials, but probably little more.

The emperor's passion for clocks was so great, that, complaining one day to his major-domo, Baron de Montfalconnet, of the inaptitude of his cook, the latter retorted that he no longer knew how to please his majesty, unless he should try the efficacy of a stew of clocks. The mechanician Juanello had gratified the imperial inclinations this way, by clocks of all shapes and sizes in exceeding number. He had also dials, compasses, quadrants, and other mathematical instruments, besides a good collection of maps.

His collections of books was not extensive, but the list given by Gonzalez is very interesting, as indicative of the resources of

Charles V., at a time when it was considered proper to give to a prince the practice of warlike exercises and the habits of a *gentleman*, and not habits of seclusion among books, like a monk or a philosopher. Charles was, however, all four, and more; and he is said to have begun the task of inditing his own commentaries, in imitation of those of Julius Cæsar.

The emperor, a victim to so many infirmities, had also a considerable collection of medicinal talismans. He had stones set in gold proper for staying hemorrhages; bracelets and rings of bone set in gold, efficacious against hemorrhoids; a blue stone set in a claw of gold to keep off the gout; nine English rings, efficacious against cramp; a philosopher's stone, which had been given to him by a certain Doctor Beltran; and lastly, several bezoar stones brought from the East, and powerful to oppose many disorders. Sad reality had, however, taught him to look more to the aid of his physician, Mathys, and the remedies of his apothecary, Overstraeten, than to his numerous charms and amulets.

His services of plate were royal in extent and magnificence. He had a double service silver-gilt for the altar of his private chapel, cabinets of gold, silver, and enamel, were filled with costly jewels and objects of vertu. His table, toilet utensils, vases, basins, fountains, decanters, even utensils for the kitchen, cellar, pantry, brewery and pharmacy, were all alike of silver.

The service of the house was performed by no less than fifty persons, under the direction of the major-domo, Luis Quijada. This list comprised secretary, physician, apothecary, clockmakers, cooks, bakers, butlers, a master of the wardrobe, four *ayudas de cámara*, four *barberos*, brewers, confectioners, fruiterers, cheesemongers and poulterers, huntsmen, gardeners, litter-bearers, valets, porters, scribes, washerwomen, and their assistants: there were also a chaplain and a Franciscan monk to confess the household, so that Charles V.'s hermitage was, in reality, a monastery within a monastery. The wages of his household alone came to 8,400*l.* a year.

All these people could not be accommodated in an eight-roomed house, so that a portion dwelt at the neighboring village of Quacos, another lived in the monastery itself, some in the cloisters, some in the hostelry department. At Quacos were also eight mules kept for the transport of provisions, as also an aged infirm horse, the only one that had followed his master's fortunes. The Princess of Spain had nominated a

magistrate, clerk, and alguazil to the village of Quacos, to settle disputes that might arise between, the country-people and the emperor's retinue.

Although thus entirely independent of the monastery, Charles had selected from among its monks his confessor, Juan Regla, his reader, and three predicators. Juan Regla was a very learned and acute theologian; so liberal that he had been obliged to abjure eighteen propositions denounced by the Holy Inquisition; but he was also servile, insinuating, and worldly—just the kind of confessor for an imperious penitent. So, also, he became the confessor of Philip, after having been that of Charles. The latter appears, with all his piety, to have been more dogmatic than humble in his religious practices. Juan Regla had demurred at first at undertaking the responsibility of being confessor to the queen. "Be easy upon that score," said Charles V. to him. "I have had near me for a whole year, before I left Flanders, five theologians and canons of the Church, with whom I discharged my conscience upon all past affairs. You will only have to know that which may happen in the future." The happy casuistry of these learned theologians and canons for discharging an overburdened conscience, had no doubt found profound and mystical excuses for war, ambition, gluttony, and all other possible sins and vices. Charles V., who could command absolution from the most learned theologians, could afford to treat the aid of Juan Regla as a very indifferent matter: his clear intellect must, however, often have whispered to him how unsafe were all such foundations for hope, unless backed by true repentance.

Charles was alike zealous and regular in his religious practices. Every day he heard four masses and a funeral service, and on the Thursdays he had a grand sacramental mass. In order to give all the accessories of good music to these services, monks with fine voices, and who sang beat, were sought out from all the monasteries in Spain and brought to Yuste.

The day was passed with the same regularity, only that it was sometimes disturbed by political and other business. On waking up, the first thing was to eat; his stomach could not remain empty. This habit was so inveterate, that it could not be given up either to sickness or religion. Even the days when he took the communion he was not fasting—the latitudinarianism of the Romanists showed itself in this matter, as

well as others. The Pope, Jules III., had granted, in virtue of his apostolic authority, an absolution for the past and a dispensation for the future, in regard to communicating "upon a light breakfast," or even "such food as might be deemed necessary."

The first who attended upon the royal recluse was the confessor, Juan Regla. At ten o'clock the *ayudas* and *barberos* dressed him. Then, if well enough, he went to church; if indisposed, he listened to the service from his bed-chamber. At dinner, when he had the free use of his hands, he would cut up his meat himself. After some conversation with his physician and secretary, Juan Regla would read to him extracts from the fathers of the church, after which he would take a brief siesta. Wednesdays and Fridays he went at three o'clock to hear a sermon from one of his preachers; when not well enough to attend himself, which was frequently the case, he made Juan Regla give him an account of the sermon. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, were devoted to lectures by Doctor Bernardino de Salinas.

If there is no greater mistake made by most historians than that Charles V. lived either in cloistral seclusion, in poverty of vesture, in exercises of piety, abrogation of personal dignity, deficiency of attendance, or self-denial of any kind, equally far from the truth is it to suppose that he gave up all interference with secular and political matters. Sandoval and Robertson have been alike in error upon these points. "In this retreat," says Mignet, "at once pious and noble, in this life dedicated to God, but still occupied with the great interests of the world, his mind remained firm, his aspirations lofty, his character decided, his views bold; and he gave upon the conduct of the Spanish monarchy the most valuable advice, and the most judicious directions to his daughter, the regent of Spain, and to the king, his son, who solicited them with urgency, and followed them with respect."

Hence, shortly after Charles V.'s withdrawal to Yuste, his time was largely occupied with Lorenzo Pirez in negotiating with Jean III. the transfer of the Infante Doña Maria into Spain, as also with matters concerning the war in Italy and the Low Countries. So great were the perils of Philip, that the young king even sent his favorite, Gomez da Silva, to induce the emperor to quit his retirement and resume the imperial crown. Charles refused, but withheld neither his influence, his counsel, nor his means

from his son in difficulty. He exerted himself with the greatest energy to raise additional moneys throughout the country, and to transmit them to the seat of war.

The health of Charles V. went on at the same time improving under the influence of retirement, a fine climate, and good living, combined with an habitual recurrence to pills and senna wine. He, upon one occasion, asked for an arquebuse, and shot two pigeons, without requiring any assistance to rise from his chair, or to hold the gun. He also dined, upon another occasion, in the refectory of the convent; but he was never tempted to renew the experiment, and is said to have hurried away rather indecorously from the table before the conclusion of the repast.

The monastery of Yuste, once so tranquil and silent, had become a centre of movement and action. Couriers were incessantly arriving and taking their departure. Charles received the visits of many persons of distinction; he was universally appealed to, to settle differences and disputes among those in authority; some came to consult him, some to ask for favors. Among the most distinguished of these visitors were his sisters, the Queens Eleanor of France and Mary of Hungary; the Emperor was delighted to see them. They found him passing the little time which his pious exercises and affairs of state left to him in improving and embellishing his abode.

The second year that Charles spent at the monastery was more disturbed by sickness than the first, and events without contributed to these unfavorable symptoms. At the end of November, 1557, he experienced a very violent fit of gout, from which he did not recover for a month. It was at this very time that he received the news of the humiliating peace concluded in Italy.

Little tribulations also came with greater ones to irritate a broken-up constitution. The villagers of Quacos quarrelled with his followers, poached his trouts, and even took his cows if they got beyond bounds: 800 ducats were abstracted from his strong box, but he would not permit any of his attendants who were suspected to be put to torture. A severe relapse of gout came on, on the 4th of January, 1558. On the 2d of February the news was communicated to the emperor of the capture of Calais by the Duke of Guise. Upon hearing this, the suffering monarch said he had never experienced so much pain in his lifetime. On the 8th, however, he was a little better; he eat some

fresh oysters, and sent to Seville for some sarsaparilla to make decoctions. Still his sufferings were so great that he was obliged to sleep with his lower extremities uncovered.

This month, on the anniversary of his admission to the monastery, Charles V. having been informed by the master of the novices that his novitiate had expired, and that he must make up his mind to make his profession as a monk, or he would not, after the expiration of the year, be allowed to quit the monastery of his adoption, he went through what Mignet calls *un simulacre de profession de monastique*. Feigned or not, with the exception of the ordeal necessary to establish that he was of *sangre azul* (blue blood) and unmixed with Jewish or Moorish fluids, mass, sermon, procession, *Te Deum*, and banquet, attended by all the neighbors in their best clothes, were duly gone through, and the Hieronymites of Yuste added to their list the name of a prince who from emperor had become a simple monk of their order. So strict had Charles become, that he now found fault with young women coming to participate in the charities of the monastery, and they were in future ordered not to approach so holy a place within two shots of a cross-bow, under penalty of a hundred stripes.

The imperial monk, however, whose name had been so lately inscribed on the registers of Yuste, was not long before he treated his brethren with a haughty indifference that had little that was monastic in it. The news of the death of Queen Eleanor came at the end of the same month to add to the afflictions of the recluse. When he heard that his sister, who was only fifteen months older than himself, and to whom he had always been tenderly attached, was dead, the tears flowed down his cheeks. "Before fifteen months are gone," he said, "most likely I shall keep her company." One half that period had not elapsed before the brother and both sisters were united in their last home.

The Queen of Hungary came in despair to Yuste to seek and to give consolation to her brother. Charles ordered an apartment to be prepared for her on the ground floor of his own residence. At this time the gout was travelling from one to another extremity, involving every limb in his body, his mouth was inflamed, his tongue swollen, and he was obliged to be fed upon *sopa*. Shortly after the arrival of his sister he is spoken of as only willing to eat herrings, salt fish, and garlic. He wished, and yet he dreaded seeing the Queen. "It does not appear possible," he

used to say, "that *la reine très Chrétienne* is dead; I shall not believe it till I see the Queen of Hungary come in alone." She did come in alone, and the emperor could not restrain his emotion on seeing her. Nor were his sister's feelings of a less tender character. She remained with him for twelve days, and during that time his health improved a little. Much could not be expected, for the state of his limbs debarred him from all exercise.

On the 2d of May, Charles V. learnt that the last crown, which he had preserved against his will—the imperial crown—had been placed on the head of his brother Ferdinand. He was from that moment, as he himself expressed it, *desnué de tout*. He renounced all the titles which he had preserved up to that period. He had his escutcheons removed from his apartments, and he ordered his name to be omitted in the prayers of the church. "As to me," he said to his confessor, Juan Regla, "the name of Charles suffices, for I am no longer any thing." But, adds his historian, although the imperial crown had disappeared from his apartments, although his titles had been effaced from his seals, although his name was no longer pronounced in public prayer, he remained what he had always been for the whole world. From Valladolid, as from Brussels, they never ceased to write to him as *l'Empereur notre seigneur*, and when speaking of him every one said the EMPEROR.

An unexpected event came to disturb the tranquillity of the recluse. Two focuses of Protestantism were simultaneously discovered at Valladolid and at Seville. Charles V., who regretted having spared the life of Luther when in his power at Worms, dictated the most cruel proceedings to his daughter to arrest the progress of heresy. He paved the way for, if he did not live to witness, the terrible religious executions of 1559 and 1560. He gave that stern impulse to the bigotry of the day, which attained its acme in the *auto-da-fés* which were celebrated with the greatest solemnity at Valladolid on the 21st of May, 1559, in the presence of the Regent Doña Juana, the Infante Don Carlos, and all the court; and the 2d of October, 1559, in the presence of the king, Philip II.; and at Seville, the 24th of September, 1559, and the 22d of December, 1560, before the clergy and nobility of Andalusia. The miserable Ozalla, notwithstanding his recantation, and the bones of Constantín Ponce de la Fuente, although he had perished in his dungeon before his sen-

tence had been passed, was placed on the funeral piles, whose flames devoured sixty-three living victims. By the side of these human beings, sacrificed in the name of an all-merciful God, appeared a hundred and thirty-seven others, condemned to lesser penalties, and who, clothed in the ignominious *san benits*, were reconciled with the church. "These frightful holocausts," says Mignet, "and these degrading reconciliations, were accomplished in the midst of demonstrations of satisfaction and joy on the part of a dominating clergy, a pitiless court, and a fanatic people. The Inquisition showed itself triumphant: after having conquered heresy, it mastered, so to say, royalty." Where, it might be asked, are now the abettors, the assistants, and the joyous witnesses of these horrible immolations?

The heats of summer in 1558 rather benefited the imperial recluse than otherwise. His mode of living continued nearly the same: he eat great quantities of cherries, as also of strawberries with cream, after which he partook of pasties well spiced, of ham, and fried salt fish, things that did not agree with his cutaneous disorders. His doctor, Mattheus, was by no means insensible to this fact; he was always complaining of the impracticability of his patient. "The Emperor," he said, "eats much, drinks still more, and will not change his mode of living, although his body is full of peculant humors."

Early in July, in this summer, Quijada brought his family to Quacos, and with them was the future conqueror of the Moors and the Turks, the hero of the Alpujarras, of Tunis, and of Lepanto, Don Juan—then known simply as Geronimo—son of Charles V., by Barbe Blumberg, a young and beautiful native of Ratisbon. Don Juan had been in various hands; at first in those of Francisco Massi, a musician, with whom he had passed his early years in shooting birds with a little cross-bow, in preference to attending to the lessons of the village priest. This free and open-air life had contributed much to render the child as strong and hardy as he was handsome by descent. His blue eyes and charming sunburnt face were shaded by long fair ringlets. Doña Magdalena de Ulloa, wife of Quijada, had adopted this beautiful child, and spared no pains on his education. No sooner had that noble lady and her precious charge arrived at Quacos, than Charles gave her an audience. Don Juan, who accompanied her, was called her page; but neither monks nor villagers were long in divining the truth. The young con-

queror, whose ardent temperament was little suited for cloistral seclusion, still visited, with respectful admiration, that emperor whom he subsequently had the glory of calling his father. When dying at the early age of thirty-three, Don Juan demanded as a favor that he might lie near his lord and father, and this wish was gratified by the bigoted Philip. "The noble and dear child," writes the historian, "whom the emperor had brought near him in the last days of his life, and whose interests he was looking to the very evening of his decease with a mysterious solicitude, was placed on his right in the same vault of the Escorial."

The health of the imperial recluse was in the mean time failing more and more. The cutaneous eruption in his legs was accompanied with such intolerable itching that he was induced to use means to repel it, which the good sense of his physician in vain objected to. He used to sleep in the month of August with open doors and windows, and he thus caught a cold, which brought on sore throat and a relapse of gout, such as he had not before experienced at that season of the year. On the 16th of the same month the emperor experienced a fainting fit, which left him very weak, without appetite, and feverish. At this time intermittent fevers prevailed in the neighborhood to an unusual degree. On the 28th a change took place, a violent thunderstorm broke upon the mountains, old trees were thrown down, and twenty-seven cows were destroyed by the lightning, but the air was refreshed, and the virulence of the fever abated. Yet it was the very day after this beneficent manifestation of Providence that, according to the Hieronymite monks, Charles V. experienced the first attack of the sickness which was destined to lay him low. This malady, if we are to believe the same monks, who have been generally followed by historians, was preceded, if not more or less indirectly induced, by the obsequies which the emperor was led to celebrate whilst still alive:

Eight days previously, that is to say, when scarcely free of the gout, and at a time when the eruption on his legs gave him grievous annoyance, in the midst of grave political matters and a very multiplied correspondence, the emperor held, according to the chronicle of the Prior Fray Martin de Angulo, the following conversation with Nicolas Bénigne, one of his *barberos*: "Master Nicolas, do you know what I am thinking about?" "About what, sire?" replied the barber. "I am thinking," continued the emperor, "that I have two thousand crowns to spare, and I am calculating how I could spend them on my funeral."

"Your majesty," replied B nigne, who seems to have been no courtier, "need not trouble yourself upon that score, for if you should die, we could surely see to that."—"You do not understand me," said the emperor; to see one's way clear, it is a very different thing to have the light behind one or to have it in front." The Chronicle of the Prior of Yuste adds, that it was as a sequence to this conversation that the emperor ordered the obsequies of himself and of his relations. Sandoval relates the conversation, but takes no notice of the obsequies; and hence it is probable that he did not believe in them.

The anonymous monk whose manuscript has been analysed by M. Baklitzin, and the Father Joseph de Siguenza, who probably copied the same in his History of the Order of Saint Jerome, go further in their narratives. According to them, Charles V., enjoying at the time perfect health, and in the best possible spirits, called his confessor, Juan Regla, and said to him: "Father Juan, I feel myself better, much relieved, and without pain; what do you think if I should have the funeral service performed for my father, my mother, and the empress?" The confessor approved of the suggestion; and in consequence the emperor issued orders that everything should be prepared for the said religious ceremonies. The celebration commenced on Monday, the 29th of August, and was continued on the following days. Every day, adds Father Joseph de Siguenza, the emperor attended with a lighted taper, which a page bore before him. Seated at the foot of the altar, he followed out the whole service in a very indifferently ornamented and poor-looking copy of *Les Fleures*. These pious commemorations being concluded, the emperor again summoned the confessor, and said to him: "Does it not appear to you, Father Juan, that having commemorated the obsequies of my relatives, I should also perform my own, and see what must soon happen to myself?" On hearing these words, Fray Juan Regla was much moved, the tears came to his eyes, and he said, as well as he was able: "May your majesty live many years, if it so pleases God, and do not let him announce to us his death before the time is come. Those among us who may survive him will acquit themselves of this duty, if our Lord permits it, as they are in duty bound to do." The emperor, who was inspired by higher thoughts, said to him: "Do you not think that it would be profitable to me?"—"Yes, sire," replied Fray Juan, "much. The pious works which are accomplished by a person whilst alive are of a much greater merit, and possess a much more satisfactory character, than those which are performed for him after death. Happy would it be for us all if we did as much, and if we entertained such good thoughts?" The emperor accordingly ordered that everything should be prepared for the same evening, and that his obsequies should be immediately proceeded with.

A catafalque, surrounded by tapers, was accordingly raised in the centre of the great chapel. All the attendants on his majesty came in the garb of deep mourning. The pious monarch, also in mourning and a taper in his hand, came

to see himself buried, and to celebrate his funeral obsequies. He offers up prayers to God for that soul to which He had granted so many favors during lifetime, so that, arrived at the supreme hour, He should have pity on it. It was a spectacle which caused those who were present to weep, and many would not have wept more had he been really dead. As to himself at the funeral mass, he went and placed his taper in the hands of the priest, as if he had deposited his soul in the hands of God, and which the ancients represented by the same symbol.

At noon the following day, the 31st of August, before evening had come on, the emperor sent for his confessor, and expressed the great gratification he felt at having performed these funeral ceremonies; he felt a degree of joy, he said which actually seemed to overflow within him. The same day he sent for the guardian of his jewels, and asked for the portrait of the empress his wife. He remained some moments contemplating it. Then he said to the keeper: "Lock it up, and give me the picture of the Prayer in the Garden of Olives. He looked for a long time at this picture, and his eyes appeared to express outwardly the elevated sentiments which pervaded his mind. He then gave it back, and said, "Bring me the other picture of the Last Judgment." This time the contemplation was longer than ever, and the meditation so deep, that his physician, Mathys, was obliged to warn him not to make himself ill by keeping the mental powers, which direct the operations of the body, so long on the stretch. At this very moment the emperor experienced a sudden shivering fit. Turning to his physician, he said, "I feel unwell." It was the last day of August, at about four in the evening. Mathys examined his pulse, and found that it was slightly affected. He was at once carried into his room, and from that moment the sickness went on always increasing.

Here, says M. Mignet, is a perfectly well-arranged scene, in which nothing is wanting. The generality of historians have accepted it from the monks, and some among them have added still more extraordinary details. Not only have they made Charles V. attend his own funeral service, but they have stretched him like a corpse on his bier. But the whole is according to the same authority, more than apocryphal. The nature of the ceremony, he says, the emperor's health, the occupations which took up his time, the thoughts which filled his mind, the testimony of his attendants, which contradict the tales of the monks, and authentic facts, which are in contradiction with the date assigned to this strange proceeding, do not permit the least credit to be attached to it.

On the 1st of September, Charles V. spoke to his major-domo and his confessor concerning his last testamentary dispositions. He felt that he was at the point of death. For

thirty years he had never had fever without having gout. He wished to add a codicil to the will he had made at Brussels the 6th of June, 1554.

On the 2nd, the cold fit came on nine hours before its time, and the paroxysm was so violent that it drove the patient out of his senses, and when it was over he remembered nothing that had happened that day. The paroxysm itself was followed by bilious evacuations. The night of the 2nd and 3rd he experienced much anguish, but as he was a good deal exhausted he fell asleep. In the morning, being a little better, he confessed himself and received the holy communion.

At about half-past eight Mathys opened a vein in the arm, and obtained about nine or ten ounces of a black, corrupt blood. This relieved the emperor a good deal, who eat a little at eleven, drank some beer and wine and water, and afterwards slept calmly for two hours. As his head was, however, still hot, Mathys opened one of the veins in the hand, much against his patient's wishes, who desired to be more efficiently bled, for he describe himself as feeling full of blood.

Having eat a little sugared bread and drank some beer, the same day, the 3d of September, he had another severe paroxysm, which lasted till one in the morning. The paroxysm of the 4th came on three hours earlier than usual, and, although not very violent, still caused him so great a heat and such intolerable thirst, that he drank eight ounces of water with vinegar syrup, and nine ounces of beer, and having got rid of his clothes, he lay with only his shirt and a silken counterpane over him. The crisis finished as usual with the evacuation of bilious and putrid matters.

In the intervals of the paroxysms the imperial monk was clearing his way to heaven by donations of thirty thousand ducats for the redemption of Christian slaves, as also for poor women and other necessitous persons. He also ordered divine service to be celebrated shortly after his death in all the monasteries and all the parish churches of Spain; he further founded perpetual masses, and in order that more prayers should be said at his tomb, he had prevailed upon the Pope to grant a jubilee, with plenary indulgences, as an attraction.

On the 6th of September the emperor had a paroxysm which lasted from thirteen to fourteen hours, during which he was incessantly delirious. The 7th he was somewhat better, eat some eggs in the evening, and drank some wine and water. Nevertheless

the inflammation was extending to his mouth, which was dry and painful. The attack of the 8th did not last so long, and was rather less violent, but he was as delirious as ever, and his face became livid. This day Doctor Corneille Baersdop arrived, as also a messenger from the Queen of Hungary. Charles V. experienced his last sensation of gladness on hearing that the queen had acceded to his request, and was about to resume the government of the low Countries.

By the 11th of September the interval between the febrile paroxysms had become less, the patient was also becoming weaker and weaker, and his stomach could not even retain a little mutton broth. The same day the grand commander of Alcantara arrived at Yuste, to no longer quit his dear and glorious master until his death.

The 16th the emperor rallied a little, but this was followed by a paroxysm of fearful intensity. The same night the fever came on with an amount of cold hitherto unknown. This was followed by black vomit, after which the hot stage seized upon him with such violence, and lasted so long, that he was twenty-two hours without motion or without speaking a word. He remained, indeed, in this frightful condition all the 17th and until three o'clock on the morning of the 18th. The physicians were apprehensive that he would not be able to stand another paroxysm, yet on the same day the emperor regained his senses, and only remarked that he did not remember what had taken place the previous evening.

The eleventh paroxysm occurred on the 19th, at nine o'clock in the morning. The preliminary cold fit was more intense than ever, and as upon the advent of the hot stage the imperial patient fell into the same state of insensibility as on the previous day, the physicians, apprehensive that he would not rally, requested that the extreme unction should be administered. Quijada objected to this for some time, from fear of the depressing effects of the ceremony on his master, who, albeit immovable and silent, might still be sensible as to what was going on; but at nine o'clock the physicians became so seriously alarmed for the fate of their patient, that the majordomo yielded. The confessor, Juan Regla, brought the extreme unction, which Charles V., says his historian, received in the enjoyment of perfect consciousness, in great composure, and with every feeling of devotion.

The moribund emperor, however, got through the night of the 19th and that of the 20th, fighting against the accumulation of

evils, till he had scarcely any pulse left. Having resumed his wonted self-command, it appeared as if by a supreme effort of will, he preserved his reason clear and the same pious serenity up to the moment when he expired. Having confessed himself again, he wished to communicate once more; but fearful that he should not have time if he waited till Juan Regla had consecrated the wafer in his own apartment, he bade them fetch the holy sacrament from the great altar of the church. Quijada did not think that force remained to him sufficient for the accomplishment of this supreme act of a dying Catholic. "Let your majesty consider," he said, "that it cannot receive nor swallow the host." "I shall be able to do it," replied the emperor, simply and resolutely. Juan Regla, followed by all the monks of the monastery, brought the viaticum in procession; Charles V. received it with the greatest fervor, and said, "Lord, God of truth, who have purchased our salvation by your death, I place my soul in your hands." He afterwards heard mass, and when the priest pronounced the comforting words of Christian redemption, "Lamb of God who takest away the sins of the world," he struck his breast with his faltering hand.

Before attending to these religious duties, the emperor had given a few minutes to terrestrial cares; at about eight o'clock he had made every one go out of the room except Quijada. The latter, going on his knees to receive his master's last words, Charles V. said to him, "Luis Quijada, I see that I am getting weaker, and that I am going bit by bit; I am thankful to God for it, since it is His will. You will tell the king, my son, he must take care of those who served me up to my death, and that he must not permit strangers to reside in this house." Then for half an hour he spoke in a low voice, very slowly, but with a certain firmness, of his natural son Don Juan, of his daughter the Queen of Bohemia, whom he would have wished had been happier with Maximilian, and of all who remained the object of his affections and of his solicitude in the world that he was about to leave.

At noon, the same day, Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo, who had distinguished himself by his violent propagandism in England, arrived. Charles V. mistrusted a man who had been denounced by the Inquisitor-General Valdes, but he was anxious to see him, as he was bearer of a message from his son Philip.

When Quijada introduced the unorthodox

primate, supported by two Dominicans, the archbishop went on both knees near the bed of the emperor and kissed his hand. The emperor, who was near his end, looked at him some time without saying anything, and then, after having asked for news of his son, he invited him to go and repose himself.

A little before night set in, the emperor bade Quijada have the consecrated tapers brought from the renowned sanctuary of Notre Dame de Montserrat ready, as also the crucifix and image of the Virgin which the empress had with her at her death, and with which he had already said he intended also to die. A few minutes afterwards his weakness increasing, Quijada summoned the Archbishop of Toledo, in order that he might be with the emperor at his last moment.

At the request of the dying monarch the primate read the *De Profundis*, accompanying each verse with remarks appropriate to the existing conjuncture; then, falling on his knees and showing the emperor the crucifix, he spoke those words which were afterwards imputed to him as a crime by the Inquisition: "Here is He who answers for us all; there is no more sin, everything is pardoned!"

Many of the monks who were in the imperial chamber, and the Grand-Master of Alcantara, were shocked at these words, which appeared to place in Christ alone the work of salvation acquired to man by the great sacrifice of the cross, without man having aught to obtain by his own merits. When the archbishop had finished, Don Luis de Airla immediately urged Fray Francisco de Villalba to speak to the emperor of death and salvation in more Catholic terms.

The two doctrines which divided the age were thus once more brought before Charles V., on the point of expiring. He listened with serenity, probably no longer capable of distinguishing between what was granted through the redeeming grace of Christ and what was expected from the moral coöperation of man.

About two o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, the 21st of September, the emperor felt his strength sinking, and that he was about to die. Feeling his own pulse, he shook his head, as if to say, "All is over." He then bade the monks recite the litany and the prayers for the dying, and he ordered Quijada to light the consecrated tapers. He next made the archbishop give him the crucifix which had served the empress on passing from life to death, and pressed it twice to his bosom and then to his mouth. Then taking the taper in his right hand, which

was supported by Quijada, and stretching out his left hand towards the crucifix which the archbishop held out towards him, he said: "The time is come!" A moment afterwards he pronounced the name of Jesus,

and then expired, sighing once or twice deeply. "Thus passed away," wrote Quijada in the midst of his affliction and his admiration, "the greatest man that ever was or ever will be."

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

SOMETHING ABOUT ROSSINI.

JOACHIM ROSSINI was born in 1792, at Pesaro, on the shores of the gulf of Venice. Upon the roll of his ancestors appear the names of two eminent men,—a governor of Ravenna, and the author of a valuable work on Italian statistics,—but his father was only an itinerant musician, who gained his livelihood by performing on a copper trumpet in the streets. The Christian name of this humble Orpheus was Guiseppe. He was a poor enough performer on his instrument, but seems to have been a merry-hearted fellow, who never suffered a care to cloud his brow, and was always happy and contented, provided he had *paoli* enow in his pocket to pay for one day's food and one night's lodging. In all his wanderings he was accompanied by his wife, who was one of the handsomest women, but, alas! also one of the worst singers, in the Papal States. If ever a coin were thrown to her husband more than would have reached him but for her, he did not owe it to the beauty of her voice, but to that of her person. In this respect she was strangely unlike the majority of her countrywomen, for, taken as a body, the peasant girls of the Romagna have finer voices than any other syrens in the world. But she was also unlike them in one other particular, and in *its* regard the comparison shows considerably in her favor. She was very economical, and Italian women generally are anything besides. It may be that she never greatly *added* to her husband's earnings, but she did a better thing in taking that good care of them, owing to which it was that he was enabled, at the age of forty, to purchase a little cottage, and to retire from his profession, possessed of enough to provide for not only his and her future maintenance, but also for the education of their son.

As a child, this son of theirs was as beautiful as his mother, who used to speak of him as her "little Adonis." Her ambition was that he should become an eminent singer, and as the first step towards its accomplishment, as soon as he had reached the age of eleven, she conducted him to Bologna, and placed him under the care of one Doctor Angelo Tesei, who taught him the first rudiments of music. So unusually rapid was his progress, that within the short space of three months he was qualified to become a chorister, in his capacity as which he earned nearly enough to pay the current expenses of his education. Nor was this *all* that he effected in it. In addition, by the beauty of his figure and features, his quick intelligence, and the surpassing sweetness of his "divine" soprano voice,—which was as limpid and melodious as we imagine those of the angels,—he charmed Bologna, as it had never been charmed before, nor has been since. Old and young admired him with the same enthusiasm, and alike predicted great things of his future. But they spoke of it in their prophecies more as that of a marvellous singer than as a composer's. "He will yet make the greatest singer in all Italy,"—this was the verdict of the principal prelate of Bologna. And that of the majority of his flock was like it.

Two years passed, and Joachim Rossini, now thirteen, knew more than his master. So a new one was found for him, in the person of Stanislas Mattei, one of the ablest contrapuntists that Bologna—a city which has held so many—ever held. He studied under him fifteen months, and then made his *débüt* as a composer, by the publication of a promising cantata, entitled *Il Pianto d'Armonia*. This little composition won unbounded applause,

and obtained for its author the honor of being elected a director of one of the most important of the musical academies of Italy. This was in August 1808, and in the spring of the year following Master Joachim composed his first opera, completing it within six weeks of his seventeenth birthday. It was not placed upon the stage for nearly three years,—not until the spring of 1812, that is,—but long before 1809 had passed away, its principal airs were sung and admired throughout Italy. Though possessed of many faults, it is a marvellous production. Some of the melodies enshrined in it, have never been surpassed before or since, Rossini himself having done nothing better in his best days. They formed, moreover, the first specimens of a style of composition more intensely emotional than any that had preceded it, and were therefore better fitted than any other productions of a similar class then in existence to find their way to the passionate hearts of the Italians. And they did, in reality, find their way thither at once. Within three months their popularity became unbounded. In the autumn and winter of 1809, no one in Italy sang anything besides.

As is usual in such cases, the admiration of the Italians extended from the composition to the composer, and Rossini became the idol of the populace. Of all the peoples in the world, the Italians are the most enthusiastic worshippers of successful genius,—the Italian ladies especially never seeming to imagine that they can go far enough in their adoration of it. In this instance, nothing could exceed the haste with which they sought to throw themselves at the feet of "the divine maestro." He was young and handsome, and a genius; so they straightway ceased to value anything but his regard. He became at once, therefore, as he remained for fifteen years, the hero of more love adventures than fall to the lot, even in Italy, of a thousand ordinary men. The only strivings amongst the ladies of Bologna were, as to who should be looked upon with the greatest favor by Rossini. The day was gained by one Giudetta P. the wife of one of the richest advocates of Bologna. Deplorable must be the state of the morals of a country in which such things could be, but, with the consent of her husband, she induced him to accompany her to Venice, where her husband had given her leave to stay two months. There he wrote a comic opera in one act, which was immediately placed upon the stage, and was accordingly the first of his works that obtained the honors of representation. Its success was

immense, and entirely without precedent. It was applauded at the theatre with an enthusiasm so wild as to verge almost upon frenzy, and its principal airs were sung afterwards in the streets and in the *cafés*, and,—an honor which of all others Italian composers find always the most difficult of attainment, such excellent judges of music are these world-famous chanters of Tasso,—even upon the canals by the gondoliers.

In the meantime, her two months' leave of absence having expired, it became necessary for Giudetta to depart from Venice. There being those in the city of Saint Mark who, for the moment pleased him better, Rossini suffered her to return alone. But before she had been gone long, he began to grow weary of the homages of the beauties of Venice, and to sigh for those of the beauties of Bologna. So he followed her to the scene of his first triumphs, and soon afterwards gained there a more important one than ever, by the composition of *L'Equivoco Stravagante*. But, as was so well said by Jean Paul, "the paradise of men is always where they are not," and the recollection of the charms of a Venetian cantatrice, who had fallen in love with him, soon occasioned a second visit to the city of the Doges. He wrote there, for the carnival* of 1811, *L'Inganno Felice*, one of the most brilliant and most ravishing of his works.

As yet he was scarcely twenty years of age, but his reputation, young as he was, had already become so great that the managers of the first theatres of Italy disputed for the possession of the productions of his genius. It was Marcolidi, the Manager of La Scala, the famous theatre of Milan, who succeeded in engaging him for the autumn season of 1812. He wrote for that season *La Pietra del Paragone*, his *chef d'œuvre* in the buffo line. He had before achieved extraordinary successes, but that of *La Pietra* surpassed them all. From all parts of Italy people flocked to the

* In Italy, the theatrical year is divided into three seasons, or *stagioni*. The first and most important is that of the carnival, the *stagione teatrale del carnevale*, which commences on the 26th of December, and ends, at Naples and Venice, during the last days of Lent; the second is the Spring season, or *stagione della primavera*, which commences on the 10th of April, and finishes with June; and the Autumn season, or *stagione dell'autunno*, which opens about the 15th of August, or the 1st of September, and lasts till towards the latter part of November. It is customary for each *stagione* to be opened by the representation of a new opera,—in the majority of instances by a new company,—and if the opera be successful, it is represented every night till the end of the season.

Lombard capital to hear the enchanting music of this opera, sung so magnificently by Marcolini, Galle, and Bonoldi, then in the flower of their age and the noon of their talent. Rome and Naples, Florence and Genoa, sent enthusiastic deputations to La Scala every day; and so did nearly every other Italian city. The ladies of Milan became almost frantic, and could speak of nothing but the "Swan of Pesaro," the Bolognese Orpheus, the *Dio della Musica*! Never before was there witnessed so much enthusiasm, even in Italy; never, before or since, did musician achieve so magnificent a triumph.

Of course that is with the exception of Rossini himself, for each of his subsequent successes eclipsed all that had preceded it. The next in order was that of *Il Tancredi*, which was produced at Venice in 1813. To convey an adequate idea of the fanatic enthusiasm with which it was welcomed would be impossible. It had to be represented twice a day to satisfy the clamors of the Venetians. From the grand signor to the gondolier, every body sang airs from it. Even in the courts of justice it was impossible to keep silence; the people would sing *Ti Rivedro mi Rivedrai*. This air and one or two others seemed to have veritably bewitched them. They could not refrain from singing them even in church; so to make the best of the matter, the priests adapted them to sacred words, and ordered the litany to be sung to airs from *Il Tancredi*! In some of the Catholic churches of the continent it is sung to these airs still; and, unless we are mistaken, in some of those of London also.

But we must not omit to mention, in connection with *Il Tancredi*, an anecdote which well illustrates the marvellous facility of composition, the possession of which enabled Rossini to write a whole opera, when needed, within a fortnight. The Signora Malanotti, who was to take one of the principal parts in the new opera, like many an other eminent cantatrice, was about as capricious as even a petted woman of genius could very well be. When a morsel of music belonging to her part displeased her, she never hesitated to tell its author he must write another. In this instance, the evening before that on which *Tancredi* was to be played, she found fault with the first piece she was to sing, and flatly declared that she would not sing at all unless it was replaced by something which better suited her voice and talents. When word was brought to him, Rossini was just entering an hotel in order to dine. He was terribly vexed for a moment or two,

but there was nothing for it but to humor the *prima donna*, so almost insensibly he set to work. In Lombardy all dinners invariably commence with a plate of rice, and as the Lombards like their rice very little cooked, and as three minutes and a half are sufficient to cook it to the extent needed, the portion required by each particular guest is left uncooked at the public dining-rooms until he has actually entered and ordered dinner, for which he has thus to wait exactly three minutes and a half. At the door of the hotel Rossini parted from La Malanotti's messenger, and at the same moment met a waiter, of whom he ordered dinner. He then sat down and attempted to fulfil his task; and before his dinner was brought to him had actually begun and ended the famous air, *Di tanti palpiti*. He had thus composed this celebrated melody in as little time as is ordinarily allowed for the boiling of an egg! From this circumstance it has obtained from the Italians the soubriquet of the *aria dei rizzi*, or "the rice tune."

Il Tancredi appeared in the spring of 1813, and in the autumn of the same year, whilst upon the plains of Leipsic were being enacted the earlier portions of that tragic drama which had for its denouement the fall of the throne of Napoleon, the happy *maestro* gave to the world another masterpiece, the famous *L'Italiana in Algeri*. It was produced at Venice, at the theatre San Benedetto; and impossible as it may appear, was greeted with an enthusiasm which exceeded even that which had been roused by *Il Tancredi*. Before, the Venetians had been only frantic, this time they became absolutely delirious. The squares of the city were filled all day with immense crowds singing *Cruda Sorte* and *Langua per una Zella* enthusiastically. When Rossini appeared in public every head was at once uncovered, and every voice hailed him with shouts of "Long live the God of Music!" In a word, the Venetians decreed him all the triumphs,—excepting, indeed, that of taking the horses out of his carriage, which they omitted for the simple reason that there are no carriages in Venice.

Fifteen days after the first representation of *L'Italiana* Rossini wrote to his mother, and put upon his letter this Caesarian superscription "*All' illustrissima Signora Rossini, madre del celebre maestro, in Pesaro.*" "To the most illustrious Signora Rossini, mother of the celebrated maestro, in Pesaro." Its purport was to announce his intention to shortly visit her, an intention which he im-

mediately carried into effect. "Ah! my Joachim!" exclaimed the worthy mother on embracing him; "what a handsome—and famous man you have become! No one here sings anything but your music! All the women envy me for having brought you into the world!" But the joy occasioned by this return was interrupted by an incident which might have produced the saddest consequences. The young *maestro*, having attained the age of the conscription, was summoned to enter the army. On learning this ill news his mother fainted; but Joachim held hartshorn to her nose, and telling her to take courage, declared that the difficulty should immediately be got over.

There was then at Milan, the seat of the vice-royalty of Italy, a personage to whom the viceroy, the Prince Eugene, could refuse nothing. Rossini recollected that a year before this individual had evinced the utmost admiration of his genius, and he resolved at once to sit down and write to her. Three days afterwards the viceroy sent for his minister of the interior, and commanded him to see that Joachim Rossini should be exempted from military service. "I dare not take upon me," he said, "to expose to the balls of the enemy so precious an existence. Neither my contemporaries nor posterity would forgive me. It is perhaps only a second-rate soldier that we shall lose; but it is certainly a man of unparalleled genius that we shall preserve to our country." And with this the Prince dismissed his minister, humming as he did so a cavatina from *Il Tancredi*.

For the carnival of 1813 Rossini wrote for La Scala an opera which was comparatively a failure. He fully retrieved this failure, however, in the autumn of the same year by the production of *Il Turco in Italia*, a comic opera, which took the hearts of the Milanese by storm.

And now we approach a most important event in his life. "Glory" and wealth—these were in his eyes the essentials of human happiness. Of the first he had already won enough to satisfy the most craving appetite, but as yet he certainly possessed little enough of the second. He therefore determined to win more,—but how? There resided at that epoch at Naples a celebrated *impresario*, named Barbaja, who was famous throughout Europe for his wealth, and for the style of voluptuous magnificence in which he lived. "See Naples and die," says the Italian proverb; "See Naples and live better, said the author of *Tancredi*; and accordingly, one

splendid morning in the May of 1815, he embarked from the quay of Santa Lucia for Naples, bent upon visiting "the most illustrious Signor Barbaja, director of the Theatre Royal of San Carlo."

This Signor Barbaja, *impresario*, or director, of one of the most extensive theatrical establishments in the world, was at this period, in dramatic matters, the most powerful potentate in Europe. He had risen from the lowest ranks of the social scale—having been, turn by turn, before he became proprietor of San Carlo, pot-boy, horse-jockey, tavern-keeper, and spy—by force of industry, impertinence, and cunning, to the possession of as much power and as many honors as it is within the bounds of possibility for wealth to purchase. He was familiar with ambassadors and ministers of state, and was accustomed to treat King Ferdinand as an equal. He was surrounded by as many courtiers as the king himself, and lived in a style even more costly and magnificent. His palace was the most sumptuous in Italy, and was such an one as you read of in *The Thousand and One Nights*. It glittered with crystal gold and precious stones; was decorated with the most costly fresco and mosaic work, and its floors were carpeted and its walls hung with the richest productions of the looms of the east.

But then the Sardanapalus who inhabited this most luxurious of habitations not an uglier or more coarsely-minded individual existed in Europe. In his personal appearance he was exactly what Sir John Falstaff would have been translated into Italian. His proportions, however, were huger than Sir John's—Daniel Lambert could scarcely have exceeded him in corpulency. His little black eyes, which always sparkled with a look of consummate cunning, were almost hidden amid the fleshy folds of his immense face; his nose was as unusually large and rubicund as his hog like eyes were inordinately small; his ears were so utterly asinine in their proportions that they would have more than rivalled those of old king Midas; his neck would have served for that of a bullock or a buffalo; his belly was almost as large as a London water-butt; and his hands and feet were of corresponding proportions. His figure was thus grotesque in the extreme, but he was accustomed to dress it even more grotesquely; for one thing, wearing huge gold pendants in his ears, chains almost without number around his neck, and a couple of rings, set with the most valuable of jewels, upon each finger. As for his

manners, they were little better than those of the *lazzaroni* or street-beggars; and his language was that of the lowest orders of Italian society. Though unapproachable as a man of business, it is said that he could neither read nor write, and it is certain that he was not acquainted with a single note of music, neither did he understand anything of the art presided over by Terpsichor, so he was solely indebted for his success to his business talents, and to the tact with which he could manage and humor what he called "my public."

He was usually denominated the "Sultan of San Carlo;" and it was not without reason that this title was bestowed upon him. We have seen that his palace was as gorgeously magnificent as that of an Eastern prince, and in one respect it certainly resembled a huge harem, since it always constituted a home, for the time being, of whatever cantatrices had the good fortune to win the favor of the public of Naples. They were all expected to dine at a common table, but for the rest they each had a separate suite of apartments, a separate carriage, a distinct body of attendants, and an enormous salary. They all enjoyed equal privileges, except the *prima donna* of the day, who was always made mistress of the household and queen over the rest. In imitation of one of the customs of his favorite models, the *lazzaroni*, the Grand Sultan had a nickname for everything and every one connected with him, and upon each of the cantatrices who thus inhabited his mansion it was his usual practice to bestow the name of some bird. Thus one of them was his Linnet, another his Nightingale, and a third his Thrush. Collectively, he spoke of them as constituting his Aviary, whilst he denominated the male singers in his employment his Menagerie and gave to each of them the name of some wild beast.

This grotesque and *bizarre* personage received Rossini with the most flattering distinction. He at once installed him the best apartments in his palace, agreed to allow him the free use of his cellar, kitchen, and carriages, and, under certain conditions, an annual salary of two thousand ducats. This bargain made, for some time henceforth the life which was led by this man of genius was as follows:—He slept each day until eleven; took, on awaking, a first breakfast in bed; rose about mid-day, and spent an hour or two over his toilet, and when it was completed, came down and lunched with Barbaja. Lunch over, he spent an hour with the Signora Colbrand, who was, at that time, the

reigning favorite at Naples, and, by many degrees, the finest cantatrice in Europe. Leaving the celebrated "Nightingale of Madrid," he spent till six o'clock in the garden of some *café* in the suburbs, sipping wine and ices, reading the newspapers, and chatting with some of the principal members of the Grand Sultan's Menagerie. At six, he dined with Signor Barbaja, and, after dinner, repaired usually to San Carlo, and there amused himself till midnight either in passing from box to box, and chatting and laughing with first one great personage and then another, or in flirting with the singers behind the scenes. The performance concluded, he supped with some minister, or perhaps with the king himself, and retired to rest about two or three in the morning.

But if no part of his day was specially consecrated to labor, when was it that he managed to compose such magnificent works as *Elizabetta* and the *Barber of Seville*? When awake, he was composing *always*—when playing at dominoes, when walking in the streets, when amusing a dinner party with his sallies of wit or flights of fancy, and when relating, or listening to, a story or an anecdote. With him, composition was not a labor or a task. Of art, he knew nothing. Inspiration with him was everything, and that inspiration came upon him at all hours. His first care in the morning was to place in one of his pockets a few sheets of paper ready ruled for writing music, and upon these, with a pencil which he wore suspended from his neck, in the streets, the theatre, the *café*, or the *salon*, he marked down, in the order in which they flowed in upon his mind, the marvellous melodies which afterwards enchanted Italy—and not Italy alone, but all the world.

The first opera that the grand maestro wrote for Barbaja was *Elizabetta*. It was produced in the September of 1815, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. A few weeks after its first representation Barbaja was roused one night from his bed by a cry of "Fire!" proceeding from the neighborhood of his theatre, and in less than an hour afterwards San Carlo was in ruins. As the King Ferdinand felt its loss even more keenly than the Sultan Barbaja,—since he had long ceased to relish any other than theatrical amusements—he presented to the latter a large sum of money with a view to hastening its re-erection. But notwithstanding that the work of re-building was therefore carried on with the utmost possible despatch, it was ten months before San Carlo was again fit to re-

ceive an audience, and in the interim all its *personnel*, with the exception of Signora Colbrand, were dismissed. Rossini repaired to Rome, and there wrote *Torvaldo et Doriska* for the Theatre Della Valla. So unparalleled was the success of this work, that within six weeks it made the fortune of the director of the theatre at which it was produced, and ruined those of all the other theatres in Rome. Driven to desperation, the director of the Theatre Argentina, as a last resource, posted to Naples, borrowed from a rich merchant there a goodly number of ducats, hurried back, and throwing himself at the feet of the "divine *maestro*," implored him to write an opera for his theatre also, and offered the bag full of ducats as its price. Rossini was very willing to comply, and inquired for the libretto, intending to set to work upon it at once. But, pulling a long face, the director here informed him of a difficulty. He had ten or twelve librettos ready, but the censor had found culpable allusions in them all, and had refused to allow any of them to be represented. There was one way, however, in which this obstacle might be got over—the *maestro* could write music for some piece which *had* been represented already. Rossini objected strongly to this novel proposal at first, but since he could see no other way of winning the bag of ducats, which constituted a sum as large again as the largest he had as yet received for an opera, he at last promised to agree to it, provided the permission of the original composer could be first obtained.

The piece the director had fixed upon was *Il Barbier de Seviglia*, the original music of which was from the pen of Paisiello, who, till Rossini came and eclipsed him, was the greatest of Italian composers, and by far the most popular *maestro* in Italy. Rossini at once wrote to the deposed *dio della musica*, who had just quitted Paris to reside in Naples, bearing with him, as the last tributes paid to his genius, by *la belle France*, the cross of the Legion of Honor, and the first half-yearly instalment of a pension of 4,000 francs. At the bottom, the old *maestro* loved no music besides his own, and was bitterly chagrined at the successes of the young author of *Il Tancredi*—successes which threw every thing that he had himself achieved so deeply into the shade. But disguising his real designs, he wrote to Rossini in reply, that he doubted not that the brilliant genius of his young rival would enable him to invest an ancient theme with a new charm, and begged permission to tender beforehand his

felicitations upon the *chef d'œuvre* which he said would certainly be the result of the new labors, which, for his own part, he gave him full permission to enter upon. Upon the receipt of these more or less sincere congratulations, Rossini set to work, and, by one of the most marvellous efforts ever made by genius, produced the *Barber of Seville* in thirteen days. Poor Paisiello awaited its representation in a perfect fever of anxiety. Should it prove superior to his own *Barbier*, his masterpiece was surpassed, he was defeated in his own field, and his reputation was at an end for ever; but should it not equal it, he would reconquer his ancient sovereignty; his star, which had paled so wofully before the glory of Rossini, would resume the lustre it had had in the old days, and the Chevalier Paisiello would be once more acknowledged to be chief amongst all the *maestros* of Italy. But, alas! he was not permitted to resolve the problem. Six weeks before the representation of the *Barbier* of his rival he breathed his last, and three days afterwards he was carried to the tomb, followed by a vast number of the inhabitants of Naples, singing the *Dies Ira* to the wildly plaintive notes of his own famous funeral march.

But if he could have formed one, as he had intended to have done, of the multitude who assembled in the Theatre Della Valla to witness the first representation of Rossini's *Barbier*, the reception that it met with would have made his heart beat quick with triumph. Though certainly Rossini's masterpiece, and now by far the most popular of his productions, it was written in a style so different from that to which alone the Romans had hitherto been accustomed, that it was not until it had been represented several times that they even began to appreciate its beauties, whilst the first time it was placed before them they received it so rudely, that after the end of the second act the representation could not be carried on. But it soon recovered this seeming failure, and acquired the greatest measure of popularity ever awarded to an Italian opera. It has been hitherto, and still is, represented as often again as any other opera of the same school, and in 1819 that happened to it which never happened to any other opera of any school,—it was represented on the *same night* in seven of the principal cities of Europe, namely, in London, Paris, and Vienna; Rome, Naples, Venice, and Milan.

In the January of 1817 Rossini returned to Naples, bringing with him a new opera *Otello*. A hundred ducats per opera was all

that Barbaja had yet paid him, but for *Otello* he demanded five hundred, and declared he would not take less. The sultan said he was mad, and flatly refused to give him more than three hundred; but the threat that it should otherwise be taken to Venice ultimately caused him to accept its author's own terms. On the 12th of January San Carlo was reopened, but it was occupied nightly for the next four months with the renewed representation of *Elizabetta*, so *Otello* was produced at another of Barbaja's theatres, the Del Fondo. The part of the Moor was written for Garcia, the father of Malibran, but he having suddenly quarrelled with Barbaja and quitted Naples, it was given instead to an hitherto obscure subaltern, whose name had never hitherto appeared in any play-bill, but who became within three months the equal in celebrity of nearly the whole of those whose names figured there the most proudly. Of course we allude to Nozarri, the famous tenor.

The history of this Nozarri is curious. Originally one of the lazzaroni, or beggars, of the quay Santa Lucia, Rossini chanced one day to enter into conversation with him, and, being pleased with his intelligence and the originality of his character, invited him to come and see him at his hotel. To this benevolent invitation the lazzaroni responded with the best grace. He went once, and was invited to repeat his visit. He did so, and Rossini was so delighted with him that he offered to take him into his service. Upon this the poor fellow rolled his cap between his fingers with the air of a man who did not like to say no, but would do almost any thing in the world rather than say yes. Observing his embarrassment, the *maestro* asked him if he felt hurt at his proposal.

"Not in the least," replied the beggar of Santa Lucia; "upon the contrary, I feel honored by it, but still I do not much like the idea of entering into service. A lazzaroni, you know, can live upon a little; and if I can gain this little without, why should I work for it?"

"But are you not ashamed of gaining your livelihood by begging? Have you no wish to change this mode of existence for a better?"

"Ah, if I could have my wish, signor, I should not remain a lazzaroni long. But I would not become a servant, even to a great *maestro* like Rossini."

"What would you become then—a prince? a cardinal?"

"No! I would enter a theatre, and become a great singer!"

"With a salary of five hundred ducats?" added Rossini, laughing heartily at the apparent ridiculousness of the idea. "Well, and what easier? You lack nothing but voice and talent!"

"There I differ from you, grand *maestro*. If I do, so do Zamboni and Garcia!"

"What! do you sing, then?" cried Rossini, astonished beyond bounds at so much assurance: "if so, open your mouth, and let me hear you!" And he seated himself at the piano, in order to accompany him.

"What shall I sing?" asked the lazzaroni, with the utmost nonchalance.

"Any thing you choose,—you no doubt know the cavatina of Lindoro in *L'Italiana*?"

The lazzaroni did not answer, but in a firm and splendid tenor voice, sang the first measures of *Languor per una Bella*. Rossini was astonished. The lazzaroni sang with a vigorous accentuation, a limpidity of timbre, and a rich fulness of tone, such as even at La Scala he had never known excelled. His voice shook the windows, so great was the volume of sound that it emitted, but was as mellow in its tone as the richest notes of the finest organs. Rossini applauded him enthusiastically, declaring that a month's practice would make him the finest singer in Naples.

For the next five weeks, the beggar of the Quay Santa Lucia went every morning to receive from the grand *maestro* a lesson in music. At the end of them, he could read music at sight, so his illustrious protector gave him decent garments, and then presented him to Signor Barbaja. The sultan at once engaged him as a chorus singer, and promised to advance him at the earliest opportunity. That opportunity occurred as we have related.

It being known that one of their number was to make his *débüt* in a principal part, on the evening appointed for the first representation of *Otello*, all the lazzaroni of Naples assembled in the pit, or *paradis*, of the Theatre del Fondo, and occupied their time before the rising of the curtain, in recounting to one another the history of their old colleague. "Do I know him?" exclaimed, in reply to a question, an orator who, from the deference that was paid to him by his comrades, appeared to be the patriarch of the corporation; "know him? I have slept for four years on the same flagstone, and his father was the best friend I ever had. His name was Tito Maolio, and he was a *lazzarone pur sang*, if ever there were one! He could imitate the notes of every bird, and when he wanted to amuse his comrades, he would

bark and mew till they imagined themselves surrounded by all the cats and dogs of the quarter!"

"It is rumored," said one in the crowd, "that since he has entered the theatre, and worn fine clothes, he has become proud and refused to own his former comrades."

"Calumny! pure calumny!" cried the orator. "Why, no longer since than yesterday, I met him as he came out of the theatre. '*Buon giorno capitano*,' he said, as soon as he saw me, and then invited me to go and lunch with him. I agreed, so he took me to the *trattoria*, where we ate five dozen of oysters, and drank six bottles of *asti spumante*."

"Is that all true?" asked a dozen voices at once.

"Yes, and more than that," replied the orator, "for when we were about to separate, he asked me with all the delicacy imaginable, if I were short of money, and before I had time to answer, he thrust something into my hand. I looked, and lo! it was a golden crown!"

"*Eviva! Eviva!*" shouted all the lazaroni, delighted at the generous behavior of their old comrade, and resolved to do their best for his success.

With such antecedents an ovation was to be expected, in whatever manner the debutant might sing. But he sang so as to deserve one, and charmed not only the lazaroni, but the whole audience. He was recalled before the curtain after every scene, and when the representation was concluded, raised at once to the rank of *primo tenore*. He signed an engagement with Barbaja, by which he bound himself to stay with him five years, at an annual salary of four thousand crowns. This was a thousand crowns per annum more than he had paid Garcia.

Returning to Rossini,—we have seen that when he refused to take less than 500 ducats for *Otello*, it was only after much murmuring that Barbaja agreed to give that price for it; but its success was so great, that the sultan for once resolved to be generous, and instead, the morning after its first representation, sent him a thousand.

With these in his pocket, he at once departed for Rome, being tormented by the director of the Della Valla for a new opera. Arrived in the Eternal City, he wrote for him *La Cenerentola*, the composition of which was the work of eighteen days. It would, probably, however, have occupied him much longer, had not the impresario treated him, till it was finished, as we are told that the publishers sometimes treated our own

Goldsmith, and kept him literally under lock and key. Whilst he was thus confined, Frederic of Gotha several times sent to invite him to come and dine with him. But his gaoler each time intercepted the invitations, and took upon himself to reply to them with apologies, in Rossini's name.

La Cenerentola having been represented, the indefatigable *maestro* repaired to Milan. His arrival in that capital turned the heads of nine-tenths of its inhabitants,—those of the gentler sex especially. They paid him all the homages that could have been rendered to an emperor, and Rossini, intoxicated by so many exquisite flatteries and attentions, abandoned himself so completely to the natural gaiety of his disposition, that his life, for the next four months, was a wild romance. To render it perfectly such, it lacked nothing, least of all debts, and some of these before long became so pressing, that it grew absolutely necessary that measures should be taken for their liquidation. So meeting one day the poet Gherradino in a *café*, he begged him to furnish him at once with a libretto. "Never mind what it is," said he, "tragic or comic, good or bad, provided it is in two or three acts and will fill an evening. But let me have it to-morrow, and you shall have double price for it!"

No other argument was needed to persuade the poor poet to set about it without losing a minute. He ran home, and buried himself amid a vast collection of foreign pieces of all kinds,—English, French, and German; melodramas, tragedies, and vaudevilles. To which of these should he give the preference? For a long time he hesitated, and he was about to give up hope, when his hand at last alighted upon a little *brochure* with the title, *La Pie voleuse, Melodrame in Trois Acts*. "Not bad," murmured the poet, rubbing his chin, and without any more delay, he set to work. Twenty-four hours afterwards *La Pie voleuse* had become *La Gazza Ladra*, and was already in the hands of the composer. It must be confessed the muse of Gherradino was not a coy one!

Two months afterwards, *La Gazza Ladra* was represented. Rossini received for it, altogether, 1,500 ducats, 500 from Barbaja, and 1,000 from Ricordi, the music publisher, in whose back shop, by the way, it is said that two of its finest duets were composed in less than an hour, amid the noise occasioned by a dozen "readers" dictating music to as many copyists. First satisfying the claims of his numerous creditors, he now paid a visit to

his native town, Pesaro, and there, as everywhere else, was received with transports of enthusiasm. Banquets, escorts of torch-bearers, serenades—the Pesarese decreed him all the honors. He stayed with them a week, and then hurried back to Naples, and within five months wrote three new operas—*Armide*, *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, and *Ermione*, and the well-known oratorio of *Moses*. Then followed the famous mass, written in three days, which made the Neapolitans, when they first listened to it, forget they were in a church, and applaud as though they were in a theatre; and by the spring of 1820 its author had produced still three more operas—*La Donna del Lago*, *Bianca e Faliero*, and *Maometto Secondo*.

Hitherto, he had not crossed the Alps; his life, nomade as it had been, had passed entirely in voyaging from one Italian city to another. Still, idolized as he was in Italy, his fame was as great in other countries as in his own. "They speak of him," wrote a German author in 1819, "they speak of him every day in every part of the civilized world; at Rome and at Moscow, at London and Calcutta, at Paris and Bombay, at Vienna and Mexico! With the exception of Napoleon, no man of these ages has enjoyed a fame so wide, for its bounds are only those of civilization; Napoleon not excepted, no man has enjoyed a fame so glorious! And yet he is not thirty years of age!"

The numerous entreaties to visit them which now came to him from all the capitals of Europe, made the wings of the "Swan of Pesaro" tremble. But before complying with any of them, he resolved upon taking a far more important step—that, namely, of marrying the Signora Colbrand.

His determination to marry the "Black Nightingale of Madrid,"—who was not only the most charming cantatrice, but also the most superbly beautiful woman of her time,—was now not less than seven or eight years old. It dated from the day on which he first presented himself before the Signor Barbaja, that being also the occasion on which he first saw the Signora Colbrand. He was struck at first glance with her unparalleled beauty, but it was not on its account that he resolved that he would one day marry her. It was because she was the object upon which Barbaja delighted to lavish his untold wealth, the Danaë at whose feet the mighty Jupiter of San Carlo deposed a vast proportion of his uncounted treasures. For his own part, he was poor, and had lived too gay a life to permit of his longer caring much for love, or of

his looking upon marriage as anything other than a means whereby to enrich himself. He would certainly render it such by marrying the Signora Colbrand, and would certainly never meet with any one else so rich, who would be half so likely to be willing to marry him. So he formed his determination at once. He would marry her.

Nor was the fair Angelique herself at all behindhand in forming a similar resolution with regard to the maestro. From the first she was quite as desirous of one day marrying him, as he was of sooner or later marrying her. And her motives were of no worthier an order than were his; love had as little to do with the matter upon the one side as upon the other. The passions of both parties were pretty nearly burnt out; what each wished was simply to drive an advantageous bargain. By marrying the Signora, Rossini would gain wealth; by marrying the maestro, the signora would gain a rank in the world prouder and more honorable than the one she held at present, and one which she would not lose with the loss of her beauty, or that of her talents.

But notwithstanding the designs which each had thus upon the other from the first, fear of the jealousy of the terrible Barbaja, upon whom alike both parties depended, for a long time prevented a declaration being made on either side. And after it was made, they hesitated, for even a longer time still, to take the step which must inevitably change so powerful a friend into as powerful an enemy. It was not until the spring of 1822 that they deemed themselves in a position to break with him. On the 8th of the May of that year, however, they fled from Naples together, and seven days afterwards were married at Bologna. Nozarri, Ambrogi, and David, the heroes who had won so much renown under the banner of the bridegroom, assisted at the solemn ceremony. They carried the news of it to Barbaja the next day. How he bore it, history has not recorded.

Immediately after the celebration of their marriage Rossini and his wife departed for Vienna; and if the grand maestro, as the presiding genius of the school of music of all others the most opposed to that of the Germans, had felt any doubt with regard to the welcome he would meet with in the classic land which had given birth to Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, and had always been the rival of melodious Italy, they were instantly dispelled by the reception that was given him there. As soon as the news of his arrival was spread abroad he became the object of

the most flattering attentions; and when he appeared at the theatre, in the box of the Neapolitan ambassador, the whole audience rose, and saluted him with triumphal plaudits, repeated thirteen times. The next night one of his own operas was represented; and thereafter, so long as he remained in the Austrian capital, no work by another author was performed at any of the theatres. They sang his music both in German and Italian; and the enthusiasm which it and the presence of its author together excited knew no bounds.

One evening he gave a supper in honor of his wife, and all the wealth, beauty and talent of Vienna surrounded the banquet board. At that period Rossini was not only the greatest composer of his time, but also the finest appreciator of the things of the table. His cook was without a rival, and upon the preparation of this supper he had expended all his art. Dish succeeded dish, as at the table of Lucullus, each being rarer and more delicate than the last. To sit at such a table, and amongst such guests, was an honor to be coveted, but to sup off such viands was a treat to be had once in a life, and thereafter only remembered, not renewed.

When the cloth was drawn the richest wines of Hungary and France were poured forth freely, and the conversation became as animated as it was brilliant. Suddenly, however, there was heard above it a murmur as of a multitude without. Rossini went to the balcony, and found that the house was in reality besieged by an immense crowd, who had come there in consequence of its having been rumored all over Vienna that the maestro and some of his guests would that night sing upon the balcony to whomsoever chose to come and hear them. Great, at first, was Rossini's perplexity upon discovering this, for he knew that the effects which disappointment would produce upon the crowd were to be feared. But he soon decided not to disappoint them. "Signors," he said to those of his guests who had gathered round him, "it would be a shame to let so many brave people come here for nothing; so, since it is a concert they desire, why, let us give them one!"

Upon this, a piano was placed upon the balcony, and the maestro, with his table napkin hanging from his button-hole, sat down and sang a ritornello from *Elizabetta*. The audience applauded lustily; "*Viva! viva! sia benedetto! ancora! ancora!*" was vociferated with all their might by a thousand voices. David and Mdle. Eckerlin then advanced and sang a duett, which was followed by the same plaudits and the same entreaties

to continue. Nozarri succeeded with a cavatina from *Zelmira*, and then the maestro wrought the enthusiasm of the assembly to a climax by singing, with his wife, the admirable duett from *Armide*—*Cara per te quest, anima*. He intended that the delicious accents of this duett should close the concert, and attempted to retire amid the applause which followed it. His intention being perceived, however, the cries of "*Bravo!*" were changed for others of "*Fora! fora! il maestro!*" and he was obliged to advance to the border of the balcony and bow his acknowledgments to the excited multitude. A cry of "*Cantare! Cantare!*" then proceeded from all sides, and the maestro replied by singing in his gayest manner the famous melody from *Il Barbier*, "*Figaro qua, Figaro là*." This ended, he considered the matter carried far enough, and retired into the interior, ordering the shutters to be closed and the lights upon the balcony put out. But though he had had enough of it, the crowd had not, and when it perceived that there was no hope of the concert being continued, it became enraged beyond all bounds at the disappointment, and gave vent to its fury by throwing brickbats at the windows of him in whose favor, only a few moments before, it had witnessed so idolatrous an enthusiasm. Had it not been for the intervention of the police, it is probable the outrage would have been carried to a very serious extent. So fickle is the favor of the populace, so little to be depended upon the worship of the mob!

By the time Rossini had sojourned in the Austrian capital three months, the famous Congress had assembled at Verona. In obedience to a royal invitation, the maestro and his wife repaired there too; and the emperors, archdukes, and other illustrious personages who had met to settle the affairs of Europe, gave him the most flattering of welcomes. The members of the Congress not only danced every day, they sang also, sometimes at the house of the Duke of Wellington, sometimes at the palace of Prince Metternich, sometimes at that of the Count Nesselrode. Rossini, the veritable king of these musical festivals, in order to witness to the assembled sovereigns his gratitude for the many attentions he received at their hands, composed in their honor a cantata, which was executed at the Philharmonic Theatre by Velutti, Orivelli, Galli, and La Tosi. It won him the public expression of the thanks of three archdukes and two emperors, a hundred louis-d'or, a golden snuff-box for himself, and a necklace of pearls and diamonds for his wife.

Over the remainder of his life we must pass rapidly. When the Congress broke up he departed for Venice, and produced there his last Italian opera, *La Semiramide*. This represented, he repaired to Paris, arriving there early in 1824. Of his sojourn in the French capital nothing need be said, further than that it was one grand ovation. It lasted till December, in which month the maestro passed over into this country. Here he experienced the same reception, and passed six months in the society of the highest personages in the land, being even admitted into the intimacy of the king. He then returned to Paris, and remained there eight or ten years, producing in the mean time his last work, *Guillaume Tell*. He left Paris in 1834, and till the revolution in February, lived in retirement in a handsome palace at Bologna. Not liking, however, the aspect which things then bore in that city, in 1848 he established his house-

hold gods at Florence, and there the illustrious composer has ever since resided.

This is not the place in which to speak of the merits of his music. Like everything else that has been extravagantly praised, it has also been extravagantly blamed. It doubtless has many faults, but they are principally those of the school to which it belongs; and it certainly has the grand merit of having delighted greater multitudes than the works of any other composer, ancient or modern, and of still being able to delight to intoxication all but the most hypocritical of listeners.

But it is time to conclude this rapid sketch of the career of Joachim Rossini. Never was a career more brilliant or more glorious. If genius had in all cases been as well rewarded as in his, how many of the saddest chapters in the world's history would have been unwritten.

From the New Quarterly Review.

HISTORY OF THE WAR.*

WHEN the English reader reflects, that ever since the declaration of war against Russia until this present 1st October, 1854, his country has contributed towards the cost of that war at the rate of sixty pounds per minute, or three thousand six hundred pounds per hour—that moreover, upon the most moderate computation, from disease, forced marches, and the various casualties of the battle-field, one hundred and fifteen thousand of his fellow-men, in the full vigor of their prime,

have miserably perished—it surely needs little apology to call attention for a brief space even, to this somewhat hacknied topic.

How long the enormous disbursements we are now making may need to be continued, or whether they may hereafter admit of diminution or need increase, the wisest amongst us is certainly unable to predict. We may, however, take a cursory retrospect of the principal events which have led to this profuse expenditure of blood and gold, more especially since, curiously enough no succinct narrative has yet appeared treating the subject historically.

Begin we with the arrival at Constantinople of the Russian Ambassador, Prince Menschikoff, on the 28th February, 1853, an event celebrated with more than eastern pomp, for he was escorted from the quay to his hotel by upwards of 7000 Greeks, whose services had been previously retained.

Bearing the highest dignities that the Czar can confer, imperious in his demeanor, impetuous and overbearing in his language, he

* *Histoire des causes de la Guerre d'orient.*

Les Turcs et les Russes. Par A. H. DUFOUR.

The Serf and the Cossack. By FRANCIS MARX. Trübner and Co., 12 Paternoster Row.

The Siege of Silistria. A Poem. By WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON. Longman and Co.

Russia and the Czar. Ward and Lock, 158 Fleet street.

Travels on the Shores of the Baltic. By S. S. HILL. Hall, Virtue and Co.

Stanfords War Map of Russia. E. Stanford, 6 Charing Cross.

The Eastern Question: Speech of LORD LYNDBURST ON. Petheram, 24 High Holborn.

was well qualified, notwithstanding his advanced age, to deal with Orientals, and to execute the commission entrusted to him, though he perhaps scarcely anticipated the amount of energy latent in the Sultan's apparently languid character.

On the 2d March the Russian Prince, attired in the plainest manner, without a decoration of any kind, had an interview with the Grand Vizier, and was by him referred to Fuad Effendi, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Fuad Effendi had, however, uniformly distinguished himself by his determined opposition to the advances of Russia: Prince Menschikoff, therefore haughtily declined to hold communication with him. As was expected, Fuad sent in his resignation, and great was the consequent delight experienced at the Russian embassy. Nor was that satisfaction altogether unfounded, for Fuad Effendi was undoubtedly one of the ablest men in Turkey.

He was succeeded by Rifaat Pacha, a man of considerable talent, but by no means competent to cope with the daring policy of the Czar. Prince Menschikoff, indeed, now regarded the game as in his own hands, for he was provided with an autograph letter from the Czar, authorizing him to treat as a personal insult to Nicholas himself, any hesitation on the part of the Sultan or his advisers to accept the propositions submitted by him.

It is evident enough that Russia was at this time ill-informed as to the feeling, both of England and France on the subject of the "Eastern question," or she would hardly have ventured to commit herself so far as she did in the demands addressed to Rifaat Pacha by Prince Menschikoff, on the 19th April last year, of which the following is an abstract:

"1. A definite firman securing to the Greek Church the custody of the key of the Church of Bethlehem; of the silver star pertaining to the altar of the Nativity; of the grotto of Gethsemane (with the admission of the Latin priests thereto for the celebration of their rights); the joint possession by the Greeks and the Latins of the gardens of Bethlehem.

"2. An immediate order on the part of the government for the thorough repair of the cupola of the temple of the Holy Sepulchre to the satisfaction of the Greek Patriarch.

"3. A guarantee for the maintenance of the privileges of the Greek Church in the East, and of those sanctuaries already in the exclusive possession of that Church, or shared by it with others."

The note containing these demands, and

some others of minor importance, was couched in rather menacing if not insolent language, while the reply of the Porte was firm, temperate and dignified; expressive of its readiness to do all that could be fairly demanded of it, and concluding with a declaration of its inability to accede to such violation of its independence and national rights as was implied in the Russian note; appealing at the same time, to the emperor's own sense of justice and honor.

It would be quite superfluous to introduce here all the voluminous correspondence that ensued between the two Powers. Suffice it to observe, that whatever might have been the concessions on the side of the Porte, they would evidently have been met by further and still more exorbitant demands on the part of Russia, as the intention of that Power, from the first, was evidently to bring matters to an open rupture. Surely for no other purpose could the ruler of a vast territory have been suddenly called upon, as he had been not long before at five days' notice, to divest himself of all authority over many millions of his subjects, and to admit, in fact, of a partition of his empire. What the precise designs of Russia were, are clearly shewn in the following extract of a letter from Prince Lieven to Count Nesselrode:

"Our policy," said he, "must be to maintain a reserved and prudent attitude, until the moment arrives for Russia to vindicate her rights, and for the rapid action which she will be obliged to adopt. *The war ought to take Europe by surprise (!)* Our movements must be prompt, so that the other powers should find it impossible to be prepared for THE BLOW THAT WE ARE ABOUT TO STRIKE.

The Cabinets of London and Paris having received early intimation of what was going on, and being well satisfied that the Greek inhabitants of Turkey needed no additional protection, speedily concerted measures for the defence of the Ottoman empire and of their own interests. The political correspondence now became still more involved and prolix; but as more than mere verbal assurances were required to satisfy the Porte of the material support of the two great Western Powers, the combined fleets were directed to anchor in Besika Bay.

On the 4th June, the Sultan, still desirous of avoiding the responsibility of plunging his people into war, addressed to all the governments of Europe a notification of the necessity he felt himself under, of assuming a defensive attitude. This is known as the memorable Hatti-sheriff of Gulhany, a docu-

ment drawn up with much ability, evincing considerable firmness and moderation of tone and reflecting great credit on Abdul-Medjid and his advisers. For several years past, indeed, the Sultan has been quietly but steadily introducing a series of reforms into every department of his government, for which he has received little credit from Europe. The strong instinct of his predecessor, Mahmoud, had already marked out the career to be followed. It was only necessary for Abdul-Medjid to wait till he felt himself sufficiently strong to advance. As soon as he did, he established a sound system of national education, took measures for guaranteeing the security of property, organized an uniform dispensation of justice to all classes, not only at Constantinople, but in the remotest districts, reserving exclusively in his own hands the power of life and death. The taxes, moreover, were assessed and levied far more equitably than before, and the abuses which had for a long time been accumulating in numerous offices may be now considered to be in process of abolition.

Abdul-Medjid, alive to the importance of his mission as the regenerator of a vast empire, did not consider himself justified in interrupting the peaceful progress of his people for the purpose of redressing various grievances of which the Turks, as a nation, had a right to complain. But the moment his independence as a sovereign potentate was menaced, he appealed to England and France, assuring them of his readiness for immediate war in the defence of a principle, without which neither the integrity of individual states, nor freedom of thought, can for a moment subsist.

The manifestoes that emanated about this time from St. Petersburg, and the diplomatic documents to which they successively gave rise, are too well known and too bulky to be recapitulated here. The best designation of the principal of these Russian missives is that uttered by Lord Lyndhurst in the House of Peers, on the 28th June, 1853, when he unhesitatingly declared it to be "one of the most fallacious, illogical, offensive, and insulting documents he had ever had the misfortune to peruse!" It is indeed surprising that a Power perpetually engaged in enacting one vast falsehood, and in endeavoring to delude or cajole the rest of Europe, should not have couched its pretensions in terms more plausible and less transparent.

The occupation of Moldavia and Wallachia, which took place in the course of the summer, was preceded by a specious proclamation

announcing that it was "but a provisional measure, and that the sole object of the Russian government was efficacious protection in consequence of the unforeseen conduct of the Porte, unmindful of the earnest desire for a sincere alliance manifested by the Imperial Court since the treaty of Adrianople, and of its most strenuous efforts to maintain, on the present occasion, the peace of Europe!"

This proclamation, scandalously false as it was, promptly called forth energetic explanations, both from M. Drouin de Lhuys and from Lord Clarendon (15th and 16th July, 1853). Both these documents are before us, and are entitled to equal commendation, though for reasons not the same. They both clearly set out the true history of the Czar's aggression, and make no concealment of their resolution to resist it. The invasion of the Sultan's dominions they maintain to be a just cause for the declaration of war; but as the great Powers of the West had already shewn the necessity of avoiding bloodshed, unless as a last resource, the Sultan felt bound to transmit to St. Petersburg a simple protest against the insult passed upon him. Russia perhaps mistook this moderation for feebleness; but late occurrences have shewn, that the vaunted prophecy which pronounced the eternal banishment of the Mussulman from European Turkey during the year now gliding away, is worth as little as most of the predictions of modern times.

Late in 1853 came the tedious conference of Vienna, with its notes, its projects of notes, its despatches, its ultimatums, and its ultimatum. The result was, the consumption of a vast amount of time, foolscap, post-horses, and government messengers, the concession to Austria of much more importance and consideration than she was in any way entitled to, and the retention at Besika, till the end of November, of the allied fleets, which ought to have passed through the Bosphorus more than four months before,—on the day, indeed, that the Russians crossed the Pruth. The "occupation" which ensued amounted, in fact, to the tyrannical assumption by Russia of the government of two of the finest provinces in Europe, accompanied by such atrocious acts of tyranny, that the English and French consuls found it incumbent upon them at once to withdraw.

Some time after the conclusion of the treaty of Adrianople, Count Nesselrode, writing to the Grand Duke Constantine, thus gave expression to the feelings of the government of Russia on this subject:—

"The Turkish monarchy," said he, "is reduced to such a state as to exist only under the protection of Russia, and must comply in future with her wishes." Then, adverting to the Principalities, he says, "The possession of these Principalities is of the less importance to us, as, without maintaining troops there, which would be attended with considerable expense, we shall dispose of them at our pleasure, as well during peace as in time of war. We shall hold the keys of a position from which it will be easy to keep the Turkish government in check, and the Sultan will feel that any attempt to brave us again must end in his certain ruin."

The protest of the Porte against the invasion of these provinces bears date the 14th July: from that day till the end of September, the conference at Vienna, urged chiefly by Austria, had been making strenuous efforts to induce the Turkish government to yield to the arrogant pretensions of Russia. No enviable position, indeed, was that of the Sultan: beset on one side by the friendly persuasives of Francis Joseph, and on the other by the imperious summons of Nicholas, who was actively intriguing in every direction, through numberless astute emissaries, to give rise to a belief that the presence of his troops in the Principalities was in conformity to the wishes of the population themselves. On the 8th October the Grand Vizier (Mustapha Pacha) issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Constantinople, highly characteristic of the spirit of tolerance which now animates the people of the Sultan, and indicative of a degree of watchfulness and preparation on the part of the government which could scarcely have been anticipated. This proclamation was hailed with enthusiasm, and the whole nation, animated by one will, were only too eager to be led against their aggressors, or to aid in suppressing all attempts, on the part of the Greek population, to adopt the inflammatory counsels of the paid emissaries of Russia.

Equal praise is due to the priests of the Greek Church, and to the Ulemas, who turned a deaf ear to every attempt made to appeal to the fanaticism of their several congregations. Had they acted differently, the internecine war that would have ensued, must have inundated every threshold with blood.

On the eve of the commencement of hostilities, the effective Turkish forces on the Danube may be computed as follows:—

Infantry	103,000
Egyptian contingent	13,000

Regular cavalry	12 regiments
Albanians and other irregulars	20,000
Artillery (guns of different calibre), 40 batteries.	

Omar Pacha, the commander-in-chief, established his head-quarters at Shumla with 50,000 troops. Alim Pacha, at Baba-Dagh, in the Dobruscha, headed 25,000. Mustapha Pacha, with 30,000, guarded the line of country between Sistow and Rustuck; and Ismail Pacha, with a like number, the district between Sistow and Widdin. Thirty-five thousand men, besides, were distributed among the garrisons of Varna, Tirnova, Pravardin, and different small fortresses along the grim range of the Balkan.

A reserve of 50,000 was assigned to Rifaat Pacha, who was stationed at Sophia, an important town in Bulgaria, on the road from Belgrade to Constantinople.

The whole of Europe—and no country more than Russia—had strangely erred in its estimate of the Turkish army. Any man who could have been found rash enough, ten months ago, to have hinted at the possibility of the Sultan's troops standing before the "stalwart warriors" from the Don, would have been laughed to scorn: yet almost every engagement has shewn them uniformly triumphant, notwithstanding the elaborate fabrications of the "*Invalide Russe*."

The Turkish army is divided into sections, commanded by generals of division, each of whom has under his orders three generals of brigade. The division consists of eleven regiments, six of infantry, four of cavalry, and one of artillery. The available force of a division comprises 20,980 men; i.e., 16,800 infantry, 2,880 cavalry, and 1,300 artillerymen. The infantry regiments are divided into battalions, and the battalions into companies. The cavalry regiments are divided into squadrons. The artillery regiments each comprise three horse and nine foot batteries, numbering altogether seventy-two heavy and four "grasshopper guns," about of the same calibre as those used in mountain warfare by our Indian armies.

The Russian army has, for a long time past, been adopting from other European powers every improvement that could advantageously be introduced into those docile but stolid ranks, and it was universally supposed to be in the highest state of efficiency. Numerically, it was about equal to the Turkish army immediately opposed to it. At the time to which we allude, Nicholas had, in Georgia and Circassia, at least 148,000 men, commanded by the venerable Prince Woron-

zow, who does not enjoy a brilliant military reputation, but still is considered an experienced soldier, and one of the few trustworthy men in the Czar's service. Had this large army not been engaged in holding in check the hardy and active hordes of Schamyl, it might possibly have been available to threaten Constantinople; but danger from the quarter we allude to was never very imminent, for the Turks had stationed 148,000 men, in two separate armies, on the Asiatic shore of the Black Sea, to coöperate with Schamyl, and to observe, at the same time, the movements of the enemy. The Turks and the Russians had, consequently, about an equal number of troops, both upon the Danube and in Asia.

The first cartridge burnt in anger, was at the affair of Isatcha,—scarcely more than a skirmish between a handful of Egyptians and Russians, and leading to no important results. The Russian general would fain have confined operations—for a time, at least—to such skirmishes, from his unwillingness to risk the prestige with which the Russians had continued hitherto to surround their arms; but this policy accorded not with the views of Omar Pacha, who was anxious to elevate the *morale* of his men, and to prove to them, by the most conclusive of all arguments, their capability to contend with those whom they had been led to regard with so much respect.

He has proved himself capable of coping, in a remarkable manner, with the trying circumstances against which he has had to contend.

He was born in Croatia in 1803,* and embraced Islamism upon his arrival in Turkey, in 1831. At that time, he was tolerably conversant with military matters, and acquitted himself more than creditably of a commission with which he was entrusted, the object of which was, to survey accurately and report upon the Danubian provinces. He thus acquired that local information which has proved so useful during the recent campaign. In Omar Pacha may be traced many of the essentials of a great general. He takes a warm interest in the welfare of his men, and knows how to earn their goodwill; at the same time that he treats them with a degree of severity bordering upon harshness. Like Bonaparte, he is fond of those short, quick, terse addresses, which, in a moment, electrify an entire army. Almost every project that he has planned,

every expedition he has directed, has been successful, and he is consequently regarded with veneration by his troops, who yield him the most implicit obedience. He is fond of showy uniforms and of display when at the head of an army; but in private life no one can be less ostentatious, nor content with simpler fare. Long and difficult was the line of country he had to defend along the Danube, but his preparations were well taken, and the Russians could scarcely have crossed at any point without encountering a well-served battery, and, had they even succeeded in penetrating to the Balkan, they would have found every height bristling with fortifications, every defile in the possession of an intrepid foe. The successes of the Russians in 1828-29 depended mainly upon causes which no longer exist. They had then the undisputed mastery of the Black Sea; the Turkish navy had just been annihilated; and the Mussulman army was wholly without organization. The reverse of this was now the case, and the battle of Oltenitza was an earnest of many reverses they were doomed subsequently to sustain.

The Ottoman general, alive to the impolicy of allowing Russian and Austrian intrigue free scope for action during the winter, and aware that his own men could not but become, to a great extent, demoralized by remaining for five months in sight of an arrogant foe, boldly determined to take the initiative, and to attempt, by force of arms, that which diplomacy had been unable to achieve.

Observing at a glance the immense importance of assuming a strong position before Kalafat, (in Lesser Wallachia, opposite Widdin,) whence he could effectually exclude the Russians from Servia, he adopted a plan for dividing simultaneously the attention and the forces of his adversary. While, therefore, a hostile division advanced, in Lesser Wallachia, upon Crajowa and Slatina, Omar Pacha prepared to land a large body of troops at Giurgevo, and a still larger detachment at Oltenitza. The attempt on Giurgevo, possibly intended only as a feint, was unsuccessful, but at Oltenitza the manoeuvre was brilliantly accomplished.

Early on the morning of the 2d November the Turks, to the number of 9000, crossed the Danube, between Turtukai and Oltenitza, a small village occupied by the Russians, who, as soon as they perceived the design of the Mussulmans, made a vigorous but futile resistance. Omar Pacha's troops, eager for the fray, leaped from the boats, long before they

* His real name is Lattaa.

touched the bank, fought hand to hand with their antagonists in the water, soon carried the quarantine building, and fortified it with fascines.

The precision with which these various movements were effected, sufficiently attested the presence of the Turkish commander-in-chief.

The Russian General Danenberg, having been informed of this movement by the Turks, arrived, to direct in person measures for driving them back into the Danube. Eleven thousand Russians, under the command of Pauloff, were accordingly hastily collected, and, early, on the 4th November, they commenced their attack. A brisk cannonade took place for some time on both sides. The Turks, quitting their entrenchments, threw out swarms of sharpshooters, and compelled a hussar regiment to take shelter in the rear of the infantry. The sharpshooters then formed into battalions, made several smart bayonet charges, and reentered their entrenchments.

General Danenberg, astonished to find that an enemy he had held in such utter contempt should display so much courage and such knowledge of tactics, was desirous of bringing matters to a crisis; but, by an unlucky manoeuvre, he got entangled in difficult ground between two fires, which occasioned considerable slaughter among his ranks. After four hours hard fighting he was compelled to retreat, with the loss of a colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and twenty-four other officers, besides 370 rank and file killed, and 857 wounded.

Omar Pacha held the position thus acquired till the 11th November, when, without any further molestation from the enemy, he voluntarily retired to the right bank of the Danube; the Turks having meanwhile strengthened and fortified their camp at Kalafat.

The affair at Oltenitza produced a surprising effect at Constantinople, and indeed throughout the whole Turkish empire. After a century of reverses, the Turks had achieved a victory over a nation which had long treated them with disdain, and had always ridiculed their achievements in the field. The printing-office of the "*Djeridei Havadis*" (or official Gazette), and all the streets leading to it, were crowded with eager thousands, anxious to obtain copies of the supplement containing the details of the fight.

By a curious coincidence, on the same day and at the very hour that the battle of Oltenitza was being fought, the Sultan, who had announced his intention of heading the

army in the spring, was being invested, at the mosque of the Sultan Mohamed, according to the Turkish ritual, with the title of *Ghazi*, or warrior, a dignity conferred on those Sultans who go forth for the first time to battle.

At Petersburg the dismay occasioned by the action of Oltenitza was so great, that the Czar gave immediate orders for those measures which resulted in the foul massacre of Sinope, as though he were desirous, by a deeper stain, to efface the dishonor his arms had already incurred.

Some days before the period fixed upon for the commencement of hostilities between Turkey and Russia, the Circassians had already matured their plans, and were prepared to take up arms vigorously against the troops of the Czar. But in Asia the enemies of Russia have scarcely been as successful as might have been anticipated, when their natural prowess, continued exercise in arms, and indomitable character, is taken into account. No deficiency of military ardor can, however, be imputed to men, who for fifty-four years have successfully resisted all attempts at subjugation, and have baffled the strategy of Russia's ablest generals. The chief reason why, in the present instance, they have not achieved any very signal success, has been the difficulty they have encountered in communicating with the sea-board, and in obtaining an adequate supply of ammunition and arms.

We have alluded to the affair of Sinope, but not in terms sufficiently strong to stigmatize its atrocity. The fleet under the command of Osman Pasha was not cruising in the Black Sea with any intention of provoking hostilities on the part of the Russians: its sole mission was to keep up communication between Constantinople and the army of Anatolia, the Turks, while thus engaged, relying upon the good faith of the Czar, who had undertaken to act only upon the defensive so long as the negotiations with the Western Powers were pending. Nor had Osman Pacha any reason for suspecting that so flagrant a breach of faith would be committed, although three Russian men-of-war had been observed on the 27th November reconnoitering off the post. Fatal, however, was this reliance on the honor of Nicholas; for, on the 30th November, about midday, and under cover of a dense fog, a Russian squadron, consisting of three three-deckers, three two-deckers, two frigates, and three steamers, entered the bay of Sinope, while several frigates and corvettes cruised at some distance, for the purpose of cutting off all assistance from Constantinople.

Sinope is a town of some little importance, about one hundred miles from the Bosphorus and nearly facing Sebastopol; its dockyards and arsenal, covering a considerable extent of ground, were ill protected by a few insignificant batteries.

Resistance on the part of the Turks was almost hopeless, as their entire squadron mounted altogether only 406 guns, while the Russian ships carried no less than 760, and those mostly of very heavy calibre. As soon as he had entered the bay, the Russian admiral brought his ships deliberately to an anchor, sending at the same time an officer to demand the unconditional surrender of Osman Pacha's fleet. He scarcely awaited the delivery of this insulting message, but immediately opened fire on the enemy, whose force, if duly estimated, was at least three times greater than his own. So unequal was the contest, that it can only be regarded as a massacre: in three hours and a half the Turkish squadron was annihilated. The courage displayed by the Mussulmans in this affair cannot be too highly lauded. Most of the captains were killed, or blown up with their ships: out of 4575 men composing their crews, 4155 were killed in the engagement, 120 were taken prisoners, and 300 were wantonly slaughtered in the conflagration of the defenceless town,—a worthy consummation to this disgraceful act of piracy, the details of which aroused the universal execration of Europe.

The Emperor, on the other hand, was unable to dissemble his delight, and readily accepted this massacre as a glorious set-off against the rout of his troops at Oltenitza. An officer, despatched with the welcome intelligence by Prince Menschikoff to the Czar, appeared in the august presence covered with mud, and so exhausted with fatigue that he actually fell asleep while the Emperor was reading the despatches. The Czar roused him with the announcement that "his horses were ready to convey him to the south," and that, from the rank of captain, he had risen to that of lieutenant-colonel.

The news of the disaster occasioned great consternation at Constantinople. The crews of the allied squadron began naturally enough to inquire among themselves whether they had been summoned to the Bosphorus to be passive spectators of deeds such as we have detailed. The miserable spirit of an impotent and vacillating diplomacy had hitherto effectually marred that energetic action by which alone the aggressive policy of Russia could have been successfully encountered, and it

still prevented the execution of a manœuvre that might at this juncture have inflicted condign punishment on the victors of Sinope. The loss of such an opportunity proves incontestably the absence from the councils of the Allied Powers of men like those who achieved the glories of England in days gone by. Who, for instance, could imagine Nelson lying inactive within a few miles of a hostile force flushed with such a victory as that of Sinope, over a power whose interests he had been empowered and commissioned to protect? The day after the news reached England, Sir H. Willoughby, in the House of Commons, took occasion to call attention to the destruction of the Turkish flotilla at Sinope, and inquired of the Government how it had occurred that that lamentable event had not been prevented.

Sir J. Graham explained the circumstances which had led to what he termed the "outrage" at Sinope, an event imputed to the culpable neglect of the Turkish authorities. Admiral Dundas (whom Sir James defended against the charge of having manifested a want of decision) had stated that the cause of the disaster was the leaving the Turkish squadron in an open roadstead for so long a period. Warning of the danger of the flotilla had been given, and orders were issued in ample time for its withdrawal, but they had been unhappily revoked by the Turkish authorities.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the allied fleets remained positively inactive. An English and a French frigate were sent to obtain specific information relative to the affair of the 30th November. Negotiations, meanwhile, were suspended; but after the return of the *Retribution* and the *Mogador*, another month was lost ere the combined Powers of the West took any decided steps to support the Sultan in his unequal struggle with the Czar.

The conference of Vienna not long after issued a protocol, and also a document, called "a collective note," which were followed by explanations and diplomatic circulars, none of much importance, nor calculated to operate beneficially in staying the progress of hostilities.

It was not until six o'clock on the morning of the 3d January, 1854, that the Anglo-Gallic squadron entered the Black Sea.

The English ships comprised the *Britannia* 120, *Queen* 120, *Trafalgar* 120, *Albion* 90, *Vengeance* 90, *Rodney* 90, *Agamemnon* 90, *Bellerophon* 80, *Sanspareil* 70, *Leander* 50, *Firebrand* 6, *Furious* 16, *Fury* 6, *Niger* 14,

Inflexible 6, *Retribution* 20, *Sampson* 6, *Tiger* 16, *Terrible* 20. The French squadron was composed of the *Ville de Paris* 120, *Valmy* 120, *Friedland* 120, *Henri IV.* 100, *Jena* 90, *Bayard* 90, *Charlemagne* 90, *Jupiter* 86, *Gomer* 24, *Mogador* 16, *Magellan* 14, *Sané* 14, *Caton* 30, *Sérieuse* 30, *Mercuré* 18. They were accompanied by a few Turkish steamers, the *Fezi-Bahri*, *Medjedie*, *Chehper*, *Saïdi Chadi*, and *Mahbiri-Susuz*, each carrying about 1000 troops, and a large supply of ammunition and provisions for the army in Asia.

At this time the Russian force in the Black Sea was composed of the *Varna*, *Twelve Apostles*, *Rostilas*, *Sviatoslaf*, *Sviatard*, *Sviatiteli*, each of 120 guns; the *Sultan Mahmoud*, *Tscherow*, *Uriel*, *Yagoudib*, *Chabry*, *Czelem*, *Silistria*, *Catharine II.*, all of 80 guns; the *Midia*, *Kavarna*, *Flora*, *Brahilow*, *Misifria*, *Zisopool*, *Kagul*, *Agathopol*, of 50 or 60 guns; the three steamers, *Bessarabia*, *Gromonoz*, and *Grosney*, and fifteen corvettes and a few smaller vessels which have not been enumerated.

Considerable as was the squadron at this time in commission in the Black Sea, under the command of the Russian Admiral, we have good reason to believe that the force, if requisite, could have been rendered still more imposing by the equipment of numerous large ships lying in ordinary in the harbor of Sebastopol.

At this conjuncture the representatives of the great Western Powers addressed a letter to the Governor of Sebastopol, announcing that the Anglo-Gallic fleet had been ordered to the Black Sea to protect the shores that fringe the Ottoman territory against any act of aggression: they, moreover, expressed a diplomatic hope that his Excellency would give such instructions to the Russian admirals as would prevent a hostile collision.

This letter was deficient in one main essential, since it studiously avoided announcing that the combined fleet was engaged in conveying a Turkish squadron laden with munitions of war, having, moreover, undertaken to defend it against any attack.

There is something in this omission which might be characterized by a stronger designation than excessive caution. But this is not the only instance, during the negotiations we are now recording, that diplomacy has worn a more than questionable guise.

One copy of the epistle, however—such as it was—signed by General Baraguay d'Hilliers, was entrusted to a French officer, commissioned to deliver it to Prince Menschikoff

in person. That officer embarked on board *H. M. S. Retribution*, whose captain (Drummond), with the copy bearing Lord Redcliffe's signature, taking advantage of a dense fog, and without any pilot, boldly steamed into the very harbor of Sebastopol. Two shots were fired as a signal to bring-to, but they were disregarded; whereupon a Russian officer, in a state of considerable excitement, hailed the frigate from a boat, emphatically announcing that no vessel of war could be permitted to enter the harbor, and that consequently the *Retribution* must forthwith retire. This requisition Captain Drummond refused to comply with until the object of his mission had been accomplished. He was then informed that the governor was not in Sebastopol. The commander of the *Retribution* inquired for the deputy-governor, to whom he delivered his despatches; and it is said that this unfortunate officer was degraded to the ranks for permitting an English man-of-war to make her way without opposition into a port so jealously guarded.

While the parley between the English commander and the deputy-governor was going on, the officers of the *Retribution*, by the aid of cameras and pencils, took a series of sketches of the works of Sebastopol, and thus made themselves masters of all the information which the Russians had any interest in concealing.

On the 6th January, just as the allied fleets had taken possession of the Black Sea in order to retain a "material guarantee" equivalent to that of the Wallachian provinces, so unwarrantably seized by the Czar, the army of Abdul-Medjid on the Danube was preparing to prove itself worthy of the important alliance he had just concluded.

His soldiers had shewn well enough at Sinope that they knew how to die: at Citate they satisfied Europe that they knew how to fight.

Though, for the most part, inexperienced levies, they were more than a match for the veterans of the Czar, many of whom had for years past been inured to hard fighting in the Caucasus, while many more had seen something of warfare in the Hungarian campaign.

The Russians having determined to attack Kalafat, where Achmet Pacha had resolved to establish himself in force, began to manoeuvre so as to reduce within the narrowest limits the Ottoman position: they threw up also a considerable number of field-works, so as to command almost every approach. Achmet Pacha felt that the moment had ar-

rived when it was incumbent upon him to act with vigor, if he did not wish to break the spirit or lower the morale of his men. Till the last moment, however, he divulged his plans to no one; nor did he, till the hour had arrived, intimate his intention of giving battle at Citate, the nearest point to the enemy's lines.

Citate is little more than a village, situate upon a gradual slope commanding the surrounding plain, which is bounded by two ravines. That on the eastern extremity is steep, abutting upon a lake, to the rear of which is a long level tract, extending to the Danube. The western gully is less abrupt, and inclines gradually towards a hill behind the village. The main road to Kalafat lies in a north-westerly direction between these ravines.

On a height above Citate, and to the left of the road, the Russians had thrown up a redoubt, which subsequently had the effect of preserving them from absolute destruction.

Achmet Pacha selected for this enterprise three regiments of cavalry (inclusive of 200 bashi-bazouks,) thirteen battalions of infantry (altogether 11,000 men,) and twenty guns.

At sunset on the evening of the 5th January, the chosen band silently quitted Kalafat, reaching the village of Maglovit at eight o'clock. Some few found shelter in the deserted houses, but the greater part bivouacked without fire and without shelter. The ground was covered with half melted snow: the men were consequently compelled to keep on foot till daybreak, when the bugle summoned them to proceed to the scene of the impending action.

Two Turkish battalions were posted, with two guns, on the road, one in the village of Maglovit, the other in that of Orenja, to keep up the communication with Kalafat. A reserve of seven battalions was stationed at the foot of the hill already alluded to, while the four other battalions, with six guns (under the command of Ismail Pacha, who led the attack,) were posted somewhat in advance. The day dawned fair, the air was clear and calm, and the sky cloudless. Not a Russian sentry was visible, from the Turkish position, along the whole valley of the Danube: from the unbroken silence it might have been imagined that they had evacuated Citate. Six companies of light infantry, headed by Teyfik Bey (the nephew of Omar Pacha), were pushed forward *entirailleurs*. They were on the point of occupying the hill, when a heavy discharge of grape and canister plainly enough revealed the presence of

the enemy, as well as their intention of disputing the position. A well-directed fire of musketry ensued, but the Turkish sharpshooters, supported by four battalions of infantry and a field battery, opened a murderous fire on the Russians, whose artillery was miserably served in comparison with that of their antagonists. They fought, however, with desperation; and as the Turks advanced, carrying house after house at the bayonet's point, the Russians disputed every inch with all the frenzy of despair. Quarter was neither asked nor given. Many of the Russian officers, seeing their men give way, actually threw themselves on the swords of the Mussulmans. The desperate struggle lasted more than four hours, occasioning a heavy loss on both sides.

At noon every dwelling in the village had been captured, and the Russians were retreating in tolerable order along the road; but they there found themselves confronted by two fresh regiments of Turkish cavalry, which had advanced unperceived along the ravine to the right of the village. Thus situated, the Russians had no alternative but to take shelter with their guns behind their redoubt. They thus obtained a partial shelter from the Turkish cavalry. At this moment Ismail Pacha, who had had two horses killed under him, and had been badly wounded, yielded the command to Mustapha, and he, with two battalions that had not yet been engaged, and with four field-pieces, hastened to attack the redoubt, in conjunction with four additional battalions, each flanked by five guns. In half an hour more the destruction of the Russians would have been complete; but at this moment the attention of the combatants was arrested by an occurrence in another part of the plain.

As might have been expected, the intelligence of this engagement had already reached the Russians quartered in the surrounding villages, and reinforcements to the extent of 10,000 men and sixteen guns, might be seen rapidly advancing in various directions upon the Turkish reserve, which was well prepared to receive them. The Russians were marching in the direction of Kalafat, so as to place the Turks between two fires. The Mussulman generals, however, though in a critical position, concerted measures well, and at the proper moment, after having again displayed the superiority of their artillery, led their gallant battalions against the enemy, who speedily took to flight, strewing the ground with an immense quantity of arms, accoutrements and ammunition.

The Turks had now been eight hours under arms, besides having bivouacked, in the depth of winter, without fire, on the muddy ground; but they were still eager to attack the redoubt, where the Russians remained literally penned in like sheep. Achmet Pacha, however, sounded a retreat, which was executed in perfect order. The Turks left 338 killed on this hard fought field, and carried away 700 wounded; while the Russian loss could not have been less than 1500 killed and 2000 wounded. At nightfall the redoubt was abandoned; and the Russians, after burying their dead, completely evacuated Citate, and all the other villages which had served them as advanced posts.

We have been thus particular in the details of this action, because it was, in fact, one of the most important of the campaign. The Ottoman troops, elated with so decisive a victory over a detested foe, were now only anxious to be led again to battle. On the 7th, Omar Pacha, who had hastened to the spot on hearing of the achievement of this division of his army, gratified their wishes, and on that and the three following days engagements took place, each terminating in results favorable to the cause of the Sultan. Not even Russian mendacity could long conceal the fact, that, with inferior numbers, and on an open plain, the Czar's vaunted troops had been utterly discomfited by men who had hitherto been contemptuously regarded as little better than an armed rabble. Nor had this success been achieved in a single skirmish only, but in a series of battles fought during five consecutive days.

Turkey thus at once resumed her position in Europe as a military power, and gave earnest, that when the ten or twelve millions, constituting her Christian population, shall have accepted the offer of the Sultan to bear arms like their Mahometan fellow-subjects, she will be in a position to protect herself against any aggression. Time of course must elapse before this takes place; but enough has been done to prove that the protection of England and France need not be always indispensable to the existence of the Turkish empire.

It is unnecessary for our present purpose to follow the hostile armies on the Danube through all their operations. It will be sufficient to observe, that after the various engagements in the neighborhood of Kalafat, Omar Pacha resumed the plan on which he had previously proceeded at Giurgevo and Oltenitz, the object of which was to constrain the Russians to detach a portion of their army in order to cover Bucharest. He

had no desire to attempt any rash enterprise, but prudently kept watch, so as to avail himself of any favorable contingency; his character presenting a happy combination of daring and prudence.

While the events we have related were proceeding, the war was being carried on with vigor on the frontier of Asia: numerous conflicts took place, attended with much slaughter, but not with any very commensurate results. The most important battle was that of Akhaltsik, claimed by the Russian General, Prince Andronikoff, in a bombastic bulletin, as a great victory. Like that of Sinope, it was celebrated at Petersburg by a solemn *Te Deum*: "The most pious Czar," in the words of the Government organ, "thanking the Lord of lords for the success of the Russian arms in the sacred combat for the orthodox faith." (1)

The allied squadron in the Black Sea, after having escorted a Turkish squadron freighted with supplies to Batoum, Trebizonde, and Chekvetil, reconnoitered the Russian fleet in Sebastopol, and returned to the Bosphorus.

England and France having announced to the world their intention of affording to Turkey both moral and material support, but their moral aid having failed to avert the invasion of the Danubian provinces, the massacre of Sinope, or the treachery of Austria, masked as it was under the guise of friendship, it became incumbent on the two Western Powers to abandon at once all further discussion, and to appeal to the stern but inevitable arbitrament of the sword.

The Queen's declaration of war appeared in the Gazette of the 28th of March: on the preceding day, at Paris, the Minister of State read to the Legislative corps a message from the Emperor, announcing "that the last resolution of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg had placed Russia in a state of war with respect to France—a war, the responsibility of which belonged entirely to the Russian Government."

Great now was the activity displayed at the naval ports and arsenals of England and France. From Portsmouth and Southampton regiment after regiment were embarked—ships were commissioned faster almost than they could be got ready for sea—and additional reinforcements were despatched in all haste to Sir Charles Napier's magnificent Baltic fleet, which sailed from Spithead on the 11th of March.*

* The division which sailed from Spithead on the 11th of March comprised sixteen war steamers; of which two—the *Duke of Wellington* and the

And now became apparent the miserable policy of those short-sighted economists, who, some years since, prevented the organization of a transport service, adequate on occasions like the present to the emergencies of the country. From the lack of such a service, Government were obliged to charter as many vessels as they could procure from private companies, many of them very badly adapted for the required purpose. Yet as much as four hundred pounds per day was paid for many of these extemporized transports.

On the 12th of March the treaty of alliance between England, France, and the Porte, was signed by the representatives of those powers.

The treaty consists of five articles. By

Royal George—are three-deckers; while three carry admiral's flags—Sir Charles Napier's in the *Duke*, Admiral Chad's in the *Edinburgh*, and Admiral Plumridge's in the *Leopard*:

SCREW LINE-OF-BATTLE-SHIPS.

	Guns.	Men.	Horse-power.
<i>Duke of Wellington</i>	131	1100	780
<i>Royal George</i>	121	990	400
<i>St. Jean d'Acre</i>	101	900	650
<i>Princess Royal</i>	91	850	400
<i>Blenheim</i>	60	660	450
<i>Hogue</i>	60	660	450
<i>Ajax</i>	58	630	450
<i>Edinburgh</i>	58	630	450
	680	6420	4030

SCREW-FRIGATES.

	Guns.	Men.	Horse-power.
<i>Impérieuse</i>	50	530	360
<i>Arrogant</i>	47	450	360
<i>Amphion</i>	34	320	300
<i>Tribune</i>	30	300	300
	161	1600	1820

PADDLE-WHEELS.

	Guns.	Men.	Horse-power.
<i>Leopard</i>	13	250	560
<i>Dragon</i>	6	200	560
<i>Bulldog</i>	6	160	500
<i>Valorous</i>	16	220	400
	46	860	2020

The French Baltic fleet, which, under the command of Vice-Admiral Parreval-Deschênes, sailed from Brest for the Gulf of Finland, is composed of the following vessels: *Tage* 100 guns, *Austerlitz*, screw, 100, *Hercule* 100, *Jannapes* 100, *Breslaw* 20, *Duguesclin* 90, *Inflexible* 90, *Duperre* 80, *Trident* 60, *Semillante* 60, *Andromaque* 60, *Vengeance* 60, *Poursuivante* 50, *Virginie* 50, *Zenobie* 50, *Psyche* 40, *Darien*, steam-frigate, 14, *Phlegethon*, steam-corvette, 10, *Souffleur*, ditto, 6, and *Milan*, *Lucifer*, *Aigle*, and *Dain*, small steamers. The French naval force in the Black Sea, under the command of Vice-Admiral Hamelin, is composed of the *Friedland* 120 guns, *Valmy* 120, *Ville de Paris* 120, *Henry*

the first, France and England engage to support Turkey by force of arms until the conclusion of a peace which shall secure independence of the Ottoman empire, and the integrity of the rights of the Sultan. The two protecting Powers undertake not to derive from the actual crisis, or from the negotiations which may terminate it, any exclusive advantage. By the second article the Porte, on its side, pledges itself not to make peace under any circumstances without having previously obtained the consent, and solicited the participation of the two Powers, and also to employ all its resources to carry on the war with vigor. In the third article the two Powers promise to evacuate, immediately after the conclusion of the war, and on the

IV. 100, *Bayard* 90, *Charlemagne*, screw, 90, *Jena* 90, *Jupiter* 90, *Marengo* 80; steam-frigate, *Gomer* 16, *Descartes* 20, *Vauban* 20, *Mogador* 8, *Cacique* 14, *Magellan* 14, *Sané* 14, *Caton* steam-corvette, 4, *Sévière* sailing ditto, 30, *Mercure*, *Olivière*, and *Beaumanoir*, 20-gun brigs, *Cerf*, 10 gun brig, *Pro-méthée*, *Salamandre*, *Héron*, and *Monette*, small steamers. The squadron of Vice-Admiral Bruat intended to act in the Black Sea, the sea of Gallipoli, and in the Eastern Archipelago, comprises the following vessels: *Montebello* 120 guns, *Napoleon*, screw, 92, *Suffren* 90, *Jean Bart*, screw, 90, *Ville de Marseille* 80, *Algar* 80, *Pomone*, screw, 40, *Cassarelli*, steam-frigate, 14, *Rowland* and *Primauguet*, steam-corvettes, eight guns each. Independently of these three squadrons, and of all the frigates or steam-corvettes assembled in the Mediterranean for the transport of the army to the East, all the naval stations in the West Indies, the Pacific Ocean, the Indo-China seas, and in all quarters where the fisheries are carried on, have been reinforced. The French navy has now on service on different seas 56,000 sailors.

The entire French navy is at present composed of:—

SHIPS OF THE LINE.

9 of 120 guns.....	carrying 1080 guns.
14 of 100 guns.....	carrying 1400 guns.
19 of 90 guns.....	carrying 1710 guns.
11 from 86 to 82 guns..	carrying 914 guns.
53 ships.	5104 guns.

FRIGATES.

42 from 60 to 50 guns..	carrying 2286 guns.
16 from 46 to 50 guns..	carrying 670 guns.
58 ships.	3956 guns.

CORVETTES.

39 from 30 to 14 guns..	carrying 868 guns.
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BRIGS, SCHOONERS, AND CUTTERS.

101 from 20 to 4 guns...	carrying 1066 guns.
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TRANSPORT-CORVETTES, LIGHTERS, &c.

39, carrying together 788 guns, and measuring 18,500 tons.
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STEAM-NAVY.

3 ships, 20 frigates, 30 corvettes, and 64 avisos, representing a power of 28,750 horses.

demand of the Porte, all the points of the empire which their troops shall have occupied during the war. By the fourth article the treaty remains open for the signature of the other Powers of Europe who may wish to become parties to it; and the fifth and last article guarantees to all the subjects of the Porte, without distinction of religion, equality in the eye of the law, and admissibility into all employments. To this treaty are attached, as integral parts of it, several protocols. One relates to the institution of mixed tribunals throughout the whole empire; a second is relative to an advance of 20,000,000fr. jointly by France and England; and a third relates to the collection of the taxes and the suppression of the *haratch* or poll-tax, which, having been considered for a long time past by the Turkish Government as only the purchase of exemption from military service, leads by its abolition, to the entrance of Christians into the army.

The Russians continued to prosecute the war eagerly on the banks of the Danube, but any temporary success was more than counterbalanced by subsequent and more brilliant Turkish victories.

General Luders, at the head of 50,000 men, succeeded in crossing the Danube, and in occupying the Dobrudscha in force. Fatal step! for a frightful pestilence, arising from the marshes of this unhealthy district, in a few weeks decimated his troops, and the survivors were so debilitated by sickness and scanty fare, that they might have been driven into the river almost without the power of resistance.

On the 5th of May the *Invalide Russe* published the following *varacious* decree of the Emperor of Russia, addressed to General Osten-Sacken:—

On the day when the inhabitants of Odessa, united in their orthodox temples, were celebrating the death of the Son of God, crucified for the redemption of mankind, the allies of the enemies of His holy name, attempted a crime against that city of peace and commerce, against that city where all Europe, in her years of dearth, has always found open granaries. The fleets of France and England bombarded for twelve hours our batteries and the habitations of our peaceful citizens, as well as the merchant shipping in the harbor. But our brave troops, led by you in person, and penetrated by a profound faith in the supreme Protector of justice, gloriously repelled the attack of the enemy against the soil which, in apostolic times, relieved the saintly precursor of the Christian religion in our holy country.

The heroic firmness and devotion of our troops, inspired by your example, have been crowned with complete success, the city has been saved

from destruction, and the enemies' fleets have disappeared. As a worthy recompense for so brilliant an action, we send you the Order of St. Andrew.

NICHOLAS.

St. Petersburg, April 21 (May 3).

The governor of Moscow had caused a *Te Deum* to be sung in honor of the victory (?) gained by the Russians at Odessa; the fact being, that in consequence of the atrocious conduct of the military authorities of Odessa, in firing upon an English flag of truce, a division of English and French steam frigates appeared before Odessa. On their arrival the greatest terror pervaded the city. The wealthy hired all the post-horses to remove to the interior, and the inhabitants sought refuge in the neighboring country; but the English and French steamers having withdrawn, after taking a survey of the roads, the alarm subsided, the population returned, and the shops were re-opened. On the 21st of April, however, the appearance of thirty-three sail on the horizon created still greater terror, for it was evident that they were coming to avenge the insult above alluded to, and which, even at Odessa, was the subject of universal reprobation. The next day nothing could exceed the consternation, everybody being in constant apprehension of a catastrophe. The fears redoubled when, after a bombardment of eight hours, the gunpowder magazine blew up, and the military stores were seen on fire. The sight of wounded soldiers brought in from the batteries, and the brutality of the governor and his forces towards the inhabitants, were not calculated to allay their terror. This affair produced great discouragement among the troops, and an excellent effect on the population, who perceived that the Russian army was unable to protect them; and that, if the city were not reduced to ashes, it was solely owing to the generosity of the allied Powers.

The satisfaction derived from the severe punishment thus administered to the Russians was, alas! more than counterbalanced by the total loss of an English frigate (the *Tiger*) of 1275 tons, and carrying sixteen guns. This sad disaster occurred near Odessa, on the 12th of May, in consequence of her taking the ground while in chase of two small Russian vessels. The wreck was attended with the death of her gallant captain (Giffard) and a midshipman, and the loss of her crew of 226 men; for, being attacked while lying in an utterly defenceless condition, they had no choice but to surrender.

A division of the Black Sea fleet, consisting of seventeen vessels, continued to watch the harbor of Sebastopol; while the British cruisers speedily captured every vessel that carried the Russian flag. Another division, composed of nine steamers, was despatched to the Circassian coast, to aid in the destruction of the Russian forts, and to open a communication with Schamyl. Partly in consequence of this movement, the Russians were compelled to evacuate all their positions, from Batoum to Anapa, a distance of 200 leagues, and burning most of their forts, they retired into Kutais. The Circassians thereupon made a descent, and surprised and captured 15,000 prisoners in Sukkum Kaleh.

On the 18th May the *Charlemagne*, *Agamemnon*, *Mogador*, *Highflyer*, and *Sampson*, bombarded Redout-Kaleh, sparing only the Customhouse and quarantine establishment. They then returned to Chourouksu, and landed 800 troops at Redout-Kaleh. These, supported by 300 English and French, pursued the Russians, in number about 2000, who fell back on Kutais, which was speedily captured.

On the 1st June Admirals Dundas and Hamelin declared all the mouths of the Danube to be strictly blockaded, in order to cut off all supplies from the Russian army in the Dobrudscha. Shortly after, the English steam-frigates bombarded the forts at Sulina, and captured the commander, with all his men and guns. A sad loss was experienced by the British fleet, on this occasion, in the death of Captain Hyde Parker, of the *Firebrand*, who, while proceeding on an exploring expedition up the Danube, was fired upon from a stockade fort, thought to have been abandoned. The gallant officer, landing with his men to storm it, fell—shot through the heart by a rifle-ball.

While prize after prize continue to arrive, in rapid succession at Portsmouth and in the Thames, English troops, of all denominations, were "mustering in hot haste" at Gallipoli, Scutari, and Varna, Lord Raglan, as commander-in chief, occupying in the first instance, the palace so recently tenanted by the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople.

On the 14th June the Duke of Cambridge with his staff, the brigade of Guards, and the Highland brigade (42d, 79th, and 93d regiments,) arrived at Varna, where a numerous Anglo-French army was already encamped. It is probable that the unexpected and retrograde movement of the Russians upon the Pruth—intelligence of which reached the allied generals about this time—occasioned a

deviation from the plan of operations originally contemplated, as it obviated the necessity of any active co-operation with Omar Pacha's army on the Danube. An expedition upon a gigantic scale was, however, planned, its supposed destination being the Crimea and Sebastopol. It had been well, for many reasons, that so long a period had not been passed in inactivity at Varna, for sickness was making sad havoc among the officers and in the ranks; and the regiments which left England only a few weeks before in full health and vigor, now presented a pitiable contrast to their former condition. The French had suffered still more; for, besides the loss of seven thousand men during their brief but ill-advised encampment in the Dobrudscha, they were burying, for many weeks, more than 100 daily; and the effect of this visitation was telling fearfully upon the spirits of the survivors.

Nor had the Baltic fleet, though in a much more temperate climate, escaped the scourge of cholera. We may mention, as a curious fact, that the sailing vessels experienced a happy immunity from the pestilence.

The result of the Baltic operations may be given in a few words. The vaunted fleet of the Czar, outnumbering that of the allied powers, has been detained in captivity at Helsingfors and Kronstadt, declining alike every offer of battle, and unable to stay the devastation that has been effected along the Finnish shore of the Bothnian Gulf. Scarcely a Russian merchant vessel has escaped the vigilance of our cruisers, and the whole line of her coasts, up to the shoals of Kettle Island, have been shewn to be at the mercy of the allies. In a national point of view there has not been much to boast of in the achievements of so stupendous a fleet. But there have been individual acts of valor as bright as any that adorn the pages of our naval history. Prominent among these is the exploit of the *Arrogant* and *Hecla*.

While the *Arrogant* was reconnoitring Hango Bay she was joined by the *Hecla*, six guns, commanded by Captain Hall, so well known for his services in the Chinese war. Early on the morning of the 20th May they came within range of a battery, against which the *Hecla* opened fire, which was quickly returned. The *Arrogant* aided the *Hecla*, and dispersed the defenders of the fort, blowing gun-carriages to fragments and dismounting the guns. The town of Eckness was despoiled, and the ships having been joined by the *Dauntless*, the *Arrogant* ran up alongside of a bark, took her in tow, and steamed away

with her. The ships were studded with Minié balls. The *Arrogant* had one man shot through the heart, and another, badly wounded, lived only till next day. The *Hecla* lost one man. Captain Hall landed with his marines, and hoisted an iron gun into his boat, which he placed on board the *Hecla*. They joined the fleet on the 21st. The commander-in-chief telegraphed, "Well done, *Arrogant* and *Hecla*."

But these successes were followed by a reverse sufficient to cast a shade upon their career of triumph.

Admiral Plumridge's flying squadron of paddle steamers, consisting of the *Leopard*, the *Vulture*, the *Odin*, and the *Valorous*, had been up the Gulf of Finland, and had destroyed forty-five vessels, of from 1200 tons to 100 tons, and £300,000 worth of tar, timber, saltpetre, and tallow. On the 7th of June the *Vulture* and *Odin* were sent in Gamla-Karleby, (64.50 north) where they had to anchor five miles from the town. Their boats were sent in under the command of the first lieutenant (Mr. Charles Wise) of the *Vulture*, who was surprised by a large force of regular troops, armed with rifles and field guns, wholly concealed and protected by strong wood stores, so that not a man was seen. The consequence was, a murderous onslaught. The loss from the *Vulture* was one man killed and one wounded, and a paddle-box boat, with one master (Mr. Murphy,) twenty-seven men, and the boat's 34-pounder carronade, "missing, captured, or sunk." The loss from the *Odin* was three officers killed and three men. First-lieutenant Lewis, R. M., one midshipman, and fifteen men were wounded. The wounded were all out of danger.

But the most important operation in this quarter was the attack, on the 15th August, upon Bomarsund, since it proved unanswerably, not, as some of our contemporaries have erroneously and complacently affirmed, that wooden vessels can cope satisfactorily with granite walls, but that the heavy artillery with which English ships are now provided, can dismantle or demolish a battery at a distance far greater than ordinary guns can carry. Scarcely any of the ships came within range of the forts, but deliberately pounded them to powder from a distance of a mile and a half, as securely as though they had been practicing at targets. The following are the details of this important capture:—

"The disembarkation of the troops took place on the morning of the 8th August. The landing-place chosen was a bay about three miles broad, to the south-west of the

forts, and at a distance of 2500 yards from the western fort, (called Fort Tzee.) A Russian earthwork, carrying six guns, had been placed on the eastern promontory of this bay; but this battery was dismantled by the fire of the *Amphion* and *Phlegethon*. Meantime, 11,000 men were landed in the space of three hours and a half. The Russians made no attempt to oppose the operation. The British and French marines, 600 of each flag, were conveyed to the north of the forts, and landed behind them. The next four days were employed in preparing for the attack. The position of the batteries were selected, sand-bags and gabions were prepared, and the sailors brought up with great labor some long 32-pounders, which were placed 800 yards from the round fort. On the 13th, the fire of the French battery opened on Fort Tzee, and the bombardment was sustained in the most brilliant manner for twenty-six hours. A remarkable fact is, that this French battery consisted of only four 16-pounders and four mortars—a force quite inadequate to breach a granite tower: three of the enemy's guns were dismantled through the embrasures, and the fire of the French rifles on these apertures was so severe, that the Russians had difficulty in loading their guns, and suffered most severely. This accounts for the large proportion of the enemy killed and wounded in Fort Tzee. Eventually this part of the work was taken by the French Chasseurs, on the morning of the 14th, by a *coup de main*. Meanwhile, the British battery, under the orders of General Jones, was in process of construction—a work of greater time and difficulty, because it consisted of 32-pounder guns dragged up from the ships. This battery was manned by marine artillerymen: their practice was excellent, and in eight hours and a half one side of the tower was knocked in. The effect of the breaching batteries erected by General Baraguay d'Hilliers against the principal fort was not tried, because the place capitulated before the attack had been carried to the last extremities. In fact, it was wholly untenable from the moment that the round forts commanding the rear of the position were in the hands of the allies.

In the fort taken by the French the Russian loss consisted of fifty killed, twenty wounded, and thirty-five prisoners; on the side of the French, Lieutenant Noulfe and two chasseurs were killed; 115 Russians were made prisoners. The Hon. George Wrottesley, Lieutenant of the Royal Engineers, was killed. Captain Ramsay, of Her

Majesty's ship *Hogue*, was slightly wounded. One of the English marines was also killed. Several French soldiers were killed by mistake, in an accidental encounter during the night. Two screw guard-ships, the *Hogue* and the *Edinburgh*, and steamers, bombarded the forts for five hours, throwing their shot with great effect from a distance of 3000 yards.

The large fortress did not surrender till the 16th. General Bodisco and the Vice-Governor Turuhelm, with the whole garrison of 2000 men (the *materiel* and provisions,) became prisoners of war, and were sent on board the fleet.

The two forts taken were blown up. The main fortress was much injured. The loss of the allies is put at 120 killed and wounded.

The Russian officials are reported to have taken to flight, pursued by the peasantry. A proclamation was read in eleven parishes, by order of General Baraguay d'Hilliers, freeing the Aland Islands from Russian dominion, and placing them under the protection of the Western Powers.

Many pages might readily be filled, were we to enter into the minute details of all the conflicts that have taken place during the past five months upon the Danube alone. Compelled, as we are, to pass over in silence all these passages of arms, our present sketch would be imperfect, did we refrain from alluding to the memorable defence of Silistria, by far the most brilliant incident of the war.

The town of Silistria is situate on low ground, and is surrounded by a wall, and crowned with forts. In 1828 there was a height which commanded the town, and which rendered its capture much less difficult. The Turks, however, have taken the precaution to construct on it a considerable fortress, the Medjidie. As the Russians did not carry on the siege in a regular manner, they required from 60,000 to 70,000 men to invest it. The attack commenced on the 11th of May. As they held a few small islands in the Danube, and, besides, as the side of the town which looks to the river is the weakest, they succeeded in establishing a bridge, by which they were enabled to throw on the right bank of the river 24,000 men. All their efforts were directed towards the fort Arab-tabia, which they unsuccessfully bombarded for nineteen days. Mussa Pacha, commander-in-chief (formerly a pupil of the Artillery School of Metz,) made a *sortie*, which completely succeeded, and in which the Russians had a great number of men killed and wounded. The assault was attempted three times, but

the Russians were always repulsed with loss. The amount of the killed is not accurately known.

During the attack made on Silistria on the 29th, the Russians had 180 men killed and 380 wounded. Both parties displayed indescribable animosity. Lieutenant-General Sylvan fell at the head of his troops. Colonel Fostanda and Count Orloff, the son of the Adjutant-General of the Emperor, were wounded. The latter was shot through the eye, and subsequently died.

The Russian General of Infantry, Soltikoff, also died of his wounds; and his aid-de-camp, who was wounded by his side, underwent the amputation of his right arm.

On the evening of the 29th May, at six o'clock, a Russian division made a still more vigorous assault upon the entrenchments.

Three storming parties of 10,000 men each were formed, with a battalion of engineers, with fascines and scaling ladders, at their head. Before the men set to work they were addressed by Prince Paskiewitch, who urged them to exertion, "as, if they did not succeed in taking the fortress, he should be obliged to keep back their rations." After this encouragement, two corps proceeded towards the forts of Arab-tabia and Yelanli: the third corps was to act as a reserve. After a terrific cannonade the storming parties advanced, but were received by the Turks with such a well-directed fire, that for a time they made but little progress. The Russians, however, fought bravely, and having managed to scale the breastwork of one of the batteries, a regular hand-to-hand fight took place. At last the Turks were victorious, and the unfortunate beseigers were knocked into the ditch with the butt ends of the Turkish muskets. The Russians had evidently lost courage, and, when they returned to the attack, it was only because they were forced to do so by their officers. When there was literally no more fight in the men, a retreat was sounded, and the Russians carried off as many of their dead and wounded as they could. The Turks, after their enemies had retired, picked up 1500 dead bodies, a great number of guns, swords, drums, musical instruments, and the colors of a battalion. Hussein Bey, the commander of the two forts, displayed the most daring courage, as did a Prussian and two English officers.

Three mines were sprung before Silistria, without doing any damage to the walls. The Russian storming columns were prepared to mount the expected breach, but were attacked on three sides by the Turks. A fearful

slaughter took place, and the Russians fled in terrible disorder. Three Russian Generals one of whom was General Schilders, were severely wounded, and all the Russian siege works totally destroyed.

The continued bombardment, besides demolishing every house in Silistria, had reduced the fort of Arab-tabia to such a mere heap of ruins, that it could not have held out for four-and-twenty hours longer. Yet so discomfited were the enemy by their last repulse, that on the following day they raised the siege and beat a precipitate retreat. Mussa Pacha, the gallant defender, was unfortunately killed by the fragment of a shell, almost the last that was fired against the devoted town.

This reverse at Silistria, coupled with the adverse issue of negotiations with Vienna, led to the evacuation of the Principalities by the Russian forces, who shortly after hastily abandoned Bucharest, and retreated, exhausted, dispirited, and demoralized, upon the line of the Pruth, retaining, however, the strongholds of Matchin, Isaktchi, and Tultcha; so that, in fact, the possession of the Lower Danube is in their hands, the communication of Austria with the Black Sea is interrupted, and the navigation closed.

Though, as a contemporary has observed :

The cumbrous machine of the Russian army has broken down when brought into active working, and the inexhaustible resources, the world-famed diplomacy, and the troops to be counted by millions, are not likely to protect their owner from bankruptcy and defeat. On the other hand, the Western Powers have as yet struck no successful blow; a spell seems to hang over all their efforts; and even though Sebastopol and Helsingfors may fall, it is likely that the humiliation of the Czar will be chiefly due to the failure of his own movements, the depreciation of Russian currency, the stoppage of trade in Riga and Odessa, and the distress which must visit every class from the failure of their accustomed support. Yet what has been gained during the war is immense. Whether individual plans have been successful or fruitless—whether the predictions and prophecies have been fulfilled or falsified—yet a comparison between the position which Russia held twelve months ago, and that which she holds now, is enough to show that the year has not been spent in vain. Russia may be unassailable, but she may perish in her assaults on others.

We have now brought our summary down to the departure of the Anglo-French expedition from Varna; from that period the record of the war becomes the history of the day.

On the 4th September, 600 vessels sailed from Varna, bearing the combined army of

60,000 in the direction of Sebastopol: at the same time intelligence was received by the commanders of a signal victory obtained by Schamyl at Tiflis, over the Russians under Prince Bebutoff. They lost on this occasion many men and horses, seven guns, 3000 tents, all their ammunition, baggage, provisions, and retreated in some disorder from Kutais and Kars to Tiflis.

On the 14th September, 58,000 men were safely landed at Eupatoria, about forty-five miles N.W. of Sebastopol. They subsequently advanced some distance inland without meeting with any opposition.

The place of debarkation had many advantages. It is a small town, containing only 4000 inhabitants, weakly defended by a garrison of about 12,000 men, and in no condition to resist an invasion such as this. The commanders had intended in the first place to have thrown up entrenchments sufficiently strong to secure the place; but having experienced no resistance, the troops marched at once towards their destination. In this march they proceeded for about eleven miles, along a slip of land, having on the left the salt lake, Sasik, and the sea on their right. The coast is unfavorable for constructing a place of arms; one therefore was established nearer Sebastopol.

The country traversed is fertile, and well supplied with water by three rivers, the Alma, the Katcha, and the Balbek. On the left, or southern bank of the latter stream, the first obstacles encountered were the outworks recently thrown up by the Russians, and an old star fort. Having surmounted these, the allies found themselves in possession of the high ground commanding the rear of the defences on the northern shore of the inlet, and they were scarcely adapted to resist a strong attack.

As the Black Sea expedition was departing from Varna for the Crimea, the Baltic fleet, or the greater part of it, received orders to "bear up" for England, all further intention of striking a decisive blow in the North having for the present season been given up.

It will have been seen from this brief and necessarily imperfect sketch, that the war thus undertaken by Russia was purely an aggressive war; was preceded by wanton provocation and by territorial encroachment; that the occupation and assumed protectorate of the Principalities by the Czar is at an end; that his claim to the protection of the members of the Greek Church in Turkey is at least suspended: and that England and France retain possession of the Black Sea,

while the chain of forts along its shores, which, during half a century, the Russian government has erected, at a vast expense, against the Circassians, have been razed; and that the question of the navigation of the Danube is still undecided.

There is little doubt but that, ere these pages are in type, the blow now impending over Sebastopol will have been struck with crushing effect. With the loss of the mighty stake which Russia has at issue there—a fleet, an army, a fortress, and a province—her power in Asia will be crumbled. That brilliant conquest achieved, the two great Powers of the West will win over to their cause the adhesion of those feeble States, whose timidity now keeps them aloof from the struggle

in which we are engaged, but whose influence may yet be beneficially exerted in quelling the surrounding tumult.

We cannot better conclude these observations than by quoting the opinion expressed by Lord Lyndhurst in his memorable speech in the House of Lords on the 19th June:—

"I may venture to say *negatively*," were his words, "that unless compelled by the most unforeseen and disastrous circumstances, we ought not to make peace until we have destroyed the Russian fleet in the Black Sea, and razed the fortifications by which it is protected. As long as Russia possesses that fleet, and retains that position, it will be idle to talk of the independence of the Sultan: Russia will continue to hold Turkey in subjection, and compel her to yield obedience to her will."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND MADMOISELLE RACHEL.*

DR. VERON continues his revelations of persons and things in a fourth volume with the same amusing racy spirit as at first. This latest contribution to the personalities of our own times carries us to the monarchy of July; lays bare the personal eccentricities of the Citizen King; deals rather lengthily with M. de Montalivet; is more sketchy when treating of the fine arts under the same monarchy; surpasses itself on the theme of Rachel, and assumes the genuine doctorial and dictatorial tone when treating of the *Constitutionnel* and its dignified editor.

With such an *embarras de richesses* to deal with, it is impossible to do more than select a few characteristic bits. Speaking of that restless political agitator, Duvergier de Hauranne—the deputy who first organized the banquets which became the signal of the revolution of 1848—he says: "Wanting the oratorical talent which raised his friends to the ministry, he became a mere horse-fly, persecuting his friends, whether ministers, secretaries of state, directors, or even clerks, with his restlessness. He even rendered the life of the ushers intolerable."

He is the man who is constantly getting up your stairs; he pulls your bells till they get out of order, he wears your carpets, he sticks himself by the side of your pillow, he thrusts his feet in your slippers. If you are at work, and some one comes in without having himself announced, it is he! You are just about to start for the Chambers, or for a council of ministers: there he is again! You have that moment sat down to dinner: he arrives. You are about to go to bed: he makes his appearance. When you wake up he is still there!

Some deputy asks a favor. "Do not grant it," says M. Duvergier de Hauranne; "he is suspected—a moderate."

A public functionary solicits advancement. "Refuse," says M. de H.; "he is the friend of an elector who votes on the wrong side."

"Why do you invite Monsieur So-and-so to dinner?" he inquires of you; "he laughed the whole time you were addressing the house."

When M. de Hauranne is leading the Opposition, he runs about:

"Be early to-morrow morning at the committee," he says to one. "Lead and excite interruptions if M. Guizot speaks," he says to another. "Get up some witty remarks against the law under discussion," he says to M. Thiers; "and do not spare epigrams against those who support it. Monsieur Thiers, do promise me especially to be able and expansive with the *Left*; be social with the republicans! As to me, I will take charge of the personal attacks and discussions in our papers."

* *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris*, par le Docteur L. Véron. Tome Quatrième.

Again, of another well-known opposition member of Louis Philippe's Chambers, M. de Rémusat :

Amiable revolutionist, ever young, smiling, and obliging, De Rémusat is rather a great literary name than that of a distinguished politician or statesman. He is especially a man of distinction in saloons and in academies ; always ready to be enthusiastic in the cause of that which is worthy, that which is noble ; redolent of those sweet and charming things which the French wit and the taste of our fathers bequeathed us, considering it proper and useful that governments that infringed, no matter in how small an amount, upon free discussion, should be duly lectured ; willingly neglecting all the great interests of the country, merely that his abstract theories might triumph, yet never mixing himself up with the crowd of common agitators and banqueters ; in one word, playing the part of a deputy only in an ingenuous and polite language, with honesty and white gloves !

The antithesis is worthy of Bilboquet. It reminds us of a story told of Louis XVIII., who never wore gloves, whilst the Duke of Orleans (afterwards Louis Philippe) was never without his hands being covered. The two were one day closeted, discussing the manner in which the young princes of the Orleans family should be educated. Louis was for private tutors, the duke for public universities ; and as the discussion grew warm, the king pulling the duke's gloves by the tips, succeeded in drawing them off and placing them on the table, whereupon the duke put them on again without interrupting the conversation, while the king set himself to work just as steadily to remove them. The *ancien régime* did not wear gloves indoors, the fashion was introduced from England. Talking of the princes of the Orleans family, we are told that the Duke d'Aumale is engaged upon a history of the Condés, whose curious and important archives he inherited.

Louis Philippe and his son, the young Duke of Orleans, appear, from specimens of their correspondence given by Dr Véron, to have been fond of introducing a few words of English, just as many English affect to interlard their correspondence and conversation with French. Some of these little sentences are characteristic specimens of the Anglo-Franc language. We have, for example, Louis Philippe writing *à propos* of the Spanish marriages, "*If so, then tel it be so.*" And in the same letter we have "*pugnant with evil.*" We do not select these ; they are the only two. The young Duke of Orleans is made to write "*tout le monde est very good*

spirits." Most likely the mistakes are Dr Véron's.

Louis Philippe, we are told by the same authority, never read a French newspaper. The political appreciation by the English papers of his government alone excited his curiosity, and often aroused his indignation.

"What would it be," said one of his ministers to him one day, "if you were to read the French papers?"

The Citizen King appears to have been very absent at times. M. Martin du Nord was presenting one day, at Eu, a batch of justices and solicitor-generals who had been recently appointed, and came to be sworn in. Among them was M. de Montfort, first cousin to M. Laplagne, minister of finances, who had been appointed solicitor-general at Nîmes. On advancing towards the king—"Well," inquired Louis Philippe, "how is the cold?"

M. de Montfort, astonished at the interest taken by the king in his health, answered that it was nothing. "Eh! eh!" said the king, "I was frightened it might degenerate into whooping-cough." Louis Philippe thought that he was speaking to Blache, the medical attendant on the princes, and was anxious about a slight cold which the Count de Paris was laboring under. Louis Philippe used often to repeat the words of Henry IV. : "Justice will be done to me only after my death."

Dr. Véron writes in a spirit of just appreciation of the relations of the *Bourgeoisie* with a first *Bourgeois* king :

In our opinion the *Bourgeoisie* is, in politics, far too restless, too capricious an element, and too easily intimidated or duped, for any government to find in it an intelligible, a durable, or a firm support. The bourgeois of Paris is, in the nineteenth century, just what he has always been ; it is always the same Gallic, penetrating, bantering mind ; quick in detecting errors, and ever ready to blame the faults or the follies of princes. The mind of the bourgeois of Paris is upon this point endowed with singular intuition ; he foresees, he predicts, and he seldom deceives himself.

In my childhood, in the midst of the gossip—not of saloons, but of the counter—I often heard it said at my father's, that Josephine was a providence, a protecting fairy to Napoleon, and as often was it prophesied that the divorce with Josephine would soon be the signal and the cause of incessant adversities.

During my youth, under the Restoration, the observing, judicious mind of the bourgeois of Paris, discerned with just appreciation the qualities of Louis XVIII., his common sense, and his prudence, and affirmed, without fear, that there could be no revolution under his rule ; but it was at the same time predicted openly many years before 1830,

that the chivalrous, adventurous, distrustful, passionate character of Charles X., if he succeeded to the throne, would most assuredly make him lose his crown.

Neither did the bourgeois of Paris deceive himself, when he saw in the Princess Adelaide a courageous and skilful counsellor for Louis Philippe. By a combination of circumstances almost unexampled, her brother became an exile two months after her death.

It is that every thing is known, every thing is repeated in Paris; curiosity is there especially directed to the private life of princes. Their tastes, their inclinations, even their most familiar habits are studied and spied into. Upon these data the bourgeois of Paris composes, draws, lays down all the outlines, all the sinuosities, all the prominent features of the characters of those who are called upon to reign, and practical moralist as he is, he concludes from these studies to what follies, and to what faults, those whom their birth or their situation arms with supreme power, will allow themselves to be carried away.

The bourgeois of Paris is less clear sighted in respect to his own defects, he closes his eyes to his own evil inclinations, his capriciousness, his puerile vanity, his unreasonable exactions, as well as to all his other weaknesses.

The bourgeois of Paris, in his limited power, gives himself up to follies which become the pretext and the occasion of revolutionary days; he cries, half in fun, *Vive la Charte!* he shouts, still laughing, *Vive la Réforme!* And next day he is surprised that, answering to his call, the populace, whose brutal hand breaks every thing that it touches when it is aroused, is ready to upset all things, overthrow throne, government, and society, in the brief space of three days. Then the bourgeois of Paris becomes anxious, begins to despair, and swears at each successive revolution that he never will be caught again.

From the time of the Fronde, the bourgeois of Paris has only been the victim or the dupe of deep rascality, or of skilful ambition. Sometimes the bourgeois of Paris has allowed the *camisole de force* to be put on him, as in the days of *la Terreur*, by a Robespierre or by a Murat; sometimes he has allowed himself to be duped as by a Cardinal de Retz or a Thiers. He allowed himself to be persuaded, under the Restoration, that all his liberties were to be taken from him.

And he began to shout *Vive la Charte!* Under Louis Philippe, he allowed himself to be persuaded that he was living under a tyrant, and then he cried *Vive la Réforme!* Louis Philippe believed that his policy was repudiated, and his crown lost, when passing, the morning of the 24th of February, amid the ranks of the national guard, he no longer found in the bourgeois of Paris in uniform, gun on his shoulder, sword by his side, that enthusiasm, that devotion, which had for eighteen years upheld him on the throne. Yet power was with Louis Philippe especially modest and bourgeois. He honored and esteemed before all things family ties; he wore a round hat, and carried an umbrella; he occupied the least possible space; he took the least assuming, the least

offensive title. The king called himself King of the French; the power called itself Liberty, Public Order.

Talleyrand des Réaux relates that a Spaniard, seeing the King Louis XIII. take off his hat to several persons in the court of the Louvre, said to the Archbishop of Rouen, who was by his side: "What! does your king take off his hat to his subjects?" "Yes," replied the archbishop, "he is very civil." "Oh! the king, my master, knows much better how to keep his place: he only takes off his hat to the consecrated host, and that very much against his will."

What would this Spaniard have said had he seen King Louis Philippe taking off his hat, shaking hands with the people, and singing *la Marseillaise*. Such condescensions availed him, with so capricious a nation, as little as the *bonhomie* of Louis XVI., or the chivalry of Charles X., availed his predecessors.

M. Casimir Périer said, upon the occasion of General Lobau superseding La Fayette as commandant of the national guard: "Since we have a king citizen, we do not want a citizen king."

A characteristic anecdote is told of this General Lobau. The Count de Montalivet went at two o'clock in the morning to the General, who was in bed.

"General," said the count, "La Fayette has given in his resignation; will you accept the command of the national guard of Paris?"

"On no account."

"But we expect an insurrection to-morrow."

"Then I accept; but let me sleep now!"

And now for the heroine of the fourth volume—Rachel.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more affected or fatuous than the manner in which the first appearance of this renowned actress is related. The idea of seeking for shade and solitude in a public theatre is essentially *badaud*—thoroughly Parisian—the apology for condescending to look towards the boards is purely Veronic. But the sight of this clever and accomplished young actress awakened what he calls "confused memories" in the mind of this know-all-and-every-thing of the capital of the civilized world. "By dint of interrogating my memory," he tells us, "I realized the semblance of that singular physiognomy playing the part of *la Vendéenne* at the Théâtre du Gymnase; I remembered, also, a young girl, poorly dressed, coarsely shod, who, when questioned

in my presence, in the corridors of the theatre, as to what she was doing, replied to my great astonishment, in the most serious manner possible, '*Je poursuis mes études.*' I detected in Mademoiselle Rachel this singular physiognomy of the Gymnase; and, that young girl, so poorly dressed, who was *pursuing her studies.*"

There is a singular want of generosity in this reminiscence of Rachel's early days. The reputation of one whom he professes to admire so much, and to love so warmly, ought to have been dear to the publicist as the apple of his eye. But it is a trifle to the revelations which follow :

Deeply are those to be pitied who in the arts do not know how either to detest or to admire : pictures, statues, monuments, singers, or players, I detest or I admire. The young Rachel astonished me; her talent roused all my passions. I hastened away to my friend Merle, whose tastes and literary impulses were like my own, to induce him to attend the early performances of her whom I already called my little prodigy. "That child," I said to him, "when the twelve or fifteen hundred select, who constitute public opinion in Paris, shall have heard her and judged her, will be the glory and fortune of the Comédie Française."

This was the very year that Dr. Véron had left the Opera, and his active mind had nothing to busy itself with for the moment but the success of the young tragedian. According to his own account of the new monomania, it led him before asking his friends how they were when he met them, to say, "Have you seen her in 'Horace,' or in 'Andromaque'?" Many whom I thus addressed did not know whom I was speaking about. This used to put me in a passion. I reproached them for their ignorance, and was not even sparing of abuse. The pleasures and the joys of my summer of 1838 were," he adds, "afterwards insured; my emotions as an *habitué* of the Théâtre Française would more than compensate me for the pleasures of the fields, the incidents and surprises of travel!"

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm, carried even to the abuse of those who were unacquainted with its object, Dr. Véron mournfully complains that June, and after it July, went by without many converts being made. It was in vain that Rachel played *Camille*, *Emilie*, *Hermione*, "the apostles of this new religion, of this new divinity preached in a desert." But in the month of August, notwithstanding the canicular heat, the *débuts* of Mademoiselle Rachel in the same parts were better attended. "When the theatre

began to fill I used to wipe my brow, and, turning round with a gaze of self-satisfaction I used to say to myself, 'Mademoiselle Rachel and I will triumph yet over the public. Here at least are some people who possess common sense.'"

At length, in the month of October, the young tragedian played nine times: the poorest receipt (*Monime* in "Mithridate") was 3669 francs 90 centimes. The receipts exceeded 6000 francs when she played *Hermione*; "it was a complete victory, an astounding triumph." "Racine and Corneille," says the enthusiastic publicist, were revived among us as in the great age of Louis XIV.; a passionate popularity encompassed the young tragedian and the old tragedy."

It is to be hoped that Rachel is duly sensible of her obligations to Dr. Véron. He it was who first discovered her genius; he it was who first proclaimed it to his friend Merle and to the world at large; and he it was who chivalrously supported her *débuts* amidst canicular heats, and at the sacrifice of the fields and incidents of travel. It appears that all were not so clear-sighted as Dr. Véron :

When still very young, Mademoiselle Rachel, already on the lists of the Conservatoire, solicited private lessons from an artist, justly esteemed and of known ability—M. Provost, secretary to the Comédie Française. At the sight of this poor girl, frail and delicate he said, "Child, go and sell flowers." Young *Hermione* took her revenge in after times for this contemptuous estimate of her resources made by an artist and bad prophet. The theatre was crowded, all the boxes were filled with fashionable people. Mademoiselle Rachel was playing *Hermione*. Enthusiastically applauded, called back with frenzy, she hastened, while the curtain was down, to fill her Greek tunic with the flowers that had been thrown on the stage; thus loaded she went up to the man who had counselled her to sell flowers, and kneeling with the most enchanting coquetry, "I have followed your advice, M. Provost," she said; "I sell flowers. Will you buy some of me?" The learned professor raised the young artist with a smile and expressed his satisfaction at having been so completely deceived.

The reputation of Mademoiselle Rachel soon extended from the arena of competent judges, and from the "fine flower" of the aristocracy to the mass of the public. Rachel in her earlier days added a success of youth and attractive beauty to her naturally great abilities.

Nothing was spoken of, both in great and small publications, but of the luminous and charming star, casting its flood of light over

the grey and cold heaven of tragedy, and of the Théâtre Français. Merle, and J. Janin, by their enthusiastic praise, gave titles of nobility to this young actress. Every one tried more than another to envelop the young artist with the most romantic interest, by relating her miseries and her wandering life as a child. The arts vied in illustrations of this favorite of the tragic muse; nothing was seen but Rachels in lithography, in painting, and in statuettes.

Great names and large fortunes take a pleasure in playing the part of Mécénas to rising talent. It became a matter of fashion and luxury to have the "savage *Hermione*" at every *soirée*. She soon reckoned among her friends, loading her with kindnesses and presents, the greatest persons of Spain, at that time in Paris: the Duchess of Berwick and of Alba, the beautiful Marchioness of Alcanicès, the Princess d'Anglona, the Countess of Toreno and her sister Mademoiselle Incarnacion, M. de Roca de Togares, now Marquis de Mólins, the Marquis de Los Llanos, &c. The family of Noailles received her in the morning. The Duke of Noailles became her assiduous adviser; he often passed whole evenings with her alone in literary conversation and paternal intimacies.

The Countess Duchâtel was as passionately fond of the seductive child of Melpomene, as her grandfather had been before her of Mademoiselle Duchesnois; she was never happy but when Mademoiselle Rachel was seated at her table or in her saloons. Count Duchâtel, minister of state, gave her a "coquetish library" of French classics and works of morality.

The reunions and literary parties of Madame Récamier at the Abbaye-aux-bois were not complete without Mademoiselle Rachel; she managed to please and to charm even by the side of that distinguished lady, who, without fortune, having no longer the graces of youth, still knew how to preserve the friendship of the illustrious, and gathered together in a room in a convent, the most polished society of the day to converse upon literary topics, or to listen to a chapter of the "*Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*," written the previous evening. The young actress astonished and charmed the little literary church of the Abbey in the Wood, "by her air of chastity and mystical purity."

On the occasion of one of these literary morifings which were often renewed at l'Abbaye-aux-bois, Mademoiselle Rachel had been requested by Madame Récamier to repeat before M. de Châ-

teaubriand a few scenes from the part of *Pauline*, in "*Polyeute*:"

Mon épouse, en mourant, m'a laissé ses lumières,
Son sang, dont tes bourreaux viennent de me cou-
rir,
M'a déaillé les yeux, et me les vient d'ouvrir:
Je vois, je sais, je crois!

The scene was at this moment interrupted by an unexpected visit; the Archbishop of — was announced.

"Monseigneur," said Récamier, a little embarrassed, "allow me to present Mademoiselle Rachel to you; she was kind enough to repeat before us a scene from '*Polyeute*.'"

"I should be grieved beyond description," replied the august prelate, "to interrupt the fine verses of Cornielle." But from scruples full of delicacy Mademoiselle Rachel declined to continue the part of *Pauline* before the archbishop. She would not exclaim as if she was converted to Christianity—"Je vois, je sais, je crois!" and thus lie in the presence of a minister of the Catholic Church.

"If monseigneur will permit me," she said, in a most respectful and graceful manner, "I will recite some verses from '*Esther*.'"

She thus remained, thanks to the work penned by Racine for the demoiselles de Saint Cyr, faithful to the Jewish religion.

When Mademoiselle Rachel had concluded, the archbishop praised her highly. "We priests of the Lord," he said, "have not often the pleasure of coming near great artists. I shall however, have twice had that good luck in my lifetime. At Florence I heard Madame Malibran at a private party, and I shall now owe to Madame Récamier the pleasure of having heard Mademoiselle Rachel. In order to utter as she does such noble verses, she must feel all the sentiments that they express."

Mademoiselle Rachel made a most charming obeisance, and answered, her eyes lowered, but with firmness, "Monseigneur, je crois!"

The young tragedian exhibited in this unanticipated position wit and taste enough to enchant an archbishop.

It would never have done for Dr. Véron not to number himself among the Mécénases of the fashionable world, "the fine flowers of aristocracy," and entertain the rising genius feted by the noble and the rich.

In the month of October, 1838, he relates—"I occupied une vaste res-de-chaussée, with a garden in the rue Taitbout. My friends persuaded me to give a ball to my old pensionnaires of the opera. Mesdames Taglioni, Falcon, Elssler, and Dumilâtre were there, with Mesdemoiselles Mars, Rose Dupuis, and Dupont, at this festival of artists. One of my literary friends, a frequenter of the *coulisses* at the Théâtre Française, had undertaken to invite in my name Mademoiselle Rachel, M. Samson, her tutor, and Madame Felix, her mother. The young tragedian, who, to believe her, put her foot for the first time dans un salon, excited the

most sympathizing surprise at her entrance. She was dressed in white, without a flower or a trinket. In the world and the intimacy of society the tragic mask of Mademoiselle Rachel is replaced by the most graceful and smiling physiognomy. 'Hermione' was wonderful in tact, in talent, and in manner. 'Hermione' did not dance."

That society, Dr. Véron remarks, which afterwards exaggerated the weaknesses of the woman, and accused her of unpardonable errors, would only see in her, in the morning of her celebrity, virtues, a pure heart, a heart incapable of evil thoughts, or of those strong passions which she knew, they used to say, so well how to depict, without herself feeling them.

When still very young, Mademoiselle Rachel became a pupil in music at the school of Choron. Her intelligence caused her to be distinguished by her master. "What is your name my little dear?" inquired of her one day Choron, whose school for religious music was subsidized by the state under the Restoration. "Elizabeth Rachel," was the answer. "That name of Rachel won't do for our exercises of Christian piety. You must call yourself Eliza." The tragedian that was to be had already a *contralto* voice. "You will only find parts for your voice, my dear child, in the Italian opera," added Choron. She soon gave up the study of music. A retired actor of the Théâtre Français, who had never made himself a reputation, M. Saint-Aulaire, kept a school for elocution, and he adopted Mademoiselle Rachel as a pupil, also when still almost a child. He used to call her *ma petite diablesse*.

As a mere child also, Rachel used to take parts in private theatricals of all kinds—male and female—in comedy or tragedy. Dr. Véron says he is not sure if she was not much run after as a mere girl at the Théâtre Molière, under the name of the "little Eliza." M. Poirson, who gave "La Vendéenne" at the Gymnase for her *début*, said, in his turn: "This name of Eliza won't do for a play-bill. Have you no other name?" "My name is Elizabeth Rachel." "Ah! that will do; Rachel! that is a name one remembers, and that does not belong to every one. For the future you will call yourself Rachel." The choice of a name is more important than is generally imagined for success on the stage. Poirson recommended her to enter upon a serious course of study, and predicted great success for her in tragedy. The young artist then placed herself under the exclusive direction of M. Samson, professor at the Conservatoire. M. Véron remarks upon this,

that no doubt the teaching of M. Samson must have been eminently useful to the young tragedian, but certain it is also that only one Rachel came forth from the well-attended classes of the distinguished professor. While it is certain that Mademoiselle Rachel studied her parts assiduously, still M. Véron justly insists that her successes have depended more upon natural gifts than upon study of her art.

Nature (he says) has endowed Mademoiselle Rachel with all the gifts necessary for excellence. Her voice has both volume and power; it is susceptible of a variety of inflexions; she knows how to express fury without shrieking or squeaking. There is no vicious pronunciation; her lips and mouth are beautifully adapted for a correct and perfect articulation. There exists an harmonious distance between the tip of the ear, which is well curved and small, and the curve of the shoulder; all the movements of the head derive dignity and elegance from this. In stature she is above the mean, supple and thin. Since her *débuts* and her improved means, Mademoiselle Rachel has, however, gained flesh. Her feet and hands are delicately attached to her body; her step is noble and proud. Her breast alone is narrow and poor. See Mademoiselle Rachel in the midst of other young ladies, even of high birth, and she is at once to be distinguished by the natural dignity and nobility of her manners: *successu patuit dea*. It would be impossible for her to make a movement to take a place, or assume an attitude that is awkward or unbecoming. She dresses with a marvellous art, and on the stage, she shows that she has made an intelligent study of antique statuary.

Her tragic physiognomy is capable of expressing despair, pride, irony, and disdain—disdain, that arm of as powerful an effect in theatrical as it is in oratorical art.

We do not write in the language of a mere courtier or flatterer. We discuss with equity a distinguished talent. On that account we must add our conviction, that Mademoiselle Rachel makes up for a great quality in which she is deficient, by her art, her skill, and her charms. A greater amount of sensibility might justly be demanded from her in some of her parts; she gives life to every word, every gesture, every look in the expression of violent passions, but her heart little knows how to depict and express tenderness of love. The great talent of the artist often fails when she has to depict the grief of the heart. In her tragic play the afflictions of the mind become the expressions of physical pain, and she jerks her utterance, agitates herself, and throws herself convulsively about. Thus it is she represents antique grief and pagan sorrows. That which comes from the heart is spoken with more depth, greater simplicity; the voice alone is the passionate and sympathetic interpreter of the joys and the tortures of the soul. It is not without reason that it has been said of more than one great tragedian: "She has tears in her voice."

Champfemé, Adrienne Lecouvreur Duchesnois, possessed sensibility, and it was especially by the electric action of that sensibility on the public that they aroused their passions while they softened their feelings. Mademoiselle Rachel astonishes, charms, moves her auditors by a dictation which is neither wanting in just intonations nor in grandeur. She creates in her studied recitals notes of a sympathizing sensibility, of a deep and intimate emotion. But she stops half-way. After having carried away, and, as it were, transfixed, her audience, she leaves it without illusions, if not cold, at all events with a mind at once calm and serene. Her talent takes hold of the intelligence without winning the heart; it does not penetrate so far as that!

Dr. Véron remarks, after this long psychological and physiological analysis of the greatest tragedian of the day, that had Talma lived in her time she would have profited much by him. A literary man as well as an artist, he used to give useful lessons to every one. Mademoiselle Rachel, on the contrary, "charmingly and cleverly ignorant," as she herself avows, receives advice from every one, but it is true that she knows how to appreciate it at its just value with a rare discretion.

A proof of the great power or the profound policy of the artist is also to be found in the fact of her reputation having upheld itself for so many years without a check, with the resources of so slender a tragical repertory. Modern poets have only contributed two parts for Mademoiselle Rachel that have stood the test of time: that of *Virginie*, in the play of the same name, by M. Latour Saint Ybars, and that of *Cleopâtre*, in the play written by madame Emile de Girardin. Casimir Delavigne and Victor Hugo have never written anything for Mademoiselle Rachel. "I expressed my surprise one day at this circumstance. 'They do not know,' she said, 'how to write a part for a woman.'"

Dr. Véron is astonished how the health of this frail young girl should have been able to hold up against so many fatigues, so many emotions, and such long and rough travel. Accompanied by a nomadic troop, kept at her own expense, the great tragedian has made the genius of Racine and of Corneille familiar to the English, the Germans, and the Russians. In France she has astonished all the great provincial theatres, and even those of small towns, with her poetry and her art.

Starting on the 26th of May, 1849, for one of these long artistic journeys, Mademoiselle Rachel wrote as follows to Dr. Véron:

"I am much grieved at not being able to see you and bid you farewell; a rehearsal of

'Iphigénie' this morning at eleven o'clock claims my attendance at the theatre."

Here follows a list of thirty-five towns and seventy four performances, with intervals of one day's rest only once a week, and sometimes less. This list terminates thus:

"What a journey!

"What fatigue!!

"But what a dowry!!!!

"Good-by, dear friend; do not forget me during these three months. I love you with all my heart, and subscribe myself the most devoted of your friends.—RACHEL."

The expression of friendship contained in this letter, Dr. Véron hastens to explain, arose from the good understanding which springs up so quickly between artists of great talent and public papers of a high standing. "I was in 1849 one of the proprietors of the *Constitutionnel*."

During these long and fatiguing excursions, Mademoiselle Rachel used to sleep as she travelled, upon a bed disposed for that purpose in her carriage. "I one day," writes Dr. Véron, "expressed my astonishment how her health could resist so much fatigue. 'These journeys,' she said to me, 'on the contrary do me a great deal of good; the movement and the agitation which accompany them drive away unpleasant feelings and bad thoughts, as they also quell all evil inclinations!'

Jules Janin wrote of Rachel that "she is a problem, an enigma, an excess in all things; there is not a reproach or there is not a praise that she does not deserve; excessive in all things, in bad as in good, in inspiration, *en terre-à terre*, slave and queen, ambitious and resigned, eloquent, brilliant, inspired or languishing, inanimate, overwhelmed—a statue! a spectre! a force! a shadow!"

Dr. Véron remarks, that in society, the young artist, with the most natural manners in the world, still showed herself to be a great lady, and gave proof of all those mental qualities which must readily subjugate men even of a superior order. Like *Célimène*, her policy was to please all. Her graceful attentions, her amiable coquetry, recognized no shades of position, fortune, or importance. If some despised unknown hid himself through timidity or modesty in the corner of a room, the tragic *Célimène* would be all attentions and attractions to that very person. With Rachel a great deal of art and ready wit were also hidden beneath an affected *naveté* and simplicity.

Count Molé said to her one day, with the graceful kindness of a great lord which is

familiar to him, "You have, madame, saved the French language." Mademoiselle Rachel answered with a most respectful bow; and turning towards Dr. Véron, she said, "That is very lucky, since I never learnt it."

Strong in the philosophy which more particularly springs from great contrasts in fortune and position in life, Rachel was never carried away by pride or vainglory. She was never happier or more charming than in her own family, or at supper with a few friends, just after she had been overwhelmed with applause, flowers, and crowns.

Returning one night from Windsor, where she had recited some verses before the Queen of England, still stupified by all the praise bestowed upon her, and the attention paid to her by the Court, she exclaimed, on returning to her home, throwing herself at the same time into an arm-chair, in the midst of a company composed of her mother, her sister, and a few friends of the house: "Ah! my dear friends, *que j'ai besoin de m'encaniller!*" "The loftiest minds," Dr. Véron remarks upon this, "soon come to the end of mundane honors; all feel sooner or later that liberty and *sans-gêne* are the best things here below, and that, to speak the language of our fathers, there is nothing so good as to live à *ventre déboutonné*."

A young *Bohémienne*, suddenly transformed into a great lady, certainly presents a curious picture to contemplate. Nothing more capricious or more changeable than a mind moved by every passing wind. One moment we have folly, another wisdom; one moment sorrow, another the joy of life—wild laughter and tears.

Rachel only lives for the theatre. As to retiring, she will never do so—as long as she can help it. She must live within sight of the foot-lights, she must have fine verses to repeat, violent passions to depict, a minister to seduce, a manager to vex; she could not exist without noise, movement, and applause. When she used to have to perform one of her great parts, which demanded her whole strength, she could not sleep, and would spend the previous night in turning all her furniture upside down, or in roving about Paris clandestinely.

Dr. Véron draws a comparison more ingenious than sound, between Rachel and Thiers, and he carries it out to the point that both alike are given to intemperance of language.

One day she got into dispute with me. I held out. I heard her muttering between her teeth

the word *canaille!*" At length we settled the matter. "All that is good and well," I said; "but you have apostrophized me with one of those epithets which no one has ever permitted himself to address to me. You called me *canaille!*" "Well, what of that?" she said laughingly: "It is only from that moment that you belong to the family."

"The life of Mademoiselle Rachel," Dr. Véron goes on afterwards to say, "has it remained free from those faults, those weaknesses, without which, if we are to believe the history of the theatre, art would be powerless, and the actress incomplete? Adrienne Lecouvreur was twice a mother: it is a new point of resemblance between Adrienne Lecouvreur and Mademoiselle Rachel, between the romantic and agitated existence of these two dramatic illustrations."

"As a daughter, as a sister, and as a mother, Mademoiselle Rachel cherishes in her heart an ardent family love. In this world of comedians and actresses, people quarrel, separate, only to come nearer next time, to embrace and to love more than ever. The wealthy tragedian seals these frequent reconciliations with rich presents and the most magnificent gifts.

"Do not think that Mademoiselle Rachel is a dangerous woman with a wicked heart: she always takes as much pleasure in repairing mischief as she sometimes takes a malignant pleasure in committing the same. Yet be mistrustful, do not let your heart be inflamed by that sudden explosion of coquetry and feeling with which the tragedian delights sometimes by caprice to astound her friends; she will forget in the morning her seductive manner, her enticing words of the evening before, and will even laugh at the passion which it pleased her to inspire!" Alas, poor Bilboquet! we fear that this clever bit of scandal is founded on a scene in real life—actor, the ex-director of the Opera—actress, Mademoiselle Rachel.

The last chapter of Dr. Véron's amusing volume is devoted to his connection with the *Constitutionnel*. The history of this connection can be curiously summed up in a few words:

"I paid to M. de Saint Aibin 270,000 francs in order to have the honor of being a shareholder, an administrator, and a responsible editor of the *Constitutionnel*, and to confer upon myself the inestimable privilege of listening to M. Thiers talk politics, at the time of his toilette, *et pendant qu'il faisait sa barbe*. It was rather dear."

What a revelation!

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A RAMBLE IN SWEDEN.

INCLUDING A VISIT TO BOMARSUND.

"ALL hail to land once more!" I exclaimed mentally, as I left the deck of the recently moored steamer from Christiania, and elbowed my way through Gottenburgh, the second city in Sweden, with feelings heightened by the perusal of Madame Carlen's charming works on her native country, and with an inclination arising therefrom to regard all things Swedish with a kindly eye. Enjoyment, however, is partly the offspring of fine weather, and a leaden sky and a cold wind gradually dissipated my appreciation; and, indeed, it would have required an infinity of coloring from my imagination to invest with continued interest this dull and orderly merchant city, rendered more so on the day when I entered it by its being Sunday, and from the fact that its wealthiest inhabitants had betaken themselves to their neighboring country residences. Sunday here seems to be better observed than in other parts of Sweden, and this is probably owing to its mixed population of English, German, and Swedish merchants. For a pleasure-seeking Englishman, Gottenburgh can have no charms, and, accordingly, as Stockholm was the great loadstone which attracted me to Sweden, I determined to take advantage of the steamer, which was to start that night for the capital and commence its three day's journey up the canal and across the beautiful Wenern and Wettern lakes. Not a berth was to be had; but for this I was prepared, for the proprietors of the "Gotha Kellare" had insinuated that, despite there being three steamboats weekly to Stockholm, not a berth would be vacant until the middle of October, all having been taken by the summer excursionists, who go by the canal to Malmo, and so back again to the capital.

Nothing daunted, I resolved to try the endurance of an English constitution by a snooze on deck, with my travelling cloak around me; and accordingly, at twelve o'clock in company with a couple of Germans of like determination, I pushed my way on board the "*Nordeva*" and laid myself out for

sleep near the warm funnel; but the intolerable smell emanating from the engine-room drove me elsewhere, where, in spite of the chilly night air, I was enabled to procure about a couple of hours sleep.

Next morning I found we had just left the Gotha River, and had entered upon the noble Wenern. My first view of Swedish rural scenery gave me many pleasurable sensations: it was more like our own, and probably this will account for my bad taste in preferring it to the grandeur of the Norwegian, which is everywhere so very similar.

Though cultivation did not seem to extend very far inland, yet what there was, seemed to have been well attended to. I met with some very agreeable company on board, and among some of Sweden's "celebrities," Professor Frixell, the Swedish historian, and Count Stjerneld, minister for foreign affairs, his wife and daughter. The captain himself was, I understood, a son of the minister of the Marine. Atterbom, the poet and philosophical writer, was there also, besides clergymen, consuls, and other officials. Large was the sprinkling of cadets. They attend, I was told, a military college in Stockholm, to which they go at a very early age, and apply themselves to military as well as to less-advanced studies. Some of them are mere boys. Their gymnasium is well worth a visit, on account of the agility of its frequenters. These cadets wear the military uniform, consisting of a dark-blue cloth jacket, with brass buttons, epaulettes, white or blue striped white trousers, and a large military cloak, whilst a sword dangles by their side. A quaintly shaped cap, with a large shade and a small flower decoration on its front, completes their attire.

In the afternoon I was introduced by the captain to an English gentleman, of the name of V., a resident merchant in the capital, having houses both in America and England. He told me he led a very "*dolce far niente*" life in Stockholm, for the nature of his business did not require much exertion on his

part. He is enamored of Stockholm, and lauds highly its society, of which he sees the best circles. S., his country residence, about three miles from Stockholm, is a charming rural spot. He had his carriage on board, and a Swedish servant. Like a generous Englishman, he offered me part of his saloon in the cabin, an invitation which I was only too glad to accept. The packet having several locks to penetrate, time was allowed us to visit the Falls of Troldhøttan. Before I had seen Rjukand Foss, I had heard much of these falls, but subsequently was told I should be disappointed: but it was not so. The grandeur of the numerous Falls delighted me; not that they fall from any great height, but the breadth and depth of their waters, as they foam and dash through the oddly shaped massive rocks, create awe as well as admiration.

Tuesday, August 15.—To-day I made acquaintance with a couple of Swedes. One was an enthusiastic admirer of poetry, and a reader of all the English greater poets. He had with him a copy of Byron in English. His acquaintance with his author was large, and he quoted copiously from many of the gems, but in such Scandinavian English that I could with difficulty understand him, and was compelled frequently to interrupt him, and beg him to repeat the quotations which he seemed, by his manner, so thoroughly to relish. He conversed with me about Frederica Bremer and Madame Carlen. The latter has lost her son within the last two years, and has become so melancholy as to have laid aside her pen altogether since that unhappy event.

The other Swedish gentleman spoke English fluently, and was likewise conversant with English literature. From him I derived some information relative to religious matters in Sweden, and felt, as he spoke of the absence of religious freedom, how much was wanting to constitute Sweden emphatically "a great country." Should any one, who thinks he is better informed and educated than the rest, think fit to entertain religious ideas at variance with the Lutheran faith, and should he, for the purpose of inoculating his countrymen therewith, hold a meeting, he would be dismissed his country, should it ever come to the ears of government. The Swedish pastors are a very *laissez-aller* class as a body; they have their *adjunktos*, or curates, whose income averages 400 rix-dollars, or 22l., whilst their own average 2000 rix-dollars. Those selected for the pastoral office are, I was told, generally the least gifted of

their families. When at college, they live well, and lead an idle and noisy life; afterwards they enter the church with no very strict notions of morality, and would, moreover, like the generality of their countrymen, make as light of the seventh commandment as Louis the Eleventh of all oaths, save that of the Holy Cross of St. Lo d'Angers. That which particularly strikes an Englishman in Sweden, and in Scandinavia generally, is the seeming absence of all religious feeling, and probably this may be traced to the utter inattention and insensibility of the clergy to the religious wants of the people. Two hours' attendance on Sunday at church, one-fourth of which time is devoted to the extemporaneous preaching of their easy-tempered pastor, absolves them for the rest of the week from any weak attentions to religious matters; nor can this be wondered at, when the abilities, or rather inabilities, of the clergy, as a body, are considered.

Swedish society is undoubtedly very pleasant. The Swedes are soon at home with each other, and ever ready to greet a stranger kindly. The monotonous sea voyage of an English steamboat is rendered unbearable by the cautious reserve of my worthy countrymen; but all on board the "*Nordeval*" seemed pleased and full of life. Conversation, books, and needlework for the lady portion of the passengers, rendered additionally pleasant the journey through the lovely lake scenery; cards also afforded amusement to a large proportion of the male passengers, and Pastor E., a jocular fat old man, presided at the game of "Harlequin." They played for money, though not high. The cards have various designs upon them—harlequins, wreaths, flower-pots, swine, hussars, cavalry, each of which has its relative value, whilst he who is dealt "Harlequin" is said to be killed, and has to hand over his stake to the lucky possessor of the card of highest value.

It used to be the custom in Sweden for the clergymen of a district, by the consent of its bishop, to elect one of their number to compose a Latin Theme on a religious subject appointed by themselves. He upon whom the lot fell had a certain time given him, at the expiration of which the bishop would allow the clergy to assemble and discuss the merits of the printed pamphlet. This Pastor E. was some thirty years ago appointed, by his brethren of the cloth, to write the Latin Essay, but the bishop being very old, and probably not willing to enter seriously into a long debate with his clergy, would not allow them to be called together

on this occasion; whereupon he of the rich living threatened an action against his superior unless he called a Convocation, on the grounds that he had wasted much time in the composition of his Latinity, as well as spent muckle silver in the printing of the same. The affair of course blew over, but at the time it created much laughter, and was duly chronicled in the district journal.

On the Thursday following, after a journey of three days and four nights, we anchored safely at one of the numerous quays about Stockholm, at four o'clock in the morning, and my politeness not allowing me to awaken its inhabitants at so early an hour, I waited till six, when I trod *terra firma* and made for the Hotel du Garni. On my way I was struck by the magnificent buildings and monuments of Swedish historical celebrities, as well as by the beautiful site of the city, which commands views both of the island-dotted Malar and an armlet of the Baltic. After I had dispatched my breakfast, to which I did but poor justice, owing to my appetite being whetted for other and better things, I sallied out, with the intention of taking a general view of the city. I was delighted with all I saw, with the Gustav Adolf Torg and the Norrbro, which skirts the northern side of the palace, in particular. Charmed with the view of the Malar and the noble buildings and pretty residences on its shores I obtained from the eastern façade of the palace, I lingered there, notwithstanding the number of noble objects which I had yet to see.

After looking at some fine statues—those of Axel Oxenstierna in the portico of the eastern façade of the palace of Gustavus Adolphus, modelled in bronze after the famous Apollo Belvidere, with a splendid marble pedestal; an obelisk of granite raised by Gustavus IV. in memory of the support given him by the burgesses of Stockholm in 1788—I came back by the same way and stood before the Opera House in Gustavus Adolphus Square, in which building Gustavus the Third's assassination took place. Turning out of this square, I shortly afterwards found myself in that of Carl XIII., in the centre of which is placed the munificent Bernadotte's statue of that monarch. This square is very broad, and its leafy walks afford a pleasant retreat for all classes.

Stockholm is a fairy city! Seen even from the Malar, it presents undoubtedly a fine appearance, but this view yields to that obtained from the Baltic; its crowning ornament, the Palace, now stands prominently forward as the chief attraction, around which the other noble buildings cluster, to enhance

its beauty. One side of this square skirts the Baltic, and as far as the eye could see, its waters were studded with pleasure steam-boats and smaller craft, whose gay painted paddle-boxes were propelled by the sturdy Dalecarlian peasant women. The costume of the women is very pretty, and they display great taste in the selection of their colors; but save me from wearing such spiked boots, the weight of which long usage can alone make tolerable, and at the very sight of which our English drayman would be frightened! The streets of Stockholm, full of life and gaiety, are crowded with gay shops, whilst the carriage road is well lined with handsome carriages and still handsomer tenants. Yet all is foreign—the costumes of the inhabitants, their manners, the shape of their vehicles, and, in short, almost all you see. One is struck by the contrast of a country hay-cart drawn by sturdy oxen, as it wends its way sluggishly by the side of the handsome carriages. Stromparterren is a tastefully arranged promenade below the Norrbro, whence many a pretty view of the Malar is obtainable. Here I was gratified by some excellently played opera airs; one in particular, the music of which I well recollected. On one side of this garden an excellent saloon is erected, outside of which the Stockholmers sip their coffee, smoke, and devour ices.

I devoted my next morning to exploring the palace, which is full of all kinds of treasures and collections, and contains, besides the royal apartments, those of the Crown Prince and Princess. The former particularly interest an Englishman, having been once occupied by Napoleon's some time general, Bernadotte. Here, too, I saw beautiful busts and statues executed by the master chisels of Bystrom and Sorgel Seyel. Thence I betook myself to the Museum of Paintings, where an unexpected treat awaited me; instead of a few specimens of some of the best Dutch painters, as I had been led to expect, I found a large gallery, arranged in excellent taste, with marble busts and statues at the base of the pictures, executed by the aforementioned Swedish artists. There were paintings by Rembrandt, Caravaggio, Rubens, Both, Paul Brill, Wouvermanns, Van Dyck, Gerard Dow, besides others of equal celebrity. Gerard Dow's "Magdalen" in this collection is one of his happiest efforts, yet it hardly gives pleasure, for the artist has but one face for all his women. "Paysage," by Paul Brill, is an exquisite wood scene, with a truly grand Rembrandt-like back ground of wild and shady copse, formed by the overlapping

of the rich dark foliage of trees, in the painting of which this artist has no equal. Having spent in this manner a delightful morning, I prepared for my visit to Mr. V.'s summer residence, about half a Swedish mile from the capital, having received an invitation to dinner. An elegant carriage drove us to the residence of the Countess R., who was to dine with us. Our way thence lay through very pretty scenery, and here and there, through the trees, we caught a glimpse of a placid lake. Arrived at Mr. V.'s house, I admired the taste which had prompted him to select so prettily situated a spot. One side of the building looks upon an inlet of the Baltic, which is shut in on three sides by granite rocks, covered with wood, with here and there a cottage on their summits, whose wooden red-ochre painted exterior contrasts well with the deep green of the surrounding foliage. On one side the height of the rocks was comparatively insignificant, and the surface of one of the highest had been selected as the site of Mr. V.'s residence. The house itself was but of two stories, but these contained elegant and spacious rooms. A separate building, detached, contained the ball-room, which was of great size and elegance. Shortly after my arrival I was introduced to Mrs. V. and the Countess R.'s daughter, but, as these ladies are more than ordinarily beautiful and accomplished, it is but polite that I should give a description of each of them. Mrs. V., a French lady by birth, became acquainted with Mr. V. in America, whither she had gone with her friends for the pleasure of travelling and sight-seeing; here, however, an attachment sprang up between them, and not long afterwards they were married at the French embassy in Paris. After some time her husband's business required his attention at Stockholm, where they have now been settled for some time. They are known very generally in Stockholm, and mix in the best society. The lady is very accomplished, and is acquainted with English and Swedish, besides her native tongue; she is also an excellent draughtswoman, besides possessing divers other accomplishments. She has a very pretty, but peculiar appearance, occasioned by a border of silver-white hair, which fringes the remaining light brown; the hair is turned back in the French fashion, which gives greater display to her regular features. A complexion of great delicacy, and winning smile, leave altogether a very charming impression. Her companion, Friu-ken R., is about eighteen, and very pretty, with black hair, dark and intelligent eyes,

a pretty voice, and a ladylike figure. She spoke English fluently.

After some chat, dinner was announced, when I was ushered into a cool and spacious room, which, as is the custom in Scandinavia in summer, was carpetless. Two long tables occupied angles in the windows; on one of which were smorbrod, condiments, and decanters of Swedish brandy; of these it is the custom to partake first, without sitting down. We now went to the elegantly spread dining-table in the centre of the room, where champagne and other choice wines awaited our arrival; the dishes were handed, and divers were the courses. From this room a door communicated with some steps brought us to the garden, which was filled with the choicest specimens of flowers, and laid out with great taste. From a terrace I obtained a lovely view of the inlet, and of the exquisite surrounding scenery. After some time coffee was handed to us, and shortly afterwards the ladies, who had received an invitation to an evening reception, given by the President of the Norwegian Sthorting, whose house was situated in the Dhurgaard, retired; whilst Mr. V. and myself, descending some steps which led to the water, tried the merits of a Canadian canoe. We then returned for the ladies, and by this time the Dalecarlian peasant women being prepared with their boat, we were speedily landed in the Dhurgaard, or Deer-park. On our way through it, we visited Rosendal, a summer residence of the kings: it is a modern building, but displays so many evidences of the artistical taste of the king, as to be well worth a visit. Outside the edifice stands the celebrated porphyry vase, the largest of its kind in the world.

As we turned again into the park from the palace, looking towards Stockholm through the trees, we beheld the lake dyed with a purple hue, reflected by the sunset. Shortly afterwards I left my friends and plunged into the penitralia of the Dhurgaard. This is one of the most fashionable resorts of the Stockholmers, and deservedly so, for to the charms of an English park it unites all the attractions of a gay city, so studded is it with promenades, saloons, restaurants, and other places of amusement: in this respect it reminds the Danish traveller of Dyrhave, though much superior to the latter in point of scenery. Resolved to finish my evening merrily, I entered the King's Theatre, upon which I had accidentally stumbled in my attempts to thread my way out of the park. There was some excellent acting, and the

piece being a comedy, served to bring out the dry humor which the Swedish actors peculiarly possess. It was quite dark when I left, and by mere chance I found my way to the waters edge, where I embarked, and was landed at the palace steps, just as the inhabitants of the capital were beginning to settle in.

On Friday, August 18th, dispatches were received by the Swedish Government from Sir Charles Napier, announcing the capture of Bomarsund by the allies. The news was not generally known till the next day, when the Saturday's papers announced the fact to the Stockholmers, and also contained notices of the intention of the several directors of the steamboat companies to start excursion steamboats to the scene of the late action. The excitement of the Swedes was immense; the steamboats advertised were crowded to excess, and not a hammock, much less a berth, was to be had within an hour of the announcement: four steamers were taken off their usual line and put upon one that promised to yield a quicker and larger profit. No more could be had, and, without doubt, multitudes must have been disappointed. I presented myself at the office of the company after the hour, and was only too glad to pay a very high price for mere standing room in the "*Esaias Tegner*," which proved to be the fastest and most comfortable of the four.

Every Swede extols the beauty of the approach to Stockholm from the Baltic, and it was not long before I let my companions know that I joined in their verdict. The armlet at the Baltic, shortly after you leave Stockholm, branches out on all sides, and is crowned with islands of all shapes and sizes; in one of these branches I saw the French screw-vessel that had the day before brought tidings of the capture. At about ten o'clock we arrived at Waxholm, a circular fortress that becomes every year stronger and stronger; whose numerous guns, were their opposite neighbors disposed to retaliate upon the Swedes for their neutrality during the present war, would give them a warm reception, for in their approach to Stockholm by the Baltic, the Russians must necessarily come within range of them. Upon my arrival on deck the next morning (Sunday), after a refreshing sleep of a few hours, though in the densely-packed cabin, into which I had descended, upon the promise of part of a berth from one of my companion Swedes, I found we had just come in sight of the portion of the fleet which had anchored within easy view of the Aland Islands. It was a

grand sight, but we reserved a minute inspection of it until our return from Bomarsund. At Degerby we procured a pilot and proceeded briskly on, having given the steamers that had started some hours before us the "go by." About eight o'clock we came in sight of Bomarsund. Part of the French fleet, and the greater part of the English, was drawn up in front of the main fortress. Having moored our boat within fifty yards of the latter, a debate ensued whether we should land, on account of the prevalence of cholera among the French troops; but the fear of thirteen days quarantine on our return to Stockholm suggested a more prudent policy, and an opportunity was lost of seeing the French troops encamped within three miles of the fortress—the fortress itself we could not have entered, for here the French troops, suspecting a mine, were busily engaged in probing the earth, and would allow no one to come near. The scenery of the Aland Islands much resembles some of the less beautiful parts of Sweden through which I had passed—the same low rocks with scanty verdure and poor soil, seemingly more cultivated the further the eye penetrated into the interior. When we landed, the French troops were engaged in shipping the guns which had done such terrible execution. Not an English officer was to be seen, save those cruising in open boats from the various men-of-war. The Russians prior to the attack had destroyed the village and burnt the surrounding woods, that presented a strong contrast to the immediate neighborhood, which was covered with firs. The tall brick chimneys of the houses were the only portions left.

The following particulars I gleaned from my companions on board, who had doubtless seen them related in the Swedish journals. On the Wednesday morning, when the fortress had been bombshelled continuously for many hours, Captain Hall landed in an open boat with a pocket handkerchief in his hand, no flag of truce being procurable, and accompanied by a few men, made for the fortress, when the Russians drew the flag into the fortress and fired upon them. The French troops, seeing from some distance of the imminent danger of Captain Hall, bore down upon the fortress and opened a warm fire upon the Russian garrison. On Captain Hall demanding the submission of the fortress, the commandant refused to surrender unless under conditions, but as the gallant Captain would not listen to these, and threatened upon non-compliance to demolish the fortress

altogether, and give no quarter, the Russians capitulated and surrendered to the impromptu flag of Captain Hall.

It is said that treachery and insubordination were general amongst the Russians, and it is known that during the siege a great portion of them imbibed very freely. In one instance, a French officer coming on shore, found one of the French soldiers playfully stabbing with his sword a prostrate Russian: upon the officer coming up to the group, and demanding the reason of so unusual an occurrence, the soldier replied that he was giving his companion a lesson for his audacity in threatening the life of a French officer. The French officer prevented him from taking the law into his own hands, and bade him help to conduct the Russian, who was thoroughly stupid with drink, to the boat from which he had just then landed. On their progress the Russian contrived to raise his head with the intention of snatching a kiss from his conductors. Both having been probably accustomed to similar offerings from fairer lips, managed dexterously to avoid the proffered courtesy, and securing their prisoner with a tighter hand, succeeded in safely depositing him in the boat.

When about leaving Bomarsund, we saw some of the French troops beguiling their spare time in fishing, whilst others were walking about in knots, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. As we passed, on our return, the portion of the fleet stationed in front of the fortress, the Swedes waved their hats and rent the air with huzzas: to which the sailors replied by similar demonstrations, and evidence of their being in high spirits after their recent conflict. We saw some of the English sailors preparing for a morning bath, whilst others flung themselves off the masts and swam out a considerable distance from the ship from whose side a sail had been lowered into the water, secured at the four corners, and intended probably for those who were tired of their refreshing amusement of swimming. We moored our vessel at Degerby, and resolved to follow the example of the sailors, and avail ourselves of the beautifully clear water; so we plunged in,

and much astonished the peasants, who stared in wonderment at the floating mass of human heads on the surface of the water. The peasants, though evidently glad to change their masters, were apprehensive of the return of the Russians, and hoped that the allies would not leave Bomarsund.

Soon we came in sight of the remainder of the fleet; to the crews of each of the ships we gave the regular salute, which was always returned with hearty good-will, and with the accompanying wave of the hat. Thus ended the visit to Bomarsund, and, although they did not go on shore, the Swedes were evidently delighted with all they had seen, and admired the gigantic proportions of some of the men-of-war, which alone, they said, were well worth the visit.

Whoever goes to Stockholm should not omit a visit to Dronningholm and Gripsholm: to these summer palaces of the King, steam-boats run almost every day. The buildings themselves are not only splendid, but they also contain beautiful paintings by some of the first masters, besides sculptures and other beautiful objects. Dronningholm was rebuilt half a century ago, though the original building was of very ancient date: it is very often the residence of the King, but was now occupied by the Crown Prince. The park around the palace is very beautiful, and contains noble avenues and walks, some not inferior to the celebrated Christ Church Walk in Oxford. At one end of the park stands "Canton," a row of summer houses, which Louisa Ulrica originally built as manufactories, but they have since been let out to private persons as residences. Pretty little cottages peep out everywhere, which are no doubt occupied by the servants employed in the palace. On the lawn, in front of the palace, stand eight mythological subjects carved in the school of Michael Angelo, but time, and weather had done much to diminish their value, as well as their beauty. Thus my visit to Stockholm and its neighborhood terminated, and the next day I took a passage on board the steamboat to Ystad, and left, perhaps for ever, a place of which I shall always retain the "sunniest memories."

From the Edinburgh Review.

MACAULAY'S SPEECHES.*

FOR ourselves, we have been equally delighted with the manner and the matter of these speeches. They are wonderful not merely as compositions, but as specimens of true deliberative eloquence; and equally admirable for the just, and often deep, practical political philosophy with which they are everywhere imbued.

We are aware it is the opinion of some folks, who, if they see some one faculty in a very variously-endowed mind signally predominant, imagine that the others must not only be relatively, but *absolutely*, inferior,—who, in short, have a difficulty in judging of the *tout ensemble* of all its qualities,—that Mr. Macaulay is too imaginative—too profuse in illustration—too stately—too *this*, and too *that*, to admit of his attaining the highest excellences of the true oratorical style,—of that style which Aristotle calls the *λέξις ἀγωνιστική*, and of which, by general consent, Demosthenes is the most perfect, if not the sole perfect example. As it is not given to any man to be equally every thing, so it would not be wonderful if Mr. Macaulay, having been for the most part engaged in a very different kind of composition, or rather, in several different kinds of composition, (in all of which he has exhibited a singular facility,) and, having given to his oratorical talents no exclusive development, had encountered the usual fortunes of the pent-athlete, and sacrificed, in some degree, concentration of power in one form for varied excellence in many. But, on the whole, we must profess our conviction that it is rather the skilful *adaptation* to the requirements of the true oratorical style which these speeches display, than any failure in that respect, that ought to surprise us. It is not the similarity between the style of this volume and that of the “*Essays*” or the “*History*,” that so much strikes us (at least, in a very large proportion of passages,) as

the degree in which the first differs from the second, in obedience to the flexibility, the vivacity, the energy which the spoken style in a deliberative assembly demands.*

The general, and very undeniable, commonplaces of criticism as to the truest style of oratory, we should be the last to dispute; and this Journal, where they have been so constantly contended for, would be the last place wherein to dispute them. The characteristics of that style,—its impatience of the abstract and the ornate; its demand that philosophy should be used only to minister to the *practical*, lend its wisdom without parade, and even without the expansion into which, when there is *no* parade, a philosophic mind (like that of Burke, for example,) loves to wander; its parsimony of imagery, except where the illustrations themselves are the flashes of passion, or can be held in solution in metaphor; its business-like point and brevity, to the utmost limit at which brevity can consist with perspicuity; its uniform preference of energy to elegance, whether of conception or expression; and its rejection of all elegance *merely* as such, and except so far as it is a more pleasurable, and therefore more effectual vehicle of conveying instruction or insinuating argument; its ever-varied flow—rapid or gentle—placid or rough—breaking into foam, or murmuring between peaceful banks, just as the course of the channel offers obstructions which chafe passion, or invites the unimpeded and tranquil flow of sympathy; its flexible adaptation to the whole play of emotion, whatever that may be; its rapid changes of construction; its speaking pauses; its vivacious apostrophes; its questions which carry their own answer; its suppressions more eloquent

* It is, perhaps, true that a less violent transition would be necessary to Mr. Macaulay than to many, in passing from one style to the other. He has written history in a form which, without sacrificing any dignity which, in any intelligible sense, belongs to such composition, has much of the animation of the happiest popular eloquence. He has shown that a stiff and formal air, and scorn of vivacious details, are happily not essential to the dignity of the Historic Muse.

* Speeches by the Right Honorable T. B. Macaulay, M. P., corrected by himself. [A preliminary rebuke to the publisher of a surreptitious copy of this work we have omitted, preserving the whole of the fine critique upon the orator himself.—Ed.]

than speech;—changes, if we may so say, all responsive to the varying attitudes and gestures of mind, and (where eloquence is perfect) reflected again in answering variations of voice, and feature, and action:—these are some of the characteristics of that eloquence, the analysis of which is as difficult as the description of the physical changes which pass in alternate light and shadow over a speaking countenance; but it is recognized the moment it is heard, just as the latter is interpreted the moment it is seen.

If a popular deliberative assembly is impatient (as it always will be) of redundant philosophy or exuberant imagery, even when the first has the genuine qualities of philosophy, and the other the appropriate grace of poetry, it need hardly be said, that it will reject with double disgust the ambitious affectation of either; the parade of profound or subtle thought without the reality, and the meretricious ornament which juvenility and inexperience are apt to mistake for eloquence. But let the deviation from the truest eloquence be from what cause it will, whether from powers of argument or imagination, great, indeed, but misapplied, or simply from a ridiculous caricature of the very qualities thus mocked, the reasons for which a deliberative assembly resents any such deviation are obvious; it is because it is a deliberative assembly, bent on business, having grave and weighty interests to deal with, and hard practical knots to untie. What is strictly *ad rem*, and uttered under the influence of natural feeling, can alone secure its permanent attention, and is sure to do so.*

But, fully conceding the characteristics of the style which Aristotle has analyzed, and Demosthenes exemplified, we are to recollect that even these may be exhibited with equal *nature* in different men, though within very different limits. They will vary not only with the age, the country, the assembly, but quite as much with the *intellectual character* of the individual speaker, and yet the qualities in question may be exhibited strictly within the sphere of nature.

Take, for example, the imaginative element. We have spoken of the parsimony

with which the true orator uses it; but this respects rather the forms imagination assumes than the frequency of its exercise, or affects its frequency only when a single thought is superfluously illustrated. Ten illustrations of one point would be intolerable; but ten illustrations of as many points is a very different matter. There are some minds so imaginative, so apt to seize analogies, (Burke's, for example,) that with them to think is almost to think in metaphor. They invent every moment a more vivid, symbolical language of their own than common terms supply. Now, will an orator of this stamp, however faithfully he may exemplify the principles we have been advocating, employ no *more* metaphors than a man in other respects of equal powers, but inferior here? The notion is of course absurd. If he feather the shaft with more than will carry it home—if he express his images in the garish colors or exuberant forms of the poet, he has committed a grave error; and no doubt that a temptation to do this will be one of the things against which such a constitution of mind will have to guard. But he may use most abundant metaphor, and be quite blameless. Hence, as we have said, the *extent* to which the use of the imagination is resorted to, even in the severest eloquence, will be a question of limits. As the natural effect of passion is to stimulate that in common with every other faculty, it will be stimulated in proportion as it is possessed; and if that which kindles it be indeed the inspiration of mature and genuine feeling, its more frequent manifestation will not offend; in that case, it is Nature that speaks, and she will vindicate herself by the *forms* she assumes. For, though the dialects of Nature are many, her language is one.

Temperate as is the style of Demosthenes in this respect, we apprehend that if we could appreciate *all* the metaphors which lurk unsuspected in what now appear common terms if we could detect every latent trope, every novel application of a familiar idiom, just as the ear of a native Greek could, we should find many a passage lighted up with a phosphorescent lustre of imagination where we now little suspect it; animated with a life which, circulating in the words themselves, and not disclosed to us by the formalities of simile, the "cold obstruction" of a dead language conceals from us. We see only the outlines of the figures on the tapestry; the vivid colors have faded by time.

Take, again, the undeniably true principle, that the object of the orator being conviction

* Of all the deliberative bodies ever assembled, the House of Commons is, perhaps, the most fastidious in this respect. It will concede liberal indulgence to knowledge, simplicity, and nature, with whatsoever defects of manner associated,—though it will (these being presupposed) naturally and justly value every degree of approach to the perfection of the true style of the highest practical eloquence.

and persuasion, and even conviction only that he may persuade; pleasure *as such*, however refined, is not to be sought independently of the end aimed at; nor at all, *except* as energy and harmony—striking images—“apt words in apt places” are, though employed for another and a higher purpose, necessarily productive of pleasure, and, by being grateful, aid attention and facilitate the admission of argument; still, how wide are the limits, within which that maxim may be acted on with equal honesty, varied only by the powers of the speaker, not by the demands of style! Up to the stated limit the severest style admits of such pleasurable accessories; beyond it, the excitement of pleasure is felt to be foreign, and the ornaments intended to effect it, however grateful in themselves, a correct taste at once pronounces to be meretricious. We repeat, that the problem is one of limits, dependent on the qualities of mind in the speaker. With equal honesty of purpose, with equal intention of saying nothing merely to afford a delight alien from the purpose in hand, with equal desire to subordinate the very pleasure which an appropriate vehicle of thought, not only *will*, but *must* produce, how different will be the degree of pleasure which the compositions of different men inspire; and how much more effective, *because* a more pleasurable vehicle of thought, will be the one than the other!

No orator is to speak for the sake of producing pleasure; no orator is to speak (so far as possible) without producing pleasure! A nice distinction, some will think; and some, perhaps, a downright paradox. Yet it is easily exclaimed; for it simply means that the pleasurable is only to be aimed at by the orator for the sake of an *ulterior* end,—not for its own sake as an *ultimate* end. As Aristotle says in his introduction to his analysis of those qualities which ought to distinguish the true style of eloquence, “It is naturally delightful to all men to receive instruction in forms which give pleasure.” Now strictly adhering to this maxim, we say that conformity to it may be very variously exemplified by different orators; that is, that the application of the rule is still a question of limits. There is a point beyond which we can say that the object which ought to have been *merely* involved in a higher one, has been made more or less the principal, and therefore an offence has been committed; but still the limits are not inconsiderable *within* which no such faults are chargeable, and where the difference of pleasure from different styles of eloquence is inconceivably great.

Take, for example, the appropriate pleasure given by a flexible and harmonious style. Prose has its music as well as verse; not *like* that of verse, indeed, for one of its very excellences is freedom from everything which shall even remind the ear of metrical arrangement,—of aught that may suggest the idea of jingle or rhyme. Yet it has its characteristic melody not less than poetry itself; not that of the lyre or lute, which so easily “weds itself to immortal verse,”—of measured cadences and complex harmony; but a wild and free, ever pleasant though ever varying music, like that of Nature; like that of the whispering winds and falling waters,—such as is heard by mountain streams or in the leafy woods of summer. Not less than poetry itself has prose its sweet and equable, its impetuous and rapid flow; its full and majestic harmonies, its abrupt transitions, its impressive pauses, its grateful though not regularly recurring cadence.

Now the effect on the minds of hearers, in fixing attention, in stimulating the memory and every other faculty, will immeasurably vary with the degree in which prose attains its appropriate excellences in different styles of an equally genuine eloquence; though in all, the aim with which it will be employed, and the kind and degree of pleasure it will impart, will be specifically different from those of verse. The human mind,—the mind of the uneducated as well as of the cultured,—is so constituted as to enjoy those excellences, and, by enjoying, to have every faculty to which the orator wishes to gain access for the purpose of operating conviction or persuasion *legitimately* stimulated. The pleasure, like that which is found in many instances of a beneficent complexity in the ends contemplated by Nature (as in that of the palate as subordinated to digestion), is not a separate, nor the ultimate thing, but auxiliary to another and ulterior design. When wholesome food is relished, that very enjoyment is subservient to healthy digestion; and this may illustrate the pleasure which legitimate eloquence should impart; when the palate is tickled by dainties at the expense of the stomach, we are reminded of the error of meretricious oratory.

But still the degree in which the *pulchrum* may be made legitimately to conspire with the *utile* is a question of limits which will be differently resolved by different minds, and whether more perfectly or less, will depend both on their own structure, and on the taste and culture of the hearers.

No doubt the great leading principle which

should determine the whole code of rhetorical maxims must be derived from the *design* of such compositions; and if a man carefully bears that in mind he will rarely fail in at least avoiding faults, if he has not the faculties which justify him in aspiring to the higher excellences of the oratorical art. But the point which we are more particularly desirous of illustrating is this,—that where there *are* such powers, the legitimate pleasure which their exercise will give will be very different in different men. To employ one more illustration. If men, instead of the ordinary mode of writing, were to adopt a system like the picture-writing of ancient Mexico, there would be no doubt infinite degrees of the better and the worse in its exhibition,—approximations to a certain ideal “perfection of style.” That which should give the symbols the elaborate finish and perfect detail of ordinary painting would certainly not be that “perfection;” because another end than that of the painter’s art ought to be contemplated. It would be as great a mistake, and of the same kind, to attempt to engraft the appropriate pleasures of poetry on eloquence. Still, just as in the employment of imagery, or of the various music of prose, by the orator, there would be no inconsiderable range in which the writers of such symbols might evince varying skill. Without wishing to give them any of the illegitimate attractions of the pictorial art, or doing anything *except* for the purpose (as Aristotle says) of making “comprehension more easy,” by making it more “pleasant,”—they might, by a thousand graces, and with no more time and effort than an inferior artist would expend, render the meaning more clear or more impressive, more distinct or more vivid.

If we examine these speeches of Mr. Macaulay, not simply by some abstract canons of ideal perfection in oratorical style, which scarcely any man has exemplified, but by a due reference to the variable limits imposed by the variable structure of different minds,—limits within which the conditions of that style may be adequately complied with,—we must again profess our surprise at the degree in which many of these speeches fulfil those conditions. We have no scruple in saying they will in that respect sustain comparison with any speeches with which the whole range of British oratory has supplied us.

The orator whom Mr. Macaulay most resembles—and it must strike every reader—is Edmund Burke. We may go a step further; we affirm that measured by the usual practical tests—some we will shortly mention—

these speeches, merely as *speeches*, are superior to those of Burke. Glowing with the characteristics of mind which distinguished Burke, Mr. Macaulay in the main has attained a far closer approximation to what the style of deliberative eloquence demands than Burke did; has exerted a more successful control over the splendid powers which may so easily, in relation to eloquence, allure into “*splendita vitia*,” and subordinated more rigorously the entire elements of his mind to the duties and functions of the public speaker. Informed, like Burke, with the spirit of political philosophy, he more discreetly limits the “circuit of its musings,” and makes it the servant, not the master, of his eloquence; equally affluent in vivid and original imagery,—imagery which like that of Burke, is fed by sources almost boundless, and to which every realm of human knowledge is made tributary,—he has, in no case, fallen into the extravagancies into which Burke’s daring genius not seldom hurried him. Possessed like Burke of an imperial command over all the treasures of the English language, Mr. Macaulay in the best passages of his speeches has attained, if not the ever various, flexible ease of his great prototype, yet greater point, condensation, and energy than it would be easy to parallel from Burke’s most successful speeches.

Whatever the resemblances, and they are very striking, between the speeches of Burke and those of Mr. Macaulay, nothing can more clearly show what we have said as to the greater adaptation of the latter to the conditions of effective deliberative eloquence, than the contrast between the impatience with which the House listened to Burke, at least in his latter years, and the hearty welcome which it has always accorded to Mr. Macaulay. If this be not the solution, then all that can be said is, that the House of Commons must be a very different assembly from what it was in the time of the elder orator. Burke often managed to empty the House; Mr. Macaulay, if it be known that he is likely to speak, never fails to fill it. If the benches are empty when he begins, no sooner is it known that he is speaking, than numbers flock in, and hang on his accents with breathless attention. Certainly he does not want the testimonies to signal eloquence enumerated by Cicero, “*coronam multiplicem, iudicium erectum, crebras assensiones, multas admirationes.*” Another, and perhaps more effective proof of the power of his speeches is, that they have generally had an immediate effect in shaping the course of the debate; sometimes an appreciable, and, in one or two

cases, if we are correctly informed, a decisive effect on the instant judgment of the House.*

Two errors of Burke, into which many great speakers besides Burke have fallen, Mr. Macaulay has discreetly avoided. It was not solely the excess of disquisition and illustration, of ill-timed wisdom and profuse imagery, which made the House impatient of Burke's speeches; it was as much the too frequent obtrusion of himself on the House, and his excessive length. Both these are serious errors. Mr. Macaulay is chargeable with neither. His appearances have been in the estimate of his audience only too infrequent, and have ever been most welcome. His speeches have generally been of very moderate dimensions

* Success, if we except the rare case of immediately triumphing over adverse prejudices, is always a problematical proof of oratorical skill. The divinest eloquence, if the truth it urges be unwelcome, will too often stand little chance against *ad captandum* fallacies, which the prejudices and foregone conclusions of an audience will make them hug to their bosoms, and applaud to the echo. Just as a general may exhibit the highest strategical and tactical skill, and yet be defeated by contingencies over which he had no control, and of which no human sagacity could have made him precient; so the orator may often encounter prejudices against which the most cogent argument and the most powerful motives may be directed in vain; and none know this better than the *sacred* orator! For this reason we have always so much admired the definition of rhetoric given by Aristotle. 'It is not,' says he, 'the art which teaches us *how to persuade*, but how to put together the things which on a given subject and occasion *ought to persuade*, or which are best calculated to persuade;' Οὐ τὸ πείθειν ἀλλὰ τὸ ἰδὲν τὰ ὑπάρχοντα πειθὰν περὶ ἑκαστον.

The ease with which any orator may win golden opinions from an audience to whom he addresses only what flatters their vanity, or coincides with their wishes; and the agreeable 'exaltation' which attends the operation, are most amusingly ridiculed by Socrates in the Menexenus. The task, he says, of the public orators appointed to pronounce the public panegyrics on those who had deserved well of their country, is easy enough. He describes in an exquisitely ironical vein the pleasing self-inflation under which, as he pretends, he always listened to the encomiums on his country and his countrymen. Somehow, he tells us, they always sent him away thinking himself a far finer, nobler, and even taller fellow than he was! The pleasing delusion, he avers, sometimes remained with him for so long as four or even five days, during which he thought himself 'in the islands of the blest.' When Menexenus pities the condition of a certain panegyrist, who is likely not to be appointed in time to make due preparation, Socrates says, 'How so, my fine fellow! These folks are always provided with speeches ready made; and if not, it would not be difficult to extemporize on such subjects. If indeed it were required to eulogize the Athenians among the Spartans, or the Spartans among the Athenians, a persuasive and plausible orator would be required sure enough.

compared with many of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Brougham, and many other of our greater orators. The generality of those in the present volume little exceed twenty pages; many, and yet on large subjects, are considerably under that. One, and only one,—on a very vast theme, the Government of India, (1833)—extends to forty pages. There is one also of thirty pages; of the rest none exceed twenty-five.

As to the *chefs d'œuvre* of most of our other orators, they have come down to us in so mutilated a form, that it is difficult to make any comparison of merit. We hardly know what Charles James Fox was in his very highest moods, so imperfectly has he been reported; though we hold it certain that he possessed more of the ancient *δυσωρία*—of the essential characteristics of Demosthenes—than any other orator England has produced. We think so in spite of Lord Brougham's remarks on the differences between them, which after all affect rather the form than the soul of their eloquence. But the bulk of his reported speeches give, it must be confessed, but faint traces of the astonishing powers which all tradition has ascribed to him. We must say the same of Pitt. It may seem to many almost like profanity to say so, but we find the generality of their reported speeches desperately tedious reading. Of the speeches which have been more perfectly transmitted to us, revised like these of Mr. Macaulay by the speakers themselves, we know of none from which passages more happily combining all the characteristics of genuine deliberative eloquence could be produced than many in this volume. If challenged to justify the assertion, we should not hesitate to accept the challenge; we do not believe it possible to produce from any speaker passages which better exemplify the style we have been speaking of than the following extracts. We deliberately pit them, not merely for splendor of imagery or expression—but for argument, point, nervous energy, vivacity, variety, against any the doubter shall confront with them. Nor are they always the most powerful we could produce; some we pass by for the reasons for which Mr. Macaulay has reluctantly published them, and some because they cannot be easily torn from the context.

We will commence with an extract from the speech on the "Sugar Duties." He thus powerfully exposes the inconsistency of those—many of them, by the way, had been advocates of slavery to the very last—who had qualms about the admission of slave-grown sugar from Brazil, and none about that of

slave-grown cotton, tobacco, and rice from America:

Observe, I am not disputing the paramount authority of moral obligation. I am not setting up pecuniary considerations against moral considerations. I know that it would be not only a wicked, but a short-sighted policy, to aim at making a nation like this great and prosperous by violating the laws of justice. To those laws, enjoin what they may, I am prepared to submit. But I will not palter with them; I will not cite them to-day in order to serve one turn, and quibble them away to-morrow in order to serve another. I will not have two standards of right; one to be applied when I wish to protect a favorite interest at the public cost, and another to be applied when I wish to replenish the exchequer, and to give an impulse to trade. I will not have two weights or two measures. I will not blow hot and cold, play fast and loose, strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Can the Government say as much? Are gentlemen opposite prepared to act in conformity with their own principles? They need not look long for opportunities. The Statute-book swarms with enactments directly opposed to the rule which they profess to respect. I will take a single instance from our existing laws, and propound it to the gentlemen opposite as a test, if I must not say of their sincerity, yet of their power of moral discrimination. Take the article of tobacco. Not only do you admit the tobacco of the United States, which is grown by slaves; not only do you admit the tobacco of Cuba which is grown by slaves, and by slaves, as you tell us, recently imported from Africa; but you actually interdict the free laborers of the United Kingdom from growing tobacco. You have long had in your Statute-book laws prohibiting the cultivation of tobacco in England, and authorizing the Government to destroy all tobacco plantations, except a few square yards, which are suffered to exist unmolested in botanical gardens, for purposes of science. These laws did not extend to Ireland. The free peasantry of Ireland began to grow tobacco. The cultivation spread fast. Down came your legislation upon it; and now, if the Irish freeman dares to engage in competition with the slaves of Virginia and Havanah, you exchequer him; you ruin him; you grub up his plantation. Here, then, we have a test by which we may try the consistency of the gentlemen opposite. I ask you, are you prepared, I do not say to exclude slave-grown tobacco, but to take away from slave-grown tobacco the monopoly which you now give to it, and to permit the free laborer of the United Kingdom to enter into competition on equal terms, on any terms, with the negro who works under the lash? I am confident that the three right honorable gentlemen opposite, the First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the late President of the Board of Trade, will all with one voice answer "No." And why not? "Because," say they, "it will injure the revenue. True it is," they will say, "that the tobacco imported from abroad is grown by slaves, and by slaves many of whom have been recently carried across the Atlantic, in defiance, not only of justice

and humanity, but of law and treaty. True it is that the cultivators of the United Kingdom are freemen. But then on the imported tobacco we are able to raise at the Custom House a duty of six hundred per cent.; sometimes, indeed, of twelve hundred per cent.; and, if tobacco were grown here, it would be difficult to get an excise duty of even a hundred per cent. We cannot submit to this loss of revenue; and, therefore, we must give a monopoly to the slave-holder, and make it penal in the freeman to invade that monopoly." You may be right; but in the name of common sense be consistent. If this moral obligation, of which you talk so much, be one which may with propriety yield to fiscal considerations, let us have Brazilian sugars. If it be paramount to all fiscal considerations, let us at least have British snuff and segars. (Pp. 341-343.)

A page or two further on occurs one of the most vivid pictures of the horrors of slavery ever presented to the public mind. Would to God every member of the American Union would read and ponder it!

Then a new distinction is set up. The United States, it is said, have slavery; but they have no slave trade. I deny that assertion. I say that the sugar and cotton of the United States are the fruits, not only of slavery, but of the slave trade. And I say further, that, if there be on the surface of this earth a country which, before God and man, is more accountable than any other for the misery and degradation of the African race, that country is not Brazil, the produce of which the right honorable baronet excludes, but the United States, the produce of which he proposes to admit on more favorable terms than ever. I have no pleasure in going into an argument of this nature. I do not conceive that it is the duty of a member of the English Parliament to discuss abuses which exist in other societies. Such discussion seldom tends to produce any reform on such abuses, and has a direct tendency to wound national pride, and to inflame national animosities. I would willingly avoid this subject; but the right honorable baronet leaves me no choice. . . . I affirm, then, that there exists in the United States a slave trade, not less odious or demoralizing, nay, I do in my conscience believe, more odious and more demoralizing, than that which is carried on between Africa and Brazil. North Carolina and Virginia are to Louisiana and Alabama what Congo is to Rio Janeiro. The slave states of the Union are divided into two classes—the breeding states, where the human beasts of burden increase and multiply, and become strong for labor, and the sugar and cotton states, to which those beasts of burden are sent to be worked to death. To what an extent the traffic in man is carried on, we may learn by comparing the census of 1830 with the census of 1840. North Carolina and Virginia are, as I have said, great breeding states. During the ten years from 1830 to 1840 the slave population of North Carolina was almost stationary. The slave population of Virginia positively decreased. Yet, both in North Carolina and Virginia, propagation

was, during those ten years, going on fast. The number of births among the slaves in those states exceeded by hundreds of thousands the number of the deaths. What then became of the surplus? Look to the returns from the Southern States, and from the States whose produce the right honorable baronet proposes to admit with reduced duty or with no duty at all, and you will see. You will find that the increase in the breeding States was barely sufficient to meet the demand of the consuming States. In Louisiana, for example, where we know that the negro population is worn down by cruel toil, and would not, if left to itself, keep up its numbers; there were, in 1830, 107,000 slaves; in 1840, 170,000. In Alabama, the slave population during those ten years much more than doubled; it rose from 117,000 to 253,000. In Mississippi it actually tripled. It rose from 65,000 to 195,000. So much for the extent of this slave trade. And as to its nature, ask any Englishman who has ever travelled in the Southern States. Jobbers go about from plantation to plantation looking out for proprietors who are not easy in their circumstances, and who are likely to sell cheap. A black boy is picked up here, and a black girl there. The dearest ties of nature and of marriage are torn asunder as rudely as they were ever torn asunder by any slave captain on the coast of Guinea. A gang of three or four hundred negroes is made up; and then these wretches, handcuffed, fettered, guarded by armed men, are driven southward as you would drive, or rather as you would not drive, a herd of oxen to Smithfield, that they may undergo the deadly labor of the sugar mill near the mouth of the Mississippi. A very few years of that labor in that climate suffice to send the stoutest African to his grave. But he can well be spared. While he is fast sinking into premature old age, negro boys in Virginia are growing up as fast into vigorous manhood, to supply the void which cruelty is making in Louisiana. God forbid that I should extenuate the horrors of the slave trade in any form! But I do think this its worst form. Bad enough it is that civilized men should sail to an uncivilized quarter of the world where slavery exists, should there buy wretched barbarians, and should carry them away to labor in a distant land; bad enough! But that a civilized man, a baptized man, a man proud of being a citizen of a free State, a man frequenting a Christian church, should breed slaves for exportation, and, if the whole horrible truth must be told, should even beget slaves for exportation; should see children, sometimes his own children, gambolling around him from infancy, should watch their growth, should become familiar with their faces, and should then sell them for four or five hundred dollars a head, and send them to lead in a remote country a life which is a lingering death, a life about which the best thing that can be said is that it is sure to be short; this does, I own, excite a horror exceeding even the horror excited by that slave trade which is the curse of the African coast. And mark; I am not speaking of any rare case, of any instance of eccentric depravity. I am speaking of a trade as regular as the trade

in pigs between Dublin and Liverpool, or as the trade in coals between the Tyne and the Thames. (Pp. 344-348).

Our next extract shall be the noble peroration to the speech on "Jewish Disabilities":—

Another charge has been brought against the Jews, not by my honorable friend the Member for the University of Oxford; he has too much learning, and too much good feeling, to make such a charge; but by the honorable member for Oldham, who has, I am sorry to see, quitted his place. The honorable member for Oldham tells us that the Jews are naturally a mean race, a sordid race, a money-getting race; that they are averse to all honorable callings; that they neither sow nor reap; that they have neither flocks nor herds; that usury is the only pursuit for which they are fit; that they are destitute of all elevated and amiable sentiments. Such, Sir, has in every age been the reasoning of bigots. They never fail to plead in justification of persecution the vices which persecution has engendered. England has been to the Jews less than half a country; and we revile them because they do not feel for England more than a half patriotism. We treat them as slaves, and wonder that they do not regard us as brethren. We drive them to mean occupations, and then reproach them for not embracing honorable professions. We long forbade them to possess land; and we complain that they chiefly occupy themselves in trade. We shut them out from all the paths of ambition; and then we despise them for taking refuge in avarice. During many ages we have, in all our dealings with them, abused our immense superiority of force; and then we are disgusted because they have recourse to that cunning which is the natural and universal defence of the weak against the violence of the strong. But were they always a mere money-changing money-getting, money-hoarding race? Nobody knows better than my honorable friend the member for the University of Oxford, that there is nothing in their national character which unfits them for the highest duties of citizens. He knows that, in the infancy of civilization when our island was as savage as New Guinea, when letters and arts were still unknown to Athens, when scarcely a thatched hut stood on what was afterwards the site of Rome, this contemned people had their fenced cities and cedar palaces, their splendid temple, their fleets of merchant ships, their schools of sacred learning, their great statesmen and soldiers, their natural philosophers, their historians and their poets. What nation ever contended more manfully against overwhelming odds for its independence and religion? What nation ever in its last agonies gave such signal proofs of what may be accomplished by a brave despair? And if, in the course of many centuries, the oppressed descendants of warriors and sages have degenerated from the qualities of their fathers, if, while excluded from the blessings of law, and bowed down under the yoke of slavery, they have contracted some of the vices of outlaws and of slaves, shall we consider this as matter of reproach to them?

Shall we not rather consider it as matter of shame and remorse to ourselves? Let us do justice to them. Let us open to them the door of the House of Commons. Let us open to them every career in which ability and energy can be displayed. Till we have done this, let us not presume to say that there is no genius among the countrymen of Isaiah, no heroism among the descendants of the Maccabees.

Sir, in supporting the motion of my honorable friend, I am, I firmly believe, supporting the honor and the interests of the Christian religion. I should think that I insulted that religion, if I said that it cannot stand unaided by intolerant laws. Without such laws it was established, and without such laws it may be maintained. It triumphed over the superstitions of the most refined and of the most savage nations, over the graceful mythology of Greece and the bloody idolatry of the northern forests. It prevailed over the power and policy of the Roman empire. It tamed the barbarians by whom that empire was overthrown. But all these victories were gained, not by the help of intolerance, but in spite of the opposition of intolerance. The whole history of Christianity proves that she has little indeed to fear from persecution as a foe, but much to fear from persecution as an ally. May she long continue to bless our country with her benignant influence, strong in her sublime philosophy, strong in her spotless morality, strong in those internal and external evidences to which the most powerful and comprehensive of human intellects have yielded assent, the last solace of those who have outlived every earthly hope! the last restraint of those who are raised above every earthly fear! But let us not, mistaking her character and her interests, fight the battles of truth with the weapons of error, and endeavor to support by oppression that religion which first taught the human race the great lesson of universal charity. (Pp. 121—123.)

The following is a happy exposure of one of the prevalent fallacies by which the Corn Laws were once defended. It occurs in the speech delivered at Edinburgh (1845):

There was a time, gentlemen, when politicians were not ashamed to defend the Corn Laws merely as contrivances for putting the money of the many into the pockets of the few. We must, so those men reasoned, have a powerful and opulent class of grantees: that we may have such grantees, the rent of land must be kept up; and that the rent of land may be kept up, the price of bread must be kept up. There may still be people who think thus: but they wisely keep their thoughts to themselves. Nobody now ventures to say in public that ten thousand families ought to be put on short allowance of food in order that one man may have a fine stud and a fine picture gallery. Our monopolists have changed their ground. They have abandoned their old argument for a new argument much less invidious, but, I think, rather more absurd. Their hearts bleed for the misery of the poor laboring man. They constantly tell us that the cry against

the Corn Laws has been raised by capitalists; that the capitalist wishes to enrich himself at the expense both of the landed gentry and of the working people; that every reduction of the price of food must be followed by a reduction of the wages of labor; and that if bread should cost only half what it now costs, the peasant and the artisan would be sunk in wretchedness and degradation, and the only gainers would be the mill-owners and the money-changers. It is not only by landowners, it is not only by Tories, that this nonsense has been talked. We have heard it from men of a very different class, from demagogues, who wish to keep up the Corn Laws merely in order that the Corn Laws may make the people miserable, and that misery may make the people turbulent. You know how assiduously those enemies of all order and all property have labored to deceive the working man into a belief that cheap bread would be a curse to him., Nor have they always labored in vain. You remember that once, even in this great and enlightened city, a public meeting called to consider the Corn Laws, was disturbed by a deluded populace. Now, for my own part, whenever I hear bigots who are opposed to all reform, and anarchists who are bent on universal destruction, join in the same cry, I feel certain that it is an absurd and mischievous cry; and surely never was there a cry so absurd and mischievous as this cry against cheap loaves. It seems strange that Conservatives, people who profess to hold new theories in abhorrence,—people who are always talking about the wisdom of our ancestors, should insist on our receiving as an undoubted truth a strange paradox never heard of from the creation of the world till the nineteenth century. Begin with the most ancient book extant, the book of Genesis, and come down to the parliamentary debates of 1815; and I will venture to say that you will find that, on this point, the party which affects profound reverence for antiquity and prescription has against it the unanimous voice of thirty-three centuries. If there be anything in which all peoples, nations and languages, Jews, Greeks, Romans, Italians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, have agreed, it has been this, that the dearthness of food is a great evil to the poor. Surely, the arguments which are to counterbalance such a mass of authority ought to be weighty. What then are those arguments? I know of only one. If any gentleman is acquainted with any other, I wish that he would communicate it to us; and I will engage that he shall have a fair and full hearing. The only argument that I know of is this, that there are some countries in the world where food is cheaper than in England, and where the people are more miserable than in England. Bengal has been mentioned. But Poland is the favorite case. Whenever we ask why there should not be a free trade in corn between the Vistula and the Thames, the answer is, "Do you wish our laborers to be reduced to the condition of the peasants of the Vistula?" Was such reasoning ever heard before? See how readily it may be turned against those who use it. Corn is cheaper at Cincinnati than here, but the wages of the la-

borer are much higher at Cincinnati than here : therefore, the lower the price of food, the higher the wages will be. This reasoning is just as good as the reasoning of our adversaries ; that is to say, it is good for nothing. It is not one single cause that makes nations either prosperous or miserable. No friend of free trade is such an idiot as to say that free trade is the only valuable thing in the world ; that religion, government, police, education, the administration of justice, public expenditure, foreign relations, have nothing whatever to do with the well-being of nations ; that people sunk in superstition, slavery, barbarism, must be happy if they have only cheap food. These gentlemen take the most unfortunate country in the world,—a country which, while it had an independent government, had the very worst of independent governments : the sovereign a mere phantom ; the nobles defying him and quarreling with each other ; the great body of the population in a state of servitude ; no middle class ; no manufactures ; scarcely any trade, and that in the hands of Jew pedlars. Such was Poland while it was a separate kingdom. But foreign invaders came down upon it. It was conquered ; it was reconquered ; it was partitioned ; it was repartitioned ; it is now under a government of which I will not trust myself to speak. This is the country to which these gentlemen go to study the effect of low prices. When they wish to ascertain the effect of high prices, they take our own country ; a country which has been during many generations the best governed in Europe ; a country where personal slavery has been unknown during ages ; a country which enjoys the blessings of a pure religion, of freedom, of order ; a country long secured by the sea against invasion ; a country in which the oldest man living has never seen a foreign flag except as a trophy. Between these two countries our political philosophers institute a comparison. They find the Briton better off than the Pole ; and they immediately come to the conclusion that the Briton is so well off because his bread is dear, and the Pole so ill off because his bread is cheap. Why, is there a single good which in this way I could not prove to be an evil, or a single evil which I could not prove to be a good ? (Pp. 424—426.)

Our last illustrations shall be from the speech on the "Church of Ireland" (1845). We only regret that our space compels us to abridge our extracts. The whole exposure of the anomalies of that most anomalous institution is deeply instructive. Mr. Macaulay, at the same time, frankly absolves the present generation from all responsibility for the existence of such a church, and acknowledges the improvements in its administration,—happily yet greater in 1854 than in 1845.

I cannot help thinking that the speeches of those who defend this Church suffice of themselves to prove that my views are just. For who ever heard any body defend it on its merits ? Has any gentleman to-night defended it on its merits ?

We are told of the Roman Catholic oath, as if that oath, whatever be its meaning, whatever be the extent of the obligation which it lays on the consciences of those who take it, could possibly prove this Church to be a good thing. We are told that Roman Catholics of note, both laymen and divines, fifty years ago, declared that, if they were relieved from the disabilities under which they then lay, they should willingly see the Church of Ireland in possession of all its endowments ; as if any thing that any body said fifty years ago could absolve us from the plain duty of doing what is now best for the country. . . . But is it by cavils like these that a great institution should be defended ? And who ever heard the Established Church of Ireland defended except by cavils like these ? Who ever heard any of her advocates speak a manly and statesmanlike language ? Who ever heard any of her advocates say, "I defend this institution because it is a good institution ; the ends for which an Established Church exists are such and such, and I will show you that this Church attains those ends ?" Nobody says this. Nobody has the hardihood to say it. What divine, what political speculator, who has written in defence of ecclesiastical establishments, ever defended such establishments on grounds which will support the Church of Ireland ? What panegyric has ever been pronounced on the Churches of England and Scotland, which is not a satire on the Church of Ireland ? What traveller comes among us who is not moved to wonder and derision by the Church of Ireland ? What foreign writer on British affairs, whether European or American, whether Protestant or Catholic, whether Conservative or Liberal, whether partial to England or prejudiced against England, ever mentions the Church of Ireland without expressing his amazement that such an establishment should exist among reasonable men ?

And those who speak thus of this Church speak justly. Is there any thing else like it ? Was there ever any thing else like it ? The world is full of ecclesiastical establishments, but such a portent as this Church of Ireland is nowhere to be found. Look round the continent of Europe. Ecclesiastical establishments from the White Sea to the Mediterranean, ecclesiastical establishments from the Wolga to the Atlantic, but nowhere the Church of a small minority enjoying exclusive establishment. Look at America. There you have all forms of Christianity, from Mormonism—if you call Mormonism Christianity—to Romanism. In some places you have the voluntary system. In some, you have several religions connected with the State. In some, you have the solitary ascendancy of a single church. But, nowhere, from the Arctic Circle to Cape Horn, do you find the Church of a small minority exclusively established. . . . In one country alone is to be seen the spectacle of a community of eight millions of human beings, with a Church which is the Church of only eight hundred thousand.

It is not necessary, on this occasion, to decide whether the arguments in favor of ecclesiastical

establishments, or the arguments in favor of the voluntary system, be the stronger. There are weighty considerations on both sides. Balancing them as well as I can, I think that, as respects England, the preponderance is on the side of the Establishment. But, as respects Ireland, there is no balancing. All the weights are in one scale. All the arguments which incline us against the Church of England, and all the arguments which incline us in favor of the Church of England, are alike arguments against the Church of Ireland, —against the Church of the few, against the Church of the wealthy, against the Church which, reversing every principle on which a Christian Church should be founded, fills the rich with its good things, and sends the hungry empty away.

One view which has repeatedly, both in this House and out of it, been taken of the Church of Ireland, seems to deserve notice. It is admitted —as, indeed, it could not well be denied—that this Church does not perform the functions which are everywhere else expected from similar institutions,—that it does not instruct the body of the people, that it does not administer religious consolations to the body of the people. But, it is said, we must regard this Church as an aggressive Church, a proselytizing Church, a Church militant among spiritual enemies. Its office is to spread Protestantism over Munster and Connaught. . . . Cecil and his colleagues might naturally entertain this expectation, and might, without absurdity, make preparations for an event which they regarded as in the highest degree probable. But we, who have seen this system in full operation from the year 1560 to the year 1845, ought to have been taught better, unless, indeed, we are past all teaching. Two hundred and eighty-five years has this Church been at work. What could have been done for it in the way of authority, privileges, endowments, which has not been done? Did any other set of bishops and priests in the world ever receive so much for doing so little? Nay, did any other set of bishops and priests in the world ever receive half as much for doing twice as much? And what have we to show for all this lavish expenditure? What but the most zealous Roman Catholic population on the face of the earth? Where you were one hundred years ago, where you were two hundred years ago, there you are still,—not victorious over the domain of the old faith, but painfully, and with dubious success, defending your own frontier, your own English pale. Sometimes a deserter leaves you. Sometimes a deserter steals over to you. Whether your gains or losses of this sort be the greater, I do not know, nor is it worth while to inquire. On the great solid mass of the Roman Catholic population you have made no impression whatever. There they are, as they were ages ago, ten to one against the members of your Established Church. Explain this to me. I speak to you, the zealous Protestants on the other side of the House. Explain this to me on Protestant principles. If I were a Roman Catholic, I could easily account for the phenomena. If I were a Roman Catholic, I should content

myself with saying that the mighty hand and the outstretched arm had been put forth, according to the promise, in defence of the unchangeable Church; that He who in the old time turned into blessings the curses of Balaam, and smote the host of Sennacherib, had signally confounded the arts of heretic statesmen. But what is a Protestant to say? He holds that, through the whole of this long conflict, during which ten generations of men have been born and have died, reason and Scripture have been on the side of the Established Clergy. Tell us, then, what we are to say of this strange war, in which reason and Scripture, backed by wealth, by dignity, by the help of the civil power, have been found no match for oppressed and destitute error? The fuller our conviction that our doctrines are right, the fuller —if we are rational men—must be our conviction that our tactics have been wrong, and that we have been encumbering the cause which we meant to aid. . . . And this is the fruit of three centuries of Protestant archbishops, bishops, archdeacons, deans, and rectors. And yet, where is the wonder? Is this a miracle, that we should stand aghast at it? Not at all. It is a result which human prudence ought to have long ago foreseen, and long ago averted. It is the natural succession of effect to cause. If you do not understand it, it is because you do not understand what the nature and operation of a Church is. There are parts of the machinery of government which may be just as efficient when they are hated as when they are loved. An army, a navy, a preventive service, a police force, may do their work, whether the public feeling be with them or against them. Whether we dislike the Corn Laws or not, your custom-houses and your coast-guard keep out foreign corn. The multitude at Manchester was not the less effectually dispersed by the yeomanry, because the interference of the yeomanry excited the bitterest indignation. There the object was to produce a material effect; the material means were sufficient, and nothing more was required. But a Church exists for moral ends. A Church exists to be loved, to be revered, to be heard with docility, to reign in the understandings and hearts of men. A Church which is abhorred is useless, or worse than useless; and to quarter a hostile Church on a conquered people, as you would quarter a soldiery, is, therefore, the most absurd of mistakes. This mistake our ancestors committed. They posted a Church in Ireland just as they posted garrisons in Ireland. The garrisons did their work. They were disliked. But that mattered not. They had their forts and their arms, and they kept down the aboriginal race. But the Church did not do its work. For, to that work, the love and confidence of the people were essential. (Pp. 385—390.)

There is one praise to which we rather think every one will allow Mr. Macaulay to be entitled above almost every orator that ever lived—that of having managed, in an eminent degree, to solve the difficult problem of uniting the qualities of a discourse adapted to the meridian of a popular assembly (the

most fastidious of all such assemblies listens to him with the most marked attention) with those which will make it interesting, as a speech, to all readers and for all time. The things, in fact, are to a certain extent incompatible, and have generally been in no tolerable measure combined. The more perfect the orator's skill—the more exact his adaptation to the claims of his subject and the character of his audience, the more completely his speech is evolved *ex visceribus causæ*, the feebler will be his hold on readers in general, especially when a few years have passed away, and made allusions obscure, or robbed the topics themselves of all interest. On the other hand, the more adapted his discourse to excite universal interest, and to appeal to the sympathies of after ages—the more rich in maxims of universal application, and the more adorned with beauties which cannot fade by time—the less exact will be the adjustment to the occasion and the audience. Demosthenes would probably inspire a more general interest, though less admiration of his oratorical skill, if he had more freely expatiated on such topics as Burke loved to treat, and Burke would have less moved the impatience of the House,—which, with all his vast powers, he often fairly put to flight,—had he more severely excluded the topics which will make him the delight of all posterity.

Critics have sometimes made it an objection to Mr. Macaulay's speeches that they are so carefully elaborated. If the objection went to show that the elaboration was of a sort at variance with simplicity and singleness of purpose; that the desire to impart intellectual gratification transcended the limits already spoken of, or seduced the orator into a pursuit of beauties which, merely amusing the imagination, had no relation to the subject in hand, and no tendency to facilitate a comprehension of it, the objection would be of force—nay, would be fatal. But this cannot, with the slightest justice, be pretended. The frequency of the imaginative element—the vivid coloring of the diction—the profuse, but ever apt examples—the peculiarities of construction,—all flow simply from the natural qualities of the intellect of the speaker, naturally exhibited; and where this is the case, it cannot be said that the speaker has trespassed on ease or nature. Elaboration within such just limits—a strenuous effort (as the wisest of men has expressed it) to “seek out apt words”—to discover the selectest and most forcible modes of expression—is, so far from being a reproach, one of the chief merits of

a speaker. The utmost elaboration of this kind is pardonable enough. If a reproach at all, it is one which we are simple enough to wish that the generality of public speakers were more ambitious of incurring. Since the Prince of Orators himself always prepared with the utmost diligence for public speaking, instead of contenting himself with stumbling here and there on a casual felicity, can it be any discredit in any other to do the like? He *could* speak extemporaneously indeed, and sometimes did so; but it is on record that he never did so if he could help it. He left nothing to chance which he could secure by foresight and skill—nothing to the inspiration of the moment, which deliberate industry could secure. And, in general, such industry, let genius be what it will, secures its own recompense in this as well as in other respects—that even the so-called *inspiration* is most likely to reward with its illapse him who has been thus diligent in preparation. The most unlooked-for felicities, both of thought and expression, will, *after* such preparation, often suddenly flash into unbidden existence under the glow of actual speaking; felicities of which in the process of preparation the mind may never have caught even a glimpse. But then this happy excitement of all the faculties is only possible to the mind when prolonged preparation has suggested all the trains of thought *likely* to stimulate emotion, and has already in part stimulated it; and, above all, has insured that self-possession in the treatment of the subject without which the boasted “*inspiration*” never visits, or is likely to visit, the most eloquent speaker. It is preparation which piles the wood and lays the sacrifice, and then the celestial fire may perchance descend. The entire water in the vessel must have its whole temperature slowly raised to the boiling point; and then, and not till then, it “*flashes into steam*.”

Nor is it more than an apparent objection to this that some sudden bursts of the most powerful eloquence have been in *reply*. This is quite true, though such (generally brief) speeches are not to be compared with the highest specimens of eloquence—as, for example, the speeches *περί παραπρεσβείας*, or *περί σφεπάνου*. Let it be confessed, however, that some replies, strictly extemporaneous, have been among the most remarkable examples of oratorical power. It is still not to be forgotten, first, that the admiration of such efforts is generally disproportioned to their intrinsic merits, simply because they are *replies*; just as a repartee is excellent because it is a *repartee*, and would often lose all its

brilliancy if it could be supposed premeditated. But secondly, not only do the few apparent exceptions confirm the rule, but, in fact, there are very rarely any exceptions at all. When a man *replies* to another, the very fact usually shows that he has already been studying the whole bearings of the subject; the very arguments of his opponent have given him his brief, suggested his materials, and generally even the order and method of his topics,* while, if there has been any thing of animosity between the men, the very attack itself has tended to provoke into uttermost intensity all those energetic passions which sway the intellect and the fancy at their will.

We cannot quit this subject without repeating our earnest wish that the generality of public speakers were a little more likely to incur the reproach of prolonged preparation. It would be a great saving to the public of time and patience: less would be said, and yet more; more matter in fewer words. Not, of course, that we plead for carefully written compositions, and the exact delivery thereof from memory even to the precise reproduction of every little beggarly particle and connective; nor do we plead, indeed, for written compositions at all. A servile adherence to manuscript, however pardonable or necessary it may be during early attempts and for a limited time, is not only a sure method of extinguishing all the more pointed characteristics of the vivid *spoken* style, but involves an intolerable bondage, of which a mind of great power will, at the earliest possible period, seek to rid itself. There is "a more excellent way" for the experienced speaker, or one who has tolerably advanced in the art; and it should be his early ambition ultimately to perfect himself in it. He must write indeed much at one time or another, and continue to write on some subjects or other (and that carefully) all his days, if he would attain and perpetuate that general accuracy and command of language—copious as regards the sources of diction, precise as regards the selection of terms, and closely articulated as

regards construction—without which a speaker can never attain the crown of excellence. Still, though speeches need not be composed, for this we contend,—that a speaker, if he would do himself and his audience justice on any great occasion, should give himself to a preparation so prolonged (probably it would demand nearly as large expenditure of time as if every word had been written and committed to memory) that the substance and the method, the matter and order, of the thoughts shall be perfectly familiar; further, that he shall not only be in complete possession of sharply defined thoughts, and the precise order in which they shall be delivered, but that his mind shall glow with them; that he shall "muse" till "the fire burns;" till every faculty in the degree in which it may be possessed is fairly kindled. The task is not complete till not only the arguments and illustrations have been supplied to memory, but even (as will be the case in the course of such preparation) the utmost felicitous terms, the most salient phrases, have been suggested, and are vividly present; after which they will be almost sure to suggest themselves at the right moment, recalled by the matter in which they are embedded, and with which they are indissolubly connected by the laws of association. In this case the "beggarly particles," as we have called them, the "buts" and the "ands," and the "ifs," and the other connectives, as well as the little forms of construction and collocation, may be disregarded, or left to take care of themselves. They will not constitute (as in the case of exact reproduction from written composition) an oppressive burden to the memory,—producing, where the effort of memory has not been quite perfect, a feeling of constraint and frigidity in the delivery; or where it *has* been perfect, the appearance, not less undesirable, of artificiality in the composition.

Such preparation as this, we heartily wish we could trace a little more of, among our public speakers; and if it be a reproach at all, that they would graciously incur it. We should not, in that case, have to toil so wearily through arid and sterile deserts of mere verbiage. The House of Commons, in particular, would not have its invaluable time wasted in listening to negligent and pitiless diffuseness, nor the columns of the "Times" and the pages of "Hansard" so often filled with "vain repetitions." Neither would there be such sudden hurry just at the close of the session in carting the legislative harvest, which the House of Lords declares that there is no time to gather into the garner, and

* It is well observed in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*, of Mr. Disraeli, certainly one of the readiest debaters the House of Commons ever produced—"An ever-ready speaker, his premeditated orations, that is to say, those over which he has had some time—no matter how short—to ponder, are nevertheless infinitely better than those prompted by the exigency of the moment. He will sometimes from this cause reply better to the earlier part of an antagonist's argument than to its close, and his own peroration is seldom so effective as what, in dramatic language, may be called the crisis of his speech."

leaves to rot on the ground ! It cannot, we fear, be denied that there are numberless speeches of three or four columns, the whole substance of which is perfectly reproduced, and often with great accession of point and perspicuity, in the little summaries with which some of the leading newspapers give the results of a night's debate. Merciful condensations to a busy world ! How little need the public envy the long sittings of their senators, able as they thus are to pluck in ten minutes the little fruit from amidst the redundant foliage of the "Collective Wisdom !"

There is one character in which, it must be confessed, Mr Macaulay has achieved less reputation than many other men in every way his inferiors ; much less, we are convinced, than he might have achieved had he made it the object of his ambition,—we mean as a debater. The parliamentary duello, no doubt, when the talents for this species of contest are of the first order, has a strong tendency to bring out, in all their perfection, all the characteristics of what is then, most literally, the "wrestling style." We think that Mr. Macaulay's comparative inferiority for this sort of work is easily accounted for ; partly from the character of his mind, and partly from his never having particularly aspired to success in it. To take the last first. It can hardly be doubted that with such diversified knowledge, accuracy, and promptness of memory, activity of suggestion, fertility of imagination, and imperial command of language, he might have done far more in this way, than he has ever done ; since minds of far less compass and endowments than his own have, with perseverance, made themselves (even after years of comparative failure) very accomplished debaters. But it is equally evident that he has never been very solicitous of this species of reputation ; and we cannot blame him. These conflicts are necessarily attended with much that is unpleasant in the acting, and when party spirit runs high, not a little that is unpleasant in retrospect. A mind that is not decidedly "combative," or that has much sense of dignity, naturally shrinks from the close encounter with individuals, and prefers the task of expounding and defending political views on general grounds, and with the least possible reference to opponents. Exciting, no doubt, is this species of intellectual gladiatorship, when private animosity, and the rivalry of ambition, sharpen political differences, and the combatants, in fierce personal grapple, shorten their swords for a death-blow. But it requires, perhaps, that a man should have a little of

the savage about him, as well as many other qualities, to insure much renown in it.

But the other obstacles hinted at is not less in Mr. Macaulay's way. The disquisitory character of his intellect better loves the serenest regions of politics—perhaps, we ought to say, its less turbulent regions, for which of them is serene ? It is evident that he prefers, wherever it is possible, an exposition of his views unfettered by polemical considerations ; and, indeed, he never contents himself with a mere running fight through the several topics of an antagonist's argument. Admirable as are many of his replies to previous speakers—and some of them are very effective specimens of debate—they have generally been delivered after a little interval for reflection, are for that reason couched in a courteous and temperate tone, and as might be expected from the qualities of mind on which we have just been insisting, abound in argument and illustration which overlap the limits of mere confutation, and show how willingly the speaker bounds away to aspects of his subject independent of party conflict. In one or two places he frankly avows (what his speeches show) how little ambitious he is of achieving only a debater's triumphs.

Though, as we have already said, we cannot doubt that a mind so richly endowed could, by sedulous practice, have obtained a much larger reputation for this species of oratory, a more than usually lengthened practice (always indeed a condition,) would probably have been necessary in his case ; and that from those very characteristics of mind which fit him for a more comprehensive treatment of political questions. The more large a man's views, the more ample his stores of knowledge, the more difficult often is it to adjust himself to the rapid movements of that guerilla warfare in which debaters chiefly shine. It is a curious and true observation of one of our philosophic writers, that minds of the first order often require longer time for the acquisition of the habit of adroit adaptation to the ordinary exigences of life, than men of far inferior powers, who yet can brilliantly manœuvre their more manageable forces on a more limited field. The former are often too fastidious, too solicitous in marshalling their battalions, to do themselves extemporaneous justice. They must have their conclusions based on the most comprehensive survey, their method and argumentation without a flaw, their front and their rear alike cared for, before they will move—and while they are pausing how to effect the best disposition of their forces, the occasion, which

demanding only a skirmish, is apt to pass away, and the light-heeled and light-armed enemy has vanished from the field.

We have, of course, looked at this volume chiefly in its oratorical character. We have done so because it was a volume of "speeches," and challenged especial notice in that respect. Nor is it necessary to dwell on Mr. Macaulay's political views, maintained throughout life with a very remarkable consistency; with singular moderation indeed, but also with unflinching courage and decision. They are sufficiently known; they are very definite, and have been, for the most part, those which have been maintained in this Journal, and not seldom discussed there by himself. In his speeches, in his essays, in his history, the same traits appear. Points there are of secondary importance, and one or two not secondary, in which many would contest his opinions; but on all the great occasions on which he has delivered his votes, there are now few of his countrymen who would not acknowledge that they were given on the better side. They have been identified with all the great reforms, political, social, and economical, which have signalized our epoch. Ardently attached to liberal opinions, and anxious to make them triumphant, Mr. Macaulay's zeal as a reformer has been tempered by the cautious maxims which a profound political philosophy as well as a most extensive survey of history have taught him—that reforms to be really beneficial must be temperate and timely, and that if, as in the case of the Reform Bill, they are of necessity large, because payment of long arrears has become necessary, it is in itself no matter of triumph, but a thing to be deeply deplored. Distrustful of all theories which cannot plainly appeal to the analogies and experience of the past and safely link that past to the present—distrustful of all changes which threaten to dissolve the continuity of political habit, feeling, and association—he has never denounced the rankest abuses that ever demanded reform more vividly than the perilous and visionary schemes of democratic fanaticism. Heartily despising the pedantry of political philosophy, his speeches, (as well as his other productions) are everywhere deeply imbued with the genuine spirit of that philosophy. In the practical application of the abstract principles of politics, he constantly bears in mind, with Bacon and Burke, that the political art is necessarily akin to grafting rather than planting; that its task is to enlarge, repair, and beautify the old rather than build anew; to modify conditions always given rather than to create them.

Zealous as Mr. Macaulay was for Reform, the whole series of splendid speeches on that subject everywhere show that he was chiefly anxious for it that it might avert (as it *did* avert) Revolution. They abound with striking commentary, enforced by the most enlightened appeals to historical induction, on that saying of our "greatest" and "wisest,"—"Morosa morum retentio res turbulenta est, æque ac novitas." Nowhere are the great lessons of this cautious practical philosophy—which seeks to maintain the equipoise between ardent aspirations for improvement and just reverence for antiquity, more powerfully taught or more felicitously illustrated than in these speeches on Reform, which we recommend, no less for their wisdom than their eloquence, to the attention of our youthful countrymen. So long as the principles they unfold animate Englishmen, the progress of the nation will be steady and safe; there will be no fear lest the continuity of love and veneration for institutions should be dissolved; that love and veneration which are as essential to the stability of laws as intrinsic excellence in the laws; the presence of which will often make the worst policies strong, and the absence of which must leave the best weak.

We must not close this article without paying a tribute to the transparent honesty and independence which have ever characterized Mr. Macaulay's political career both in Parliament and at the hustings. However moderate in his views, they have been most decidedly expressed: in entire independence alike of party and faction, of court or commons, of aristocrat or democrat. With his constituents, he has been sometimes charged with being too *brusque*; but amidst the numerous examples of servility at the hustings, the failing is one which Englishmen may readily forgive. His independent conduct in his relations with his constituents, is well worthy of imitation; and we question whether since Burke delivered his celebrated speech at Bristol, any one has ever more unflinchingly and thoroughly carried out its maxims. He has said his say to his constituents on the most critical occasions in the most downright way. He has been the very Coriolanus of the hustings. He has abated nothing, disguised nothing. Though for a short time banished from Edinburgh, the result showed that his constituents could appreciate the independence and self-respect of one who, though deeply sensible of the honor of a seat in Parliament, could not compromise anything to gain it; and his unsolicited reelection by that great constituency was equally honorable to him and to themselves.

From Chambers's Journal.

REMARKABLE NAVAL DUELS.

ALTHOUGH it is by no means unfrequent, during a war between great naval powers, for actions à l'outrance to be fought by well-matched single ships, it is very rare for a similar engagement to occur in consequence of a special mutual agreement to fight—in other words, for two ships of presumably equal force to strive for victory, expressly in consequence of a challenge having been sent by the captain of the one, and accepted by the captain of the other. Such an affair is something very different from ordinary casual meetings of hostile vessels, and is literally a *ship-duel*. Only two notable engagements of this description, to the best of our knowledge, have occurred within the last sixty years. In both cases, English captains were the challengers—their antagonists being respectively French and American. For our own part, we are as much interested by a spirited narrative of a well-fought single ship action, as by one of a regular battle on a grand scale between large fleets. Take up any popular account of the battle of St. Vincent, or the Nile, or Trafalgar, and—unless you happen to be a professional man, well read in John Clerk of Eldin's *Naval Tactics*, and able to appreciate and criticise every manœuvre—the probability is, that long ere the engagement is brought to a triumphant conclusion, you grow rather confused, and finally lay down the book with a hazy sort of conception that it was a very gallant and terrible battle, won by British skill and valor—and that is all you know and understand. But in reading about a single ship-action you can concentrate your attention better; and although you may hardly know the jib-boom from the spanker-boom, you can form a tolerably correct idea of the progress of the fight, and of the effect of each change of position, and the material damage and loss on the part of the respective ships. Our limits will permit us to give only brief and condensed sketches of the remarkable actions we propose to cite, and which we will preface by a few general remarks.

In all naval battles, and especially in actions between single ships, it has ever been

held a considerable advantage to obtain the weather-gage at the commencement, and, if possible, to retain it throughout the engagement. Of course this is by no means so important where steamships of war are engaged, as they can change their positions at pleasure; but no ranged battle has, up to this period, occurred between steamers, although it is highly probable that we shall hear of several during the present war. The advantages of securing the weather-gage—that is, being to windward of the antagonist—are various. It enables a ship of good sailing qualities to defer engaging, or to bear plump down on the enemy at once, at option. Moreover, if the enemy discharge their broadsides at a medium range, the weather-ship's side is less exposed, while the leeward-ship's side is more exposed to shot than would be the case were they respectively in any other position; and should they go about on a fresh tack, the shot-holes of the former will be clear of the water, while those of the latter will possibly prove dangerous leaks. Again, the windward-ship can bear up and *rake*—that is, stand athwart the bow or stern of her adversary, and discharge in succession all the broadside-guns, so as to sweep the upper-deck from end to end, or desperately damage the stern, the weakest portion of a ship. As soon as hostile vessels come in sight of each other, the drum beats to quarters, and the crew prepare for action. The tackles of the guns are overhauled; the tom-pions withdrawn; shot of all descriptions placed ready for use; and the magazines opened by the gunner and his crew, who make ready to serve out cartridges. The carpenter prepares his plugs for shot-holes, and his fishes for wounded spars, rigs the pumps to prepare for a leak, &c.; the bulk-heads are knocked down, or triced up to the beams, as the case may be; the great cabins are unceremoniously cleared of the officer's furniture, &c.; and every deck, fore and aft, is put in fighting order. The surgeons dispossess the midshipmen of the cockpit, and the erst convivial table is spread with tourniquets, forceps, plasters, and amputating in-

struments, all in sickening array. The boarders have put on their great iron-bound caps, and have stuck pistols in their belts, and hold a keen cutlass or a glittering tomahawk in hand; the marines are drawn up on quarter-deck and poop, with ball-cartridges in their boxes; the clews of the sails have been stoppered; and, lest the ties should be shot away, the yards are slung in chains. Many other preparations are made; and in a properly disciplined ship, everything is done without confusion, and in a space of time amazingly short. Every man and boy capable of duty is at his post; and when an action is imminent, British tars on the doctor's list have frequently been known to drag their languid limbs from the sick-bay, to give what help they are able to fight Old England's battle. The spectacle of a ship cleared for action, with the crew at quarters, silent and motionless as their grim guns, is one of the most impressive in the world. It is at once terrible and strangely exciting—something never to be forgotten by whoever has witnessed it. Your blood thrills in every vein, and your heart throbs heroically as you glance along the tiers of black cannon, each with its silent crew of stalwart seamen burning for the fray. You know that at a single word from the commander of this warlike world, those silent groups will start into life and activity, and those black guns will thunder forth their iron message of death and destruction; and knowing and feeling this, you can hardly keep in the wild hurra of your country. Rely upon it, that every one of the hairy-chested fellows you see at quarters will, the moment the word to fire is given, join in a cheer shaking the very decks!

Have you heard the British cheer,
Fore and aft, fore and aft?
Have you heard the British cheer
Fore and aft?

There is nothing like it—nothing to compare to it. What are all the *vivas* or *vive l'empereur* to the British hurra ringing through the port-holes of a three-decker?

But we must now to our special theme. Towards the end of July, 1793, the British 32-gun frigate *Boston*, Captain Courtenay, cruised off New York, on the look-out for the French 36-gun frigate *Embuscade*, Captain Bompert, a frigate which had inflicted immense loss on our commerce by capturing scores of merchant vessels. It happened that the French captain mistook the British frigate for a consort of his own, and sent his

first officer in a boat with twelve men to communicate some orders, under this erroneous impression. The officer seems to have been more mistrustful, or more prudent, than his superior, for he paused on his way to question an American pilot-boat. The pilot assured him that the stranger was veritably a French ship—having really been deceived himself by a stratagem of Captain Courtenay, who caused some of his officers to talk together in French when the pilot-boat was within hearing. So the *Embuscade's* boat rowed confidently alongside the *Boston*, and, of course, the crew found themselves prisoners. Captain Courtenay told the captured lieutenant, that he particularly wished to fight the *Embuscade*, and would challenge her captain to exchange broadsides. The lieutenant replied, that the *Embuscade* would accept the challenge, if he was allowed to write to Captain Bompert by the pilot-boat. To this proposal, the British captain assented, and sent his challenge also by a verbal message, to be delivered by the pilot. The latter, however, scrupled to deliver it, but had a written copy forthwith posted in a coffee-house of the city; and thus it soon reached Captain Bompert, who promptly accepted the cartel, and put to sea. Early on the morning of the 31st, the antagonists met, and the battle commenced soon after 5 A.M. The British captain and his lieutenant of marines were killed by the same cannon-ball, about 6 A.M.; and the two lieutenants of the frigate were sent below severely wounded. One of them came up again when a little recovered, and gallantly continued to fight the ship, which, by 7 A.M., was so disabled, as to be glad to stand away before the wind, while the *Embuscade*, nearly as crippled, stood after her for a few miles, and then put about to the eastward. The result was a drawn battle, gallantly fought on both sides. The *Boston* had only about 200 men and boys on board at the time, and of these she lost 10 killed and 24 wounded. The *Embuscade* had a crew of fully 300, and is said to have lost 50 killed and wounded. The king granted a pension of £500 to Captain Courtenay's widow, and £50 pension to each of his children.

The other frigate-action, resulting from a challenge, is one of the most deservedly celebrated affairs in the annals of the navy. Soon after the commencement of the war with the United States in 1812, the Americans successively captured the British frigates *Guerriere*, *Macedonian*, and *Java*. Each of these vessels was taken in single action by American frigates—so named and classed,

but in reality almost line-of-battle ships, as regards scantling and complement; or, as seamen said at that time, *sixty-fours in disguise*. All the British ships fought most gallantly, and surrendered only after a frightful loss of men, and when their shattered hulls were totally helpless and unmanageable. We need not hesitate to say, indeed, that the defence of the three British frigates against greatly superior antagonists, was at least as honorable to them as the victory to the Americans. But their capture caused unparalleled excitement both in Great Britain and in America. The public did not then know how deadly the odds had been: all they understood was, that three British frigates had, in rapid succession, been taken by American frigates; and they were ready to exclaim, that the prestige of British invincibility at sea was gone for ever: and that the vigorous young navy of the United States was more than a match for the veteran navy of Old England. It was obvious that something must be done to turn the scale in our favor, and that something was promptly done in a brilliant style. Among the many brave and able frigate-commanders who burned to retrieve the British name, was Captain P. B. V. Brooke, of the *Shannon*, 38-gun frigate—a ship thoroughly well disciplined, and in good fighting-trim. In April, he cruised off Boston in company with his consort, the *Tenedos* frigate, Captain Parker, watching the American frigates lying in that port. Two of them, the *Congress* and *President*, managed to put to sea unintercepted; but the *Constitution* and the *Chesapeake* yet remained. The former was under repairs, but the latter was nearly ready for sea. Captain Brooke sent away the *Tenedos* to cruise elsewhere for a season, in order that the American should have fair play in the contest he meditated; and then he sent in repeated verbal challenges to Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* to meet him. Finally, he dispatched a letter of challenge, a full copy of which we have in one of the two accounts of the affair lying before us, but it is much too long to quote entire. Suffice it, that after requesting Captain Lawrence to meet him to fight for the honor of their respective flags, he gives a faithful account of the armament and complement of his own ship, and names a rendezvous for the fight; or offers to sail in company with the *Chesapeake*, under a flag of truce, to any place Captain Lawrence thinks safest from interruption from British cruisers! He concludes his chivalrous challenge with the following magnanimous passage:—"You must, sir, be aware

that my proposals are highly advantageous to you, as you cannot proceed to sea singly in the *Chesapeake* without imminent risk of being crushed by the superior force of the numerous British squadrons which are now abroad, where all your efforts, in a case of rencontre, would, however gallant, be perfectly hopeless. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity, to the wish of meeting the *Chesapeake*, or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation: we have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say, that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combat* that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of trade that it cannot protect. Favor me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here." A more extraordinary and manly letter never was written. It does honor alike to the head and the heart of the writer. On 1st June it was given to Captain Slocum, a released prisoner, to deliver; and the *Shannon* then stood in close to Boston, to await the result. About noon that day, the *Chesapeake* fired a gun, and set her sails. She was coming out to fight at last! not, however, in consequence of the letter, for Slocum was slow in coming, and had not yet delivered it, but undoubtedly in consequence of the verbal challenges. She was accompanied by numerous pleasure-boats, filled with people eager to see the affair at a safe distance, and flushed with anticipations of success. This, indeed, was thought to be sure, that a grand dinner is said to have been prepared at Boston, to welcome the officers of the *Chesapeake* on their expected return with the British frigate as a prize.

A word as to the comparative powers of the antagonists. The *Chesapeake* rated as a 36-gun frigate, but mounted 25 on a broadside, discharging 590 pounds metal. Her tonnage was 1135; and her crew—all very fine men—was 381 men and 5 boys, as sworn to by her surviving commanding-officer. The *Shannon's* broadside-guns were also 25, and the weight of metal discharged by them, 538 pounds: the crew, as stated by Captain Brooke himself, consisted of "300 men and boys—a large proportion of the latter—besides 30 seamen, boys, and passengers, who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately." Her tonnage was 1066. Thus we see that

in tonnage, weight of metal, and number of crew, the *Chesapeake* had the advantage. Nevertheless, we may term it a very fair match, all things considered—and now for the result. After some preliminary manoeuvring, the two frigates closed at about six leagues' distance from Boston—the *Chesapeake* having a large white flag flying at the fore, inscribed with the words, "Sailors' Rights and Free Trade!". The crew of the *Shannon* greeted this extraordinary symbol with three hearty cheers. We shall not detail the fight itself, beyond saying that the *Shannon* opened a tremendous fire from her double-shotted guns; and the ships having come in contact, Captain Broke, eleven minutes after the engagement commenced, boarded the *Chesapeake* with only a score of his men, and in four minutes completely carried the ship. From the time the first gun was fired to the hauling down of the American colors and the hoisting of the British in their place, only fifteen minutes elapsed! Just in the moment of victory, Captain Broke was treacherously assailed and severely wounded by three Americans who had previously submitted, and then resumed their arms. Poor Captain Lawrence of the *Chesapeake* was mortally wounded. He was a gallant officer, and his death was sincerely lamented by his generous-minded conqueror. Many acts of great individual heroism occurred; and brief as was the battle, we may form some idea of the desperate valor displayed on both sides, from the heavy loss of life mutually sustained. The *Shannon* has 24 killed, including her first-lieutenant, and 59 wounded. The *Chesapeake* had, according to the American official account, 47 killed and 99

wounded—14 mortally; but her own surgeon estimated the total killed and wounded at 160 to 170. We believe that such a frightful loss—in the two frigates, 71 killed and nearly 200 wounded—hardly ever before occurred in so brief an engagement. Some of the English seamen serving on board the *Chesapeake* leaped overboard when Captain Broke boarded her. Poor conscience-stricken traitors! they could not bear to fight hand-to-hand against their own countrymen. One of them, John Waters, was a fine young fellow, who had deserted from the *Shannon* only a few months before. Thirty-two English seamen were serving in the American frigate. What must their feelings have been during the engagement? One circumstance deserves notice: no less than 360 pair of handcuffs were found stowed in a cask in the *Chesapeake*. They were intended for the crew of the *Shannon*! How the men of the latter ship must have grinned when they put them—for such is the custom—on the wrists of the *Chesapeake's* own crew! The *Shannon* and her prize—neither of the vessels materially injured—safely reached Halifax, where poor Captain Lawrence died of his wound, and was buried with full military honors, all the captains in the port following his remains. We have now only to add, that Captain Broke was very deservedly rewarded with a baronetcy, and other honors; that two of his lieutenants were made commanders; and that two of his midshipmen, who had peculiarly distinguished themselves, were promoted to the rank of lieutenants. Take it for all in all, the duel of the *Shannon* and *Chesapeake* is one of the most extraordinary on record.

From the Leisure Hour.

THE LAST TRIAL FOR WITCHCRAFT.

THE scepticism which arose and prevailed so largely in the eighteenth century, had at least one excellent effect—that of uprooting a multitude of popular superstitions, among which, one of the most formidable was the belief in witchcraft. It may not perhaps be generally remembered, that at the time when Steele and Addison were writing the "Spectator,"

witchcraft was still a capital offence, and that persons accused of it had suffered the penalty of death not many years before. It was in 1691 that Mr. Justice Holt put the first serious check upon prosecutions of this sort in the courts of justice; but we nevertheless find him at Exeter five years later, presiding at the trial of one Elizabeth Horner, who was

charged with "bewitching three children of William Bovet, one of whom was dead." Mrs. Horner was acquitted; and it was afterwards remarked by the good Dr. Hutchinson, that "no inconvenience hath followed her acquittal." Later than this, however, that is to say, in the year 1712, a poor woman in Hertfordshire was tried, and actually "found guilty," upon an indictment charging her with "conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat"—a form of accusation which certainly threw ridicule over the whole proceeding; but, in conformity with the verdict, the judge was nevertheless obliged to sentence the prisoner to be hanged, and was able to save her only through the intervention of a "pardon," which he subsequently obtained in her behalf. As it may serve to give us a glimpse into the condition of rural England nearly a century and a half ago, when the schoolmaster was less abroad than he even is at present, it is here proposed to relate the story of this last of the witchcraft prosecutions. The particulars are drawn from Mr. Wright's lately published "Narratives of Sorcery and Magic," a work well worthy of perusal by such as may be curious respecting the history of popular delusions.

Be it known, then, that in the year 1712 aforesaid, there was living at Walkern, in the county of Hertford, a poor woman of the name of Jane Wenham. It is not clear whether she was an old woman or a young one, or a woman of middle age, but in all probability she was "growing into years;" and, being not exactly a person of amiable temper, she had, for that and other reasons, come to be regarded by her neighbors as a witch. When the horses or cattle of the farmers in the parish chanced to die, the ignorant, stupid people ascribed their losses to Jenny Wenham's sorcery. This was particularly the case with a farmer named Chapman, one of whose laborers, Matthew Gilson, told him a strange sort of story, which seemed to imply that he (Matthew) had been wonderously bewitched himself. This man was subsequently examined before the magistrates, and he then made a curious deposition. He declared "that on New-year's day last past, he, carrying straw upon a fork from Mrs. Gardner's barn, met Jane Wenham, who asked him for some straw, which he refused to give her; then she said she would take some, and accordingly took some away from informant. And, further, this informant saith, that on the 29th of January last, when this informant was threshing in the barn of his master John Chapman, an old woman in

a riding-hood or cloak, he knows not which, came to the barn door, and asked him for a pennyworth of straw; he told her he could give her none, and she went away muttering. And this informant saith, that after the woman was gone he was not able to work, but ran out of the barn as far as a place called Munder's hill (which was above three miles from Walkern), and asked at a house there for a pennyworth of straw, and they refused to give him any; he went further to some dung heaps, and took some straw from thence, and pulled off his shirt, and brought it home in his shirt; he knows not what moved him to this, but says he was forced to do it he knows not how." A part of this singular statement was corroborated by another witness, who declared that he saw Matthew Gilson returning with the straw in his shirt; that he moved along at a great pace; and that, instead of passing over a bridge, he walked straight through the water.

On hearing the story, John Chapman felt confirmed in the suspicions which he entertained against Mrs. Wenham; and on meeting her one day shortly afterwards, he ventured to tell her a bit of his mind, applying to her at the same time several offensive epithets, whereof that of "witch" was one of the mildest and least opprobrious. It would seem however, that he rather "caught a Tartar;" for on the 9th of February, Jane Wenham went to Sir Henry Chauncey, a magistrate, and obtained a warrant against Chapman for defamation. In the sequel, the quarrel between Mrs. Wenham and the farmer was referred to the decision of the parish Clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Gardiner, who, in settling the matter, appears to have spoken somewhat harshly to the woman, advising her to live more peaceably with her neighbors, but nevertheless condemning Chapman to pay her one shilling as a compensation for the injury sustained through his abuse.

Here it might have been hoped the business would have ended. But Mr. Gardiner, though a clergyman, was as firm a believer in witchcraft as farmer Chapman; and presently a circumstance transpired which led him to suppose that the old woman was dissatisfied with the kind of justice he had given her, and that, therefore, by way of vengeance, she had determined to perform a stroke of witchcraft in his household. His judgment had been delivered in the parsonage-house kitchen, in the presence of Anne Thorn, a servant maid, who was sitting by the fire, having the evening before "put her knee out,"

and had just then got it set. Jane Wenham and Chapman being gone, Mr. Gardiner had returned into the parlor to his wife, in company with a neighbor of the name of Bragge. These three persons, according to their several depositions, had not been seated together more than six or seven minutes, when they heard "a strange yelling noise in the kitchen;" and on Mr. Gardiner going out to see what was the matter, he "found this Anne Thorn stripped to her shirt sleeves, howling and wringing her hands in a dismal manner," but quite incapable of uttering any thing articulately. The reverend gentleman called aloud for Mrs. Gardiner and Mr. Bragge, who thereupon sprang up and followed him. Mrs. Gardiner, with a woman's impatience to solve a mystery, asked the girl what was the matter with her; and the latter, "not being able to speak," pointed earnestly at a bundle which lay upon the floor, and which her mistress thereupon took up, and unpinned, and "found it to be the girl's own gown and apron, and a parcel of oaken twigs with dead leaves wrapped up therein." As soon as the bundle was opened, Anne Thorn began to speak, crying out, "I'm ruined and undone;" and after she had a little recovered herself, she gave the following relation of what had happened to her. She said, when she was left alone she found "a strange roaming in her hand"—what this might signify we cannot exactly understand—however, she went on to say, that "her mind ran upon Jane Wenham, and she thought she must run some whither; that accordingly she ran up the close, but looked back several times at the house, thinking she should never see it more; that she climbed over a five-bar gate, and ran along the highway up a hill; that there she met two of John Chapman's men, one of whom took hold of her hand, saying she should go with them; but she was forced away from them not being able to speak, either to them or to one Daniel Chapman, whom, she said, she met on horseback, and would fain have spoken to him, but could not; then she made her way towards Cromer, as far as a place called Hockney-lane, where she looked behind her, and saw a little old woman muffled up in a riding-hood, who asked her whither she was going. She answered, to Cromer to fetch some sticks to make her fire; the old woman told her there were now no sticks at Cromer, and bade her go to that oak tree and pluck some from thence, which she did, and laid them upon the ground. The old woman bade her pull off her gown and apron, and wrap the sticks in them, and asked

her whether she had e'er a pin. Upon her answering she had none, the old woman gave her a large crooked pin, bade her pin up the bundle, and then vanished away; after which she ran home with her bundle of sticks, and sat down in the kitchen stripped as Mr. Gardiner found her."

On hearing the girl's relation, all parties were sufficiently astonished and perplexed; Mrs. Gardiner, however, exclaimed, "We will burn the witch"—alluding to a received notion, that when the thing bewitched was burned, the witch was certain to appear; and accordingly she took the twigs, together with the pin, and threw them into the fire. By a singular coincidence, Jane Wenham immediately came into the room, pretending, it is said, to inquire after Anne Thorn's mother, and "saying she had an errand to do to her from Ardley Bury (Sir Henry Chauncey's house), to wit, that she must go thither to wash next day." Now, according to the depositions of the prosecutors, "this mother Thorn had been in the house all the time that Jane Wenham was there with John Chapman, and heard nothing of it, and was then gone home." Of course it was very likely that Jane Wenham might have forgotten to mention the message, owing to the excitement she was in through her unpleasant affair with Chapman; at any rate, no such charitable excuse was thought of by the wonderfully shrewd people who had her case to deal with. On hearing her statement, "Mrs. Gardiner bade Jane Wenham go to Elizabeth Thorn, and tell her there was work enough for her there"—meaning, that she would be required to nurse her daughter Anne—and thereupon the supposed witch departed. Furthermore, the depositions say, that "upon inquiry made afterwards, it was found that she never was ordered to deliver any such errand from Ardley Bury; and so there seemed to be but one reasonable inference left, namely, that Jane Wenham, being a witch, her presence in Mr. Gardiner's kitchen had been mysteriously enforced by the burning of the twigs and pin aforesaid!

Here, at any rate, was an excellent groundwork for a charge of witchcraft. Chapman's two men, and the horsemen, deposed to meeting Anne Thorn on the road, as she related; and others of Mrs. Wenham's enemies came forward to testify that several people had previously been bewitched by her. The clergyman was eager to promote the prosecution; and on his solicitation a warrant was obtained from Sir Henry Chauncey for the woman's apprehension. The examinations were taken

in due form before Sir Henry at Ardley Bury, and he directed four women to search Jane Wenham's person for the customary "witches marks," but none, it seems, were found. Next day, however, the examination was continued, and the evidence of Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner was taken, affirming the particulars already mentioned. Jane Wenham perceived that the accusation was assuming a formidable appearance, and in her dread of being sent to goal, she earnestly entreated Mrs. Gardiner "not to swear against her," and offered to submit to the "trial of swimming in the water"—a common mode of testing the guilt of suspected witches. Sir Henry, who seems to have yielded to most of the prejudices of the prosecutors, refused to allow of such a mode of trial. But there was another clergyman, the vicar of Ardley, no less superstitious than the rector of Walkern, who undertook to try her by a still more infallible method, that of repeating the Lord's prayer, a thing which no witch was considered capable of doing. Being submitted to this ordeal, the poor woman, either in her confusion, or through lamentable ignorance, repeated it incorrectly, and hence another proof was obtained in support of the charge against her. The parson, moreover, so frightened her by threats as to induce her to confess that she actually *was* a witch, and further, to accuse three other women of Walkern with being her confederates in unlawful practices, and more especially with having a direct intercourse with Satan.

The prosecution seemed now in a fair way of prospering; and accordingly Jane Wenham was committed to prison to take her trial at the assizes. On the 4th of March the case came on for hearing before Mr. Justice Powell, who was not a little puzzled how to deal with it; for there had been no trial of the kind for several years past, and intelligent people had long been sneering at witchcrafts as a ridiculous incredibility. The lawyers refused to draw up the indictment for any other charge than that of "conversing with the devil in the form of a cat," as stated at the commencement of the present paper. However, no less than sixteen witnesses, three of them being clergymen, were heard against the prisoner, and all the absurdities before set forth were solemnly recapitulated and affirmed. The poor woman declared her innocence, and the judge did what he could to damage the proceedings. Neverthe-

less, a Hertfordshire jury found her "guilty;" and Mr. Justice Powell had to put on the black cap and pronounce sentence of death according to the statute for such cases made and provided. He certainly never intended that the sentence should be executed, but that being the legal penalty for proving witchcraft, he had no alternative but to go through the formality. A pardon was subsequently obtained, and the poor woman was set at liberty, much to the horror of her superstitious persecutors. To save her from any further ill-treatment or annoyance, an enlightened and kind gentleman, Colonel Plummer, of Gilston, took her under his protection, placing her in a cottage on his own estate, where, it is agreeable to learn, she "passed the rest of her life in a quiet, inoffensive manner."

Such, reader, is as faithful an account as we can give you of the last trial for witchcraft. It is, perhaps, a story which would scarcely be worth the telling, were it not in some sort calculated to show us the harassing and dangerous persecutions to which the poor and neglected were in former days liable. Whatever may be the difficulties and disasters of the present time, there is certainly ground for congratulation in the fact, that no one can now become the victim of any such ridiculous accusation. Witchcraft has long been an obsolete delusion. One of the most important results of the trial here in question, was the publication, two or three years afterwards, of the famous "Historical Essay concerning Witchcraft," by the king's chaplain in ordinary, Dr. Francis Hutchinson—a book which gave the last blow to the declining superstition; from that time the belief in witchcraft lingered only among the most ignorant portions of the population; and now at last there seems reason to conclude that it is pretty well extinguished. As in any shin-bone of prediluvian creatures the geologist and man of science finds an interest, and derives from it some hint of the condition of the world when the animal it belonged to was alive, so may the historian of progress not idly or unfitly gather here and there some fragment of departed error, and bring it forth in proof, that while, "the great world spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change," the states and prospects of humanity are in some particulars ameliorated, and that, as folly dies, the forms of truth appear, with mercy and advancement in their hands.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE PAINTERS AND GLAZIERS OF PARIS.

THE ears of a stranger in a French town, whether it be Paris or any small town or city of the departments, will be assailed from time to time by a shrill, piercing and unintelligible cry. The syllables "*V'la l'vitri-i-i*," pronounced in a kind of screaming falsetto, strike upon his tympanum, but carry no signification with them, until, upon inquiry, he learns that this singular utterance announces the arrival of the travelling glazier, and his anxiety for employment. This peripatetic tradesman has nothing very prepossessing in his appearance. He wears the universal blouse of the Gallic workman, and the long loose trowsers, splashed with mud, peculiar to the class. Upon his head is a close-fitting cap with a small leather eye-shade, and strapped to his back he carries a rudely-constructed wooden frame stocked with squares of glass of various size and quality. Add to this a stout staff in his hand, and you have a good idea of his outer man. So soon as his squealing voice is heard in the neighborhood, the inhabitants begin to examine their cracked and broken windows, and to meditate repair, especially if cold weather is coming on. He will obviate in a few minutes the damage done by wind or hail or the awkwardness of a servant—three ruinous and destructive plagues. His opportune intervention may perhaps save you from cold, catarrh, rheumatism or sometimes worse.

It is easy to see by his black hair and dark brown complexion that the travelling glazier is not a northern by birth: he is, in fact, a Piedmontese, or a Limousin, or a native of some one of the southern districts of France.

He has listened to the narrative of some traveller to whom his old mother has offered the shelter of the paternal cabin, who has told how, having adopted the trade of a travelling glazier, he has wandered through the world, contemplated its wonders, and, at the same time, amassed a capital, which it is his intention to augment by a new trip. Then the ambition of the young peasant has been aroused; he dreams of broken windows and the glories of the empire; he sees himself already on the road to Paris and to for-

tune, and, in his enthusiasm, he cries out with Correggio—not "I also am a painter," but "I also am a travelling glazier"—and he sets forth upon his travels under the conduct of an experienced compatriot and friend.

His ignorance of the language and customs of the north is at first a great obstacle to the success of the young exile. He finds a difficulty in exchanging the broad and sonorous dialect of the south for the mute vowels and elided syllables of the French tongue; nevertheless, in time he contrives for himself a jargon tolerably intelligible—begins as soon as he can to work on his own account, and goes screaming along the highway, with his nose in the air, and his eyes directed towards the windows, "*V'la l'vitri-i-i*!"

It requires no great capital to set him up in trade. The whole expense of his outfit, including diamond, glass, glass frame, hammer, and putty knives, does not much exceed thirty francs. The emoluments of his profession are computed to average about two shillings a day; at favorable seasons, when the housekeepers are bent upon stopping out the weather in order to make all snug for the winter, he gains much more than double that sum; but then in the height of summer he has but little to do, and must live upon his savings. But he is sober, careful and frugal: his association with the dwellers in cities has not eradicated from his memory the simple and pious precepts of his parents, and thus he preserves his integrity, his abstinent and temperate habits, and the sentiments of religion. He generally resides with one of his fellow-countrymen, and hires a part of a chamber situated outside the barriers, or in the neighborhood of the Place Maubert. The wife of one of them manages the domestic affairs, and stews the rice, the meat and potatoes, which each one buys in his turn; three or four pounds of leg of beef will suffice for the meals of a whole week; and if a grocer has a cask or bag of damaged rice to dispose of, he finds customers for it among the travelling glaziers.

At the end of some few years' wandering the travelling glazier is sure to be over-

taken by the home sickness, under the influence of which he directs his steps towards his native soil. Arrived at home he hunts up his old sweetheart, marries, and, after the repose of a few months, starts upon a new campaign in order to earn a patrimony for his future posterity. He carries on these expeditions from time to time until his limbs, palsied by age, refuse their office.

The travelling glazier is the humblest of all the members of the great family of painters and glaziers. When a painter and glazier has an important commission to execute, he will sometimes engage a number of the travelling glaziers in his service. On the other hand, there are many working painters who, in the winter, when there is no painting to be done, shoulder their glass frames and sally forth as travelling glaziers. Notwithstanding this mutual exchange of position, and in spite of relationship between them, the working painters and glaziers form two distinct classes, the former of which is divided into an infinite number of different callings.

We know that the inhabitants of the East Indies have been from time immemorial, and still are, divided into numerous castes—brahmahs, rajahs, suaners, chetties, &c., &c.—each one having his function rigorously determined. An unfortunate European is therefore condemned to entertain an army of domestics. The Bengalee who blacks the boots will never consent to handle a broom, and the valet who brushes your coat would submit to be thrown headlong into the Ganges, rather than lend a hand to the bearer who carries your palanquin. It is just the same in the large painting and glazing establishments; a multitude of workmen, under the direction of supervisors, are charged each with a single special function.

There is the painter of rough work, who daubs the walls, the staircases, the wainscoting, and panelling; there is the ornamental painter, who does the signs of the King's Head, the Gray Goose, or Napoleon the Great, as well as imitation statues and foliage; there is the letterer, who does inscriptions and designations of all sorts; and there is the decorative painter, who counterfeits, by skilful combinations of color, the substance of marble, or porphyry, or jasper, or the grain and veins of oak, walnut, Spanish mahogany, or acacia, or, indeed, any wood that grows. Besides these there are a multitude of other exclusive laborers, whose special duties none but a person initiated into the mysteries of the trade could possibly recount. A proprietor who gives orders for the restoration of a dil-

apidated apartment is astonished at the legion of workmen who defile before him and take possession of his house. Jean gives the first coat in dead color, and stops because the second coat in oil is no part of his business. Peter paints the sash of a window and leaves the east wind blowing into the room until it shall please Matthew to come and repair the glass which he has broken. Jacques gives the cornice a coat and then gives himself a holiday, while Henri consents in his turn to do a like office for the doors.

The consequence of all this is, that when the bill is presented for payment, the account is altogether beyond your comprehension. The long columns of items couched in technical language defy your skill and penetration; and the sum total, which is far more than you expected, has to be added to the ravages which the painter's workmen have been able to effect in your cellar and kitchen, with the connivance of the chambermaids, to whom they are in the habit of paying assiduous and by no means disinterested attentions. They are notoriously fond of pleasure, and as idleness is one of their chief delights, their grand study is to labor as little as possible; every now and then they are off for the purpose of diversion or refreshment at a coffee shop or a billiard table, and they will smoke with a pertinacity and nonchalance perfectly oriental.

It is in the absence of the master of the house, and when they have no one to overlook their proceedings but his wife or housekeeper, that the working painters indulge their laziness to the most scandalous extent; they sprawl about upon their steps and ladders in theatrical attitudes, giving now and then a dab or two with the brush—and not content with obtaining refreshments by wheedling the nursemaid, they will lay snares for the mistress herself.

"What an insupportable smell of paint!" says the good lady, as she enters the room; "is there no means of getting rid of it?"

"Certainly, madam, nothing is more easy," replies the foreman. "How do you generally purify the air of your chamber when it is vitiated?"

"Well, I generally burn a little sugar upon the shovel."

"Perfectly right, madam, but that would not be sufficient in this case. To banish this smell of paint, and at the same time to make the colors dry with brilliancy, we make use of a very simple and economical procedure: we take a pint of Cogniac brandy of the very best quality, we mix with it sugar and the juice of a few lemons, with a proper

quantity of boiling water, and we put them to simmer on the top of a stove in the middle of the room, the doors and windows of which must be kept carefully shut: the alcoholic vapors disengaged by this process possess the qualities both of a mordant and a dessiccative, and in a very short time the smell of the paint is no longer perceptible, and the most agreeable odors prevail instead."

If the good lady of the house is struck with the force of this reasoning, she immediately provides the necessary materials, and in a few minutes the workmen, having, according to the recipe, hermetically closed the doors, are grouped comfortably round a capital bowl of punch, and warming their stomachs at the expense of the too credulous hostess.

There is another mode of employing the mordant virtue of alcoholic vapors. A painter's workman will pretend that the mirrors of an apartment have lost their lustre, and that it is indispensable that they be properly polished; in order to this, he demands a bumper of brandy, which he drinks, a sip at a time, tarnishing the mirror at intervals with his breath, and then wiping it with a cloth.

Before entering into the jovial, indolent, and gambling community of working painters, the candidate must undergo an apprenticeship of from three to five years. The young man who has submitted to this ceremony, gains at first two francs and a half or three francs a day; if he have a respectable exterior, and if his chin be sufficiently garnished, he boldly puts in his claim to be considered and paid as an accomplished workman, and backed by the suffrages of his companions, he soon gains the four francs a day, the established wages of able journeymen painters. From beginning to the end of his career he is dressed in a blue blouse, dirty, stained, speckled, veined, and spotted all over like the skin of a leopard. A Greek, helmet-shaped cap has replaced the old one of painted paper which he wore during apprenticeship; but he patronizes a pair of dilapidated and patched pantaloons, in which he struts about like the rugged hero of a bombastic farce, and his feet are protected—to use his own expression—by "*stove pipes which snuff up the dust of the gutters.*"

If you have a desire to become better acquainted with the journeymen painters of Paris, you must betake yourself to the Place du Chatelet on any week day from five to seven o'clock in the evening—or on Sunday

from twelve to two o'clock. The first assembly, which goes by the name of the *Corner*, is a daily gathering of the workmen out of employment; the second, which is called the *Chapel*, is devoted to the discussion of the interests of the fraternity. These reunions have occasionally been proscribed by the police on the ground that they served for the dissemination of revolutionary doctrines; but, from the known character of the journeymen painters, we are led to doubt very much the truth of such allegations; this class of workmen being much more given to the charms of the bottle than to questions of social philosophy, and much more liable to transgress the laws of temperance than those for the maintenance of public order.

Nevertheless, the journeymen painters and glaziers have a private and special motive for taking part in all public outbreaks, because, on such occasions, they have an opportunity of giving a fillip to business by breaking windows without the danger of being called upon to pay for them. It is said that, on such occasions, they are found, together with their friends, the ambulatory glaziers, in great numbers in the middle of the crowd: their only weapons are pebbles, and in discharging them against the municipal forces, they invariably contrive to break the neighbors' glass.

When the journeyman painter is fortunate and provident enough to save a little money, he takes to himself a wife, and opens shop as a painter and glazier. He crams his "little box," as his shop is derisively called by the great men of the profession, with all the outward and visible signs of a large business. Pictures, prints, statues, and decorative ornaments attract the eyes of the public, whom he boldly invites to avail themselves of his well-known skill in all the departments of the profession.

Have you any broken windows to repair, any rooms to paper, any furniture to clean, any frames to gild, any floors to polish, any pictures to frame or to re-varnish—the painter and glazier is ready; he will perform any of these offices for you at a moderate price. Nay, ask him to paint your portrait, and he will incontinently arm himself with the palette and colors of the artist, and make an attempt upon your face; he prefers, however, painting a tradesman's sign to painting his face. He is at home with the Black Bull, the Golden Lion, the White Horse, or the Tomb of Saint Helena, and nothing pleases him better than to have a *carte blanche* given him for the decoration and

embellishment of a suburban café or tavern. To say the simple truth, he is often a man of real talent, not to say genius, who was born with a natural taste for the arts: he gave, perhaps, early indications of his vocation by his sketches with charcoal upon the walls of his paternal dwelling, but having no resources to draw upon for subsistence during the necessary studies of years, he has fallen from the category of artists to that of artisans. Who can tell what intellects are thus lost and buried for ever, from the want of the necessary education to draw them forth?

It is to the existence of a large amount of artistic talent among this class of professors,

that the splendid appearance of the cafés of Paris is mainly due. Many of them have been metamorphosed into actual palaces, or into saloons of Louis the Fifteenth's time, under their hands. They have covered the walls with gilded arabesques; they have crowded the wainscoting with exquisite figures, and filled the panneling with groups of flowers. It is no longer the great proprietors or the nobles alone who build gorgeous dwellings; art is submissive to the wants of the citizen, and exhausts its most brilliant resources to embellish the place where the modest shopkeeper plays at dominoes with his neighbor for a cup of coffee.

IMPROVEMENT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—At a conversation at the Polytechnic Institution, a curious illustration was given of the capabilities of photography in experienced hands. Two photographs were exhibited—one the largest, and the other the smallest ever produced by the process. The first was a portrait the full size of life; and the last was a copy of the front sheet of the *Times*, on a surface scarcely exceeding two inches by three. Both pictures were exceedingly perfect, the portrait being more pleasing and far more correct than those usually produced; while the copy, notwithstanding its exceeding minuteness, could be read without the assistance of a magnifying-glass. The photographs were exhibited by Mr. Mayall, the well-known artist of Argyll Place, Regent Street, and excited considerable interest during the evening.—*Times*.

NUMBER AND EXPENSE OF FOX-HUNTING ESTABLISHMENTS.—We imagined that the introduction of rail-roads and recent changes in the habits of society had greatly diminished the field-sports so characteristic of the olden time; In this supposition, however, we find ourselves altogether mistaken. According to a work upon this subject, lately published, entitled "*Records of the Chase*," it appears that at the present time, the number of fox-hunting establishments kept up in England and Wales amounts to ninety-six; there may be a few more, but they are unimportant ones. "To show the increase, in 1830, sixty-eight packs of hounds were compounded for; in 1850, eighty-four, according to the returns of assessed taxes. Some of these are maintained with princely

magnificence at an expense not under 3500*l.* or 4000*l.* per annum. The average may be estimated at 1400*l.* a year, which makes a total of 126,000*l.* circulated through the medium of hounds and horses. That is, however, a trifle compared with the expenditure of those gentlemen who compose the fields, of which it is difficult to form an estimate. The "*Yorkshire Gazette*" published an article last year calculating that "there were one thousand hunting men in that county, keeping on an average four horses each, at a cost of 50*l.* for each horse per annum. It appears a high estimate, but Yorkshire is a great horse breeding country, and is particularly celebrated for its sportsmen. Taking one country with another, and averaging the number of horses kept in each for the exclusive purposes of hunting, at one hundred and seventy—which from observation, and the best data I can obtain, I believe to be near the mark—we have fifteen thousand three hundred horses employed in this service. According to the proportion in Yorkshire, this appears to be a very low computation; but it must be remembered that many of the two days a week packs are not in populous countries, and many of the attendants upon them do not keep more than a single horse. Calculating the keep of each horse at 40*l.* a year—still below the Yorkshire estimate—the aggregate amount will be 6800*l.*, which, added to 1400*l.* for the expenses of the hounds, causes an expenditure of 8200*l.* per annum, as the average allowance for the ninety packs, which is circulated in the agricultural districts. To this may be added a host of contingent expenses, which it would be utterly impossible to compute."

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE LOST SNUFF-BOX.

"It was a lovely morning in June—

"The air, exulting in its freshness and perfume, as if just loosed from heaven's portals, played joyously around the hills of the Lowlands, entrancing all who felt its influence, from the noble invalid in his pillowed chariot to the sunburnt goatherd reclining on the heather, into a deeper love of nature than their physical compositions were apparently adapted to imbibe.

"It was indeed a glorious, heavenly morning. The fleecy clouds seemed loth to glide across the blue infinity above, and joyously did the sun illumine the little enclosure (yelept 'the garden') that lay before a white-washed cot at the foot of one of the Lowland mountains.

"It was the only habitation in sight, and so clean and white it looked as if it had been built only to make its appearance on such a day as this.

"The two upper lattices of the cottage, thrown open to their utmost extent, let in the passing zephyr to fan the fever-stricken temples of two beautiful sisters, who were passing from the world ere their sun had reached its meridian, and who, drinking in the balmy air, prayed that heaven might be as sweet, and turned to pain and misery again!

"But to her who watched by her dying children's pillows, the sunniest day had no charms nor brightness!

"Oh! how gladly would she have exchanged the gifts of fortune that had raised her above her sphere, to see those children like what she herself once was!

"But it is time to introduce the principal character of our tale.

"On an old arm-chair, outside the cottage-door, an old man sat—not that years had made him old as much as toil and hardship,—but his hair was grey, although he had scarcely numbered fifty summers, and as he doffed the forage-cap of the gallant —th Regiment—saying that they were white—his locks flowed thick as ever. On his knees rested a volume that even the reckless and dissolute atmosphere of a barrack-room had never separated him from. It was closed,

for the morning's ne'er forgotten task of devotion was over, and every attention of the veteran seemed to be riveted on an urchin some eight or nine years old, who, having made himself master of his father's walking-stick, was going through the manual and platoon exercises under the old man's instructions; a duty that at times was sadly interrupted, to the utter extinction of all discipline, by some huge drone that intruded upon the 'parade-ground'; whereupon the juvenile musketeer, exclaiming, '*Oh! Daddy; there's Boney!*' would forthwith make a grand charge at the encroaching foe, beating the air with his wooden weapon until some chance and lucky blow sent the miserable interloper, humming, and buzzing, and kicking, on his back upon the ground.

"It was during one of these charging exploits that the incipient hero, happening to look through the garden-gate, had his gaze attracted by an object that made him exclaim, with more alarm than pluck, '*Oh! pa! here's Boney come, sure 'nough!*' and, alas! for poor puerile self-conceit, the old stick was suddenly dropped, and master Bobby might, the moment after, have been espied standing very still and very white, behind the cottage-door, with his thumb in his mouth.

"Scarcely less astonished was the father of the boy, when he saw the splendid livery of the Castle approach his humble dwelling, (he had been there but a week,) and mentioning his name, deliver a letter sealed with such a profusion of wax as he had only witnessed once before; namely, on his being the bearer of a despatch on the occasion of the meeting of the Allied Armies in France.

"The contents of the missive were, an invitation to the veteran to take a seat that evening at dinner at the table of the Castle, where its munificent owner—himself a Waterloo man—was giving a feast in humble imitation of the great captain of the age, on the anniversary of the day that sealed the destiny of Europe, and witnessed the downthrow of the greatest curse incarnate ever let loose on the world and man.

"A verbal reply, humbly and thankfully

accepting the honor, was the only means at hand of responding to the important document; for to have obtained writing materials would have entailed a three miles' walk to the nearest town, and a greater expenditure of capital than could with any propriety at the present time be afforded.

"But who shall scrutinize the old man's dreams of happiness and grandeur as he read and re-read the flattering missive to the partner of his existence?"

"He had heard and read in fairy tales of beggars who had become princes—of Cinderellas who had, in a night, been transformed to queens; but this was bringing the romance home to his own fire-side in stern reality.

"*'How would it all end?'* was a self-proposed question that made him giddy to contemplate.

"The old regimentals of the —th regiment were slightly astonished, I promise you, on that day, at being so rubbed and scrubbed, and brushed, and mended, after they had quietly lapsed into the thought that, like their old master, they were worn out, and, after a long 'tour of duty,' they had been laid on the shelf for ever. In many places they even disdained the stitches of the busy wife, and mutinously broke out as soon as attempted to be set into anything like wearing order.

"Master Bobby was discovered, after an hour's hard search, sharpening the sword-blade on the homely knife-board, to the utter destruction of that useful household article.

"At last all was in readiness,—and having imprinted a kiss on the lips of each of his loved and only earthly treasures, the old adjutant set forth on his journey to the 'Castle.'

"He had just attained the summit of the nearest hill, when the strokes of the town clock came booming over the plain upon his ear. After all, it was but five, and he was an hour, at the very least, too early.

"Alone in the drawing room of the castle—for the heavy drops of the coming storm had driven him onwards before the appointed time—stood the hero of our story, lost in wonder of the wealth and luxuries that lay around him; the only feeling, save wonder, elicited by the display, being simply that the most trifling article there would keep his family in plenty for probably half their life.

"Oh! it is a bitter thing to stand surrounded by another's wealth, when you know not

where to get a crust for your own starving home-full on the morrow! when even in your daily sacrifice of prayer, the words, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' tremble on your lips as you breathe them upwards!—for you think how vain they are.

"But joy! joy! why think of sorrow?—the rooms are blazing in countless lights!—glittering trappings!—snowy plumes!—happy voices!—clear ringing tones of woman's laughter!—(down thoughts of the morrow!) congratulations, happy and heartfelt!—all these are seen and heard around!—and is the old man left alone?—Oh, no! bright eyes beam sweetly on him; noble lips pour forth praises upon his head. He, the almost sole survivor of his regiment on the field of Waterloo, may nearly be considered the hero of the feast.

"Oh! but for one—the least—of the jewels that lavishly bedecked that fair and most enthusiastic interrogator of the veteran to save my darlings from starvation!

"He cannot curb his thoughts: but this is all he thinks of.

"The dinner, so unusual to English dinners in general, soon thawed into conviviality. How surely we always find, that the more inhospitable the appearance of a country, the more hospitable the dwellers therein; as if to compensate by a profusion of the one for a delinquency of the other.

"The dinner ended, and the toasts began. The ladies had retired to the drawing-room, and reminiscences of the eventful day were eagerly canvassed around. Pass round the ruby wine!

"It was getting late.

"'Pass the snuff-box, if you please,' exclaimed the host, who at an early period after the removal of the dinner had produced an article of elaborate workmanship, studded with brilliants, presented to him by Marshal Blucher in person, as a token of admiration for his valor, and esteem for his friendship.

"'The snuff-box!' 'The snuff-box!' echoed the guests, passing the word one to another; but no snuff-box.

"In vain were the dessert-dishes pushed aside, in vain was search made under the table and under the chairs; the snuff box had vanished, as if by magic! The attendants protested having brought it in at the beginning of the evening, and having left it on the table.

"'It is quite ridiculous,' exclaimed one of the company after awhile; 'some one must have pocketed it in error, and I'll be the first to try my own pockets.'

"Matters were looking most unpleasantly serious, and each one at table was feeling as uncomfortable under the circumstances as men can be supposed to feel, when the noble host, rising, addressed the company as follows :

" 'Brother-soldiers and gentlemen, I have missed an article of unsurpassable value to me. It strikes me that some one having got hold of the article, has, in error, put it into his pocket instead of his own box, and has not now the moral courage to produce it ; so I will order in a box filled with sawdust, into which each of you can in turn place his hand ; and the one having the box in his possession may thereby return it without its being known by whom it was deposited. Does any one object to this ?'

"No one did, of course, so the box was brought, and each guest in turn left his seat and walked up to it, the others looking away, and thrust in his hand. All had completed the ordeal, and the sawdust was emptied ; but still no box appeared.

" 'There is no doubt but that some one present has the box, said a noble general, the highest in rank at table ; 'and under the circumstances I propose that we each in turn submit to undergo a personal investigation of our pockets, and I will set the example by being the first to submit to it.'

" 'And I—and I—and I !' flew round the table.

"The news had now flown to the drawing-room ; and the party, that one hour before promised to be a *reunion* of deep and noble feelings, of cordiality and goodwill, became a scene of general disorder, suspicion, and confusion.

" 'I wish the earl had not asked people nobody knows any thing of !' exclaimed our fair guest.

" 'Yes, indeed !' echoed another, 'people may be officers,—but honesty is never tested till a man is a beggar.'

" (True ! noble lady ! true !—affluence can afford to be honest.)

" 'Aye ! search us !—search us all !' eagerly exclaimed all in turn.

"All ? no ; not all !

"One lip grew pallid, and one cheek blanched white as the damask cloth before it, when the word 'Search' was uttered ; but no one remarked it ; a brimming bumper of wine, taken at a gulp, alone prevented one guest there from sinking sick and faint beneath the board.

"One by one each guest underwent the self-imposed ordeal, until but one remained

to undergo the investigation,—and it was the old adjutant.

" 'The adjutant ! the adjutant !—where is he ?'

" 'Aye, call away ! obsequious guests !—search for him from room to room ! and condemn him unfound. He's o'er the mountain, and awa'—and little hears your calling.

"Change we the scene.

"Cold—aye, shivering cold ; not from the chilling atmosphere of the climate, but of the heart—the old man wandered homewards. Thought, feeling, life almost, all but motion had deserted him.

" 'Thief ?' at last burst from his pent up bosom, as he strode homewards—'I a thief ?'

"Thief !' exclaimed a voice at his side, that made him involuntarily turn round, and lay his hand on his sword. He looked around in the darkness, but perceived no one ; he was but passing a cavern in the Lowland hills, long since renowned for the clearness of its echoes.

"Ere the veteran had scarce begun to recover his senses, he found himself at the threshold of his cottage.

"That night at least there was an ample meal for all within those walls that had the power of partaking of it.

"The following morning brought numerous messages and messengers from the 'castle,' in hopes of recovering the lost bijou.

"Entreaties first, then threats, were had recourse to ; but each in turn were met by a steady and firm avowal of innocence by the owner of the cottage. In compassion to the veteran, he was not at once handed over to the civil power ; but in a few days afterwards he received a letter from the Horse Guards, to whom the matter had been fully communicated, and the half-pay of the old man's rank, upon which he had retired, was immediately suspended, leaving him a beggar, and powerless in the world !

"True, he might have claimed the alternative of a court-martial : but were not all the circumstances of the case arrayed against him—bearing on their face a moral certainty of conviction in spite of his honor or his oath ?

"Nothing was now left him but starvation or the workhouse, and he chose the latter.

"In a huge whitewashed building in the nearest town he found himself separated for the first time in life from his only solace in this world—his wife and children !—from her

who had shared his troubles as a private soldier, and his honor as an officer. Those whom God had joined together, man at last had put asunder.

"Sharp and agonizing was the anguish at first; but ere a week had elapsed, another blow more stunning than this was doomed to descend upon the martyr's head.

"He heard the church-bell tolling, and saw—but at a distance—all that was mortal of his two darling daughters borne from out that whitewashed world of sorrow to the grave!

"A settled melancholy, bordering on idiocy, now came over the old man's spirits. His daily task was gone through mechanically; but his wife still lived, and he might yet one day meet *her* again alive, and *that* was, indeed, a consolation in his sorrow; but alas! how faint even that poor ray of hope!

"Faint—faint, indeed—poor outcast! You have looked your last, and breathed your last farewell, ere you entered within the walls that now enclose you!

"The intelligence of his wife's death was soon after communicated to him, accompanied by a permission for him to have access to all that remained of one once dearer to him than life itself, and the further boon was conceded of following her to her long last home.

"How willingly would he have availed himself of this kindness!—but as the first boom of the bell tolled out, he fell back insensible, and so remained till all was over.

"His son was now all that was left to him, and he had been bound as apprentice in a town several miles distant.

"Days, weeks, months, a year had elapsed, and his routine of life remained unaltered and unvaried. Nothing seemed to have any effect on him, save when a casual visitor remarked, in an undertone (but what tone is too soft for sensitive ears to comprehend?)—

"That is the old officer who stole the snuff-box at the castle."

"But what most astonished every one was, that no trace of the box had been, or could be, discovered. It was not found concealed in the old man's cottage, neither buried in his garden, for even that had been turned up in hopes of recovering the lost treasure—neither had it been pawned in the town.

"A heavy rolling sound breaks on the dreamer's ears as he starts at midnight from his thin-clad stretcher, and feels the cold damp walls of his tiny cell around him!

"He had been dreaming happily. He dreamt that an angel—it was like his dear lost wife, but yet it was not *her*—had brought the lost jewel to his bedside—had told him

it was sent from heaven to restore him to his own again, who were all at home awaiting his return; and his trial on earth was over.

"Louder and louder swelled the roar without.

"'Fire!' 'Fire!' 'Fire!' roared a thousand voices in chorus!—'A fire at the castle!' and the rolling of the engines and the clashing tread of the horses succeeded one another in rapid succession.

"At length nature was exhausted, and he sunk once to sleep until the morning.

"What means that thundering knocking at the gate? A pauper would not knock so loud.

"Even the adjutant looked up from his daily task, but soon looked down again as he saw the hated livery of the castle standing at the portal.

"He heard his name pronounced, and the pallor of death fell over his brow and cheek. In another minute he found himself ushered into the governor's room, and confronted face to face with the noble giver of the banquet at which his misery had begun.

"He had scarce time to gaze steadfastly on the face of his visitor ere the latter seized him by the hand; but before a word could be uttered, a flood of tears—tears of repentance for a bitter and irreparable injury done to an innocent man, and coming from the noble and contrite breast of a soldier, broke from the long pent-up channels of the general's heart, and he wept aloud on the old man's shoulder. So totally was he overcome that it was with the greatest difficulty that he prevented the official authorities from introducing immediate medical assistance, and like a flash of lightning through the gloom of night, the pauper's dream flashed o'er his recollection.

"'To-morrow!—to-morrow!'—come to the castle—at any time—but come. I am ill; I must go now,' exclaimed the general, and thrusting a purse full of notes and gold into the wonder-stricken old man's hand, he allowed his valet to lead him to his carriage.

"There *had* indeed been a fire at the castle, which being simply occasioned by the overheating of the flues, had done no material injury; but the first place that was attended to was the *plate-closet*; and there, in a cupboard high above the others, where the usual plate for household purposes was kept, was discovered the *GOLD SNUFF-BOX*.

"It had, no doubt, been removed from the table by one of the servants, who, oblivious of

the circumstance, or fearing after all that had occurred to produce it, had placed it where it had so long remained unseen.

"The following morning broke again bright and joyously, as if in welcome of the scene it was to witness. The old soldier had at once been discharged at the departure of the general, and was soon provided with comfortable lodgings in the town.

"His first thought was to seek his boy; but the news quickly reached him, that, tired of the monotonous life his son was obliged to lead as an apprentice, he had gone on board her Majesty's ship —, at Plymouth; so he was left alone and childless in the world.

"That the snuff-box had been found ran like wild-fire through the place, and had reached the old man's ears before he had left the workhouse; therefore why need he fear to meet the inmates of the castle? In justice to himself, moreover, although he would rather have avoided the interview, he made up his mind to go; and again setting out on foot, he traversed the same path that he had passed just eighteen months ago, when the storm arose around him.

"He had scarcely knocked at the castle ere the doors were thrown open, and every servant seemed to vie in being most attentive to the lately reputed criminal. He was at once ushered into the dining-room, where, seated round the table as he had seen them on that memorable day, were the self-same guests that then surrounded the board, and had since concurred in his condemnation.

"His place alone was changed, and now a chair was placed for him by the side of his host, at the head of the table; but the veteran refused to take advantage of it, remaining erect, and gazing with a fixed, half-vacant stare on the scene before him, as if it were all a dream.

"The general, however, as soon as he recovered his self-possession—for he saw—and deeply felt—what a change was wrought in the old man's appearance, broke the subject by saying—

"Deep, irreparable, and undeserved, as is the injury that has been inflicted on you, and for which no amends on my part can atone, you must allow that in a great measure you have been the cause of it, by not at the time submitting to the ordeal which every one else present readily underwent. Had I requested to search you *alone*, you might justly have felt indignant; but the measure was not even proposed by me, but by one higher in rank, both military and noble, than myself;

and you would have proved as innocent as he or I, without having entailed on me the lasting misery of remembering that I have inflicted such a punishment on an innocent man as you have undergone—a recollection that will haunt me on my death-bed—and on yourself, the anguish of the past.

"Sire! returned the veteran, but his voice faltered audibly, 'I did not take the snuff-box, as you and all around me are now fully aware, but nevertheless I was a THIEF.'

"Yes, God forgive me! and I trust he has, as I believe you all will. In the midst of the dinner, when the mirth was at the highest, and when every one's attention seemed to be engaged, I took advantage of the moment to slip a part of the contents of my plate between some bread beside me, and when no eyes were upon me, I secreted it in my pocket. None of my family nor myself had tasted meat for days, *aye, long days past!* and I had more that day before me than would have saved my darling children from the grave! *I was a thief!* My whole pittance had for months been swallowed up by the illness of my family, and what was given to me, I had secretly purloined for them. My days on earth are short. I care not to confess all. My gray hairs have come in sorrow to the grave, and little reck it what befalls me *now*. This is the reason I stole away like a thief rather than be searched, and dearly have I paid the penalty attending THE PERILS OF THE POOR.'

"The old man ceased; but the sobs that burst forth around told how deeply his tale had entered the hearts of his hearers.

"Spontaneously the whole host arose, and thronged around him. Kind words—noble promises—sweet condolences—from the noble, the brave, and the fair, were showered on the veteran's head, but, alas!—like a soft song in the tempest—they fell unheard—unheeded.

"A cottage on the estate, fitted with every luxury, was urged on his acceptance—the arrears of pay made up—all that wealth could offer, or contrition devise, was placed at his disposal—but it came too late!

"The silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken!—aye, shattered past redemption.

"The old church trees were budding forth in spring, and glad birds carolled on their new-leaved branches, and a crowd had gathered round the churchyard gate, dressed in their best habiliments.

"Hush!—'tis the old man's funeral!

"Toll on! thou mournful Herald to eternity!
—thou hast carried anguish to his soul ere
this—but *now* he hears thee not!

"His old sword rests upon the coffin lid.
Ah!—bear him gently to his grave, in life
so roughly handled!

"The bell has ceased—the earth is closed
again—the tearful crowd has gone.

"Peace! peace to him who sleeps beneath
the turf!

"His character reëstablished among men
—he has gone to meet his God!

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

HANG UP A PICTURE.

THE many ingenious methods which have been discovered of multiplying works of art, by engravings, lithographs, woodcuts, and photographs, now renders it possible for every person to furnish his rooms with beautiful pictures. Skill and science have thus brought art within the reach even of the poorest.

We have seen some woodcuts in recent cheap publications, which, if cut out and framed, or hung against the wall in the simplest way, would shed a glory round the room—of a peasant or of a lord. Of this sort of cheap cuts, we may particularly mention the Madonna and child, after Raffaele, so admirably executed by Mr. Linton. That head reminds one of the observation made by Mr. Hazlitt upon a picture, that it seems as if our unhandsome action would be impossible in its presence. It embodies the ideas of mother's love, womanly beauty, and earnest piety. And any picture, or print, or engraving, that represents a noble thought, that depicts a heroic act, or that brings a bit of nature from the fields or the streets into our room, is a teacher, a means of education, and a help to self-culture. It serves to make home more pleasant and attractive. It sweetens domestic life, and sheds a grace and beauty around it. It draws the gazer away from mere considerations of self, and increases his store of delightful associations with the world without as well as with the world at home.

A portrait of a great man, for instance, helps us to read his life—it invests him with a more personal interest for us—looking at

his features, we think we feel as if we knew him better, and were more closely related to him. Such a portrait hung up before us daily, at our meals and during our leisure hours, unconsciously serves to lift us up and sustain us. It is a link that in some way binds us to higher and better natures.

There was a Catholic money-lender who, when about to cheat, was wont to draw a veil over the face of his favorite saint. Thus the portraiture of a noble man or saint is in some sort a companionship of something better than ourselves, and though we may not reach the standard of our hero, we are to some extent influenced by his depicted presence.

It is not necessary that a picture should be high-priced in order to be beautiful and good. We have seen things for which hundreds of guineas have been paid, that have not one-hundredth part of the meaning or beauty that is to be found in Linton's woodcut of Raffaele's Madonna, which may be had for two-pence. Picture-fanciers pay not for the merit, so much as for the age and the rareness of their works. A rich man may possess a gallery of 1,000 great paintings, and yet be able to appreciate none of them. The poorest may have the *seeing eye* for beauty, while the millionaire may be blind to it. And the cheapest engraving may communicate the sense of beauty to the artizan, while the thousand-guinea picture may fail to communicate to the lord anything except the notion that he has got possession of the work which the means of other people cannot compass.

Does the picture give you pleasure on looking at it? That is one good test of its worth. You may grow tired of it; your taste may outgrow it, and demand something better, just as the reader may grow out of *Satan* Montgomery's poetry into Milton's. Then you will take down the daub, and put up a picture with a higher idea in its place. Thus there may be a steady progress in art made upon the room walls. If you can put the pictures in frames so much the better; but if you cannot, no matter, up with them! We know that Owen Jones says it is not good taste to hang prints upon walls—he would merely hang room papers there. But Owen Jones may not be infallible, and here we think he is wrong. To our eyes, a room always looks unfurnished, no matter how costly and numerous the tables, chairs, and ottomans, unless there be pictures against the walls, and homes ought to be made pleasant, instructive and satisfying.

It ought to be, and no doubt it is, a great stimulus to artists to know that their works are now distributed in prints and engravings, in all ways, to decorate and beautify the homes of the people. The wood-cutter, the lithographer, and the engraver, are the interpreters of the great artist to the people. Thus Turner's grand pictures are not confined to the wealthy possessors of the original works, but may be diffused through all homes by the Millars, and Brandards, and Willmotts, their engravers. Thus Landseer finds entrance, through woodcuts and mezzotints, into every dwelling. Thus Cruikshank preaches temperance, and Ary Scheffer purity and piety. The engraver is the medium by which art in the palace is thus conveyed to the humblest homes in the kingdom.

The *Athenæum*, in a recent article on this subject, urges the desirableness of a higher style of cheap engravings for the people. The writer says:

"Let us have good, simple, cheap works, eschewing all that is merely costly and wholly profitless. We prize cheap books, provided all concerned have their hire; wherefore, then, not have cheap abstracts of pictures, instead of considering for evermore that the art of engraving is only a compact between engraver and publisher? Fear not, self-sacrificing engraver and boldly speculative publisher, that your vocations will dwindle beneath this breath of popularity. The excellence of the graver's work will always minister delight to the refined mind; but it is not expedient that the public should bask in the sunshine of poetry before it has mas-

tered the alphabet and scraped acquaintance with grammar.

"The glimpse of an engraving is good, the dwelling on it better: stealing on the sense with its suggestive variety;—no fear of its being snapped up—but remaining a household god for ever,—at least, till paper crumble and ink fade,—the children and their children reading day by day this wonderful silent world of instructive figures, that move not unto derangement of observing ideas. Grant this boon to the lately born and the unborn, and secure this household property to hewers of wood and drawers of water, who will treasure up their mites till the 'mickle' is 'muckle' enough to buy them into good company, and feel that, after their life's work, they leave their children heirlooms of sterling worth, to smooth the ruggedness of labor and turn away the arrows of care. The careless loungee from print-shop to print-shop knows little, perchance, of the fascination which the veriest scrap of the graver conveys to the untutored and unworn in the ways of art. It may not be that the remarks of eager unversedness in picturesque expression shall be very erudite, but, at any rate, a thought beyond self is a gain in any one. Much wisdom may not be elicited, but a good clearance towards it is effected. But, as the inhabitants of cottages are not generally indebted to the wealthy of their neighborhood for the loan of a courtly Landseer or Winterhalter for the illumination of their nights at home, it is desirable that in the small print-shop of their neighborhood they should find something more adapted to their cravings than the elegancies of life in the mixed style, and more conducive to their tone as hardworking men, than a remarkably elegant greyhound watching a superlative beaver hat. It would not be amiss to connect this with some spice of homely literature, so that in the text our honest friend should find wholesome instruction, and, in the illustration of home, something more improving than a lady in a *saque* or the latest *ennuyle*.

"Honest George Cruikshank's homely truths, and in series, too, drive closer home than all the exotics which bloom for a season, and then lose even their Greek and Latin names. We want homely food; we want clear human topics, out of which man, without extra subtlety of intellect, can glean a better heart, form a more acute feeling and a larger intellect from a more extended survey of the history of man and his emotions.

"Honest wood, albeit implying something

too much of the mechanical in its process—of mere unintelligible chipping—has done the State some service in this homely view. It has brought Art down from its stilts of costliness and fine paper, and has made a style of its own. It triumphs in its vignette character, and we feel that we love its final flourish into nothingness. But we feel, even here, in the precursive steps of Art into true popularity, that there is an inherent viciousness. The blanket school, exploded in severer Art, has found a refuge in humble wood; and drapery, although not ostensibly the cumbrous appendage of a *pseudo*-classical figure, still clings to tales of domestic

life, and frock-coats relinquish the modesty of their folds, and table-covers swell beyond the patience of a housemaid.

"We have yet room for a severe illustration of abstract themes. If wood engraving would discard somewhat of its abundant cleverness in favor of a higher moral, and bate somewhat of its tricky light and shade and chiaroscuro for a more straightforward and striking illustration of the great tale of the human heart, the cottage would be the gainer; and it is only in the interest of the cottage that these pleas and arguments are put on the record."

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

INFLUENCE OF THE STUDIES OF NATURE.

"STAND out of my sunshine!" said Diogenes to Alexander, when the emperor asked what service he could render him. Haughty as the philosopher's reply may sound, it merely expresses the honest independence, which every highly-cultivated and well-balanced mind may feel towards those who possess nothing better than the accidental distinctions of rank or fortune. He indeed deserves our pity who needs the condescending smile of the proud, or the heartless flattery of the vain, either to rouse him to exertion or warm him into happiness.

The power of self-excitement is the most desirable of all attainments, and it is the most rare. To love knowledge merely for its usefulness—to form and strengthen virtuous dispositions, with the hope of no other reward than the deep tranquillity they bring—is a task achieved by few; yet it is the only simple and direct road to lasting happiness. He who can find intellectual excitement in the fall of an apple, or the hues of a wild flower, may well say to the officious world, "Stand out of my sunshine." To him Nature is an open volume, where truths of the loftiest import are plainly written; and the temptations and anxieties of this life have no power to cast a shadow on its broad and beautiful pages.

I do not mean that solitude is bliss, even where enjoyment is of the purest kind. An

eminence, that places us above the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of social life, must indeed be an unenviable one; but that which puts us beyond the reach of the ever-varying tide of circumstance and opinion is surely desirable; and nothing on which the mind can be employed tends so much to produce this state of internal sunshine as the study of Nature in her various forms.

Politics, love of gain, ambition of renown, everything in short, which can be acted upon by the passions of mankind, have a corroding influence on the human soul. But Nature, ever majestic and serene, moves on with the same stately step and beaming smile, whether a merchantman is wrecked or an empire overthrown. The evils of man's heart pollute all with which they can be incorporated; but they cannot defile *her* holy temple. The doors are indeed closed against the restless and the bad; but the radiant goddess is ever at the altar, willing to smile upon all who are pure enough to love her quiet beauty.

Ambition may play a mighty game; it may task the sinews of nations, and make the servile multitude automaton dancers to its own stormy music; but sun, and moon, and stars, go forth on their sublime mission independent of its power; and its utmost efforts cannot change the laws which produce the transient glory of the rainbow.

Avarice may freeze the genial current of affection, and dry up all the springs of sympathy within the human soul; but it cannot diminish the pomp of summer, or restrain the prodigality of autumn. Fame may lead us on in pursuit of glittering phantoms, until the diseased mind loses all relish for substantial good: but it cannot share the eternity of light, or the immortality of the minutest atom.

He who has steered his bark ever so skillfully through the sea of politics, rarely, if ever, finds a quiet haven. His vexations and his triumphs have all been of an exciting character; they have depended on outward circumstances, over which he has very limited power; and when the turbulent scene has passed away, he finds, too late, that he has lived on the breath of others, and that happiness has no home within his heart.

And what is the experience of him who has existed only for wealth? who has safely moored his richly-freighted vessel in the spacious harbor of successful commerce? Does he find that happiness can, like modern love, be bought with gold? You may see him hurrying about to purchase it in small quantities, wherever the exhibitions of taste and talent offer it for sale; but the article is too ethereal to be baled for future use, and it soon evaporates amid the emptiness of his intellectual warehouse.

He that lives only for fame will find that happiness and renown are scarcely speaking acquaintance. Even if he could catch the rainbow he has so eagerly pursued he would find its light fluctuating with each changing sunbeam, and fading at the touch of every passing cloud.

Nor is he who has wasted the energies of his youth in disentangling the knotty skein of

controversy more likely to find the evening of his days serene and tranquil. The demon of dogmatism or of doubt may have grappled him closely, and converted his early glow of feeling, and elasticity of thought, into rancorous prejudice or shattered faith.

But the deep streams of quiet thought and pure philosophy gush forth abundantly from all the hiding places of Nature; there is no drop of bitterness at the fountain; the clear waters reflect none of the Proteus forms of human pride; and ever, as they flow, their peaceful murmurs speak of heaven.

The enjoyment that depends on powerful excitement saps the strength of manhood, and leaves nothing for old age but discontent and desolation. Yet we need amusements in the decline of life, even more than in its infancy, and where shall we find any so safe, satisfactory, and dignified, as battery and barometer, telescope and prism?

Electric power may be increased with less danger than man's ambition; it is far safer to weigh the air than a neighbor's motives; it is more disquieting to watch tempests lowering in the political horizon, than it is to gaze at volcanoes in the moon; and it is much easier to separate and unite the colors in a ray of light, than it is to blend the many colored hues of truth, turned out of their course by the sharp corners of angry controversy.

Finally, he who drinks deeply at the fountain of natural science, will reflect the cheerfulness of his own spirit on all things around. If the sympathy of heart and mind be within his reach, he will enjoy it more keenly than other men; and if solitude be his portion, he can, in the sincerity of a full and pious mind, say to all the temptations of fame and pleasure, "Stand ye out of my sunshine!"

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